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Four Types of Men a Woman Dislikes

Do you agree with this Stern Critic of Male Faults?

By JEANETTE JAMES

I am distinctly not a manhater. If somebody tried to shipwreck me on a desert island with no one but women I'd howl like a banshee. If men didn't like my new hat, I'd throw it out.

As a blonde of long standing, I freely admit I like men—but not all men. I have my pet hates. Topping the list are the little boy brooder, the ladykiller, the tosser-up, and the bossy.



AFTER all, are we worms or women—that we should run around thinking anything with a bass voice is a gift from Heaven? I say it's asking too much.

You don't catch men being so weak-minded. Chivalry or no chivalry, they don't pretend all women are wonderful. Not for a minute, they don't. They're busy calling up the women they like.

Most of all, I hate the "little boy" brooder.

Now I admit there are times of emotional stress and strain when a man may be excused for injured glances and brooding silences. But the men I'm talking about whine and sulk for no reason.

No Longer Boys

IT'S not because I'm a she-devil, either. My friends will tell you I'm mild to the point of monotony.

They snivel if a girl won't hold hands. They give me a look of a wounded doe when

I want to go home at midnight and catch what's left of the beauty sleep. Those are the men who deliberately work on a woman's motherly instinct. They've heard that gag about "all men are little boys," and they're silly enough to think women believe it.

On a par with these baby-talk boys are the men who want to talk but not be talked to.

I'm perfectly willing to open my eyes and point my ears and listen to men. I want to know what they said to their boss, and what they want to do next year, and what they think about life and war and why good old so-and-so is getting a divorce. But I want them to listen to me, too.

And there are swaggering he-men who can't be bothered with feminine talk. "What did you do to-day?" they ask expansively, chuckling me under the chin. And when I sit on the edge of my chair and start to tell them of some world-shaking event they cut me off with a tolerant pat.

When I deliver a violent opinion, they laugh it off, and give me one of those "Don't bother your little blonde head with such things" looks.

When I protest bitterly against this treatment, they say blandly, "You're nice when you're like that!" It's enough to turn a girl into a maniac.

The second cousins of these smug-brained brutes are the cavemen who toss me up in the air. I happen to weigh seven stone on the hoof, although I've swallowed enough mille and codliver oil to float a yacht.

Some day I'll forget myself and let fly from mid-air with a sharp left, or foot.

Next to the tosser-ups on my black-list are the ladykillers. They're the men who close in with what they think is a hypnotic glance, and pat the feminine arm with a masculine air.

At a cocktail party, they maroon a girl in a corner away from civilisation, and proceed to turn on the charm. (They've been known to call a woman frost-bitten or queer, if she failed to respond).

After a half-hour of heavy-handed compliments and drooling confidences, the lucky woman is supposedly ready to follow him to the ends of Siberia. If you ask me, she's more often ready to snarl and run in the opposite direction.

Managing Mania

OF course, she may run from the frying pan into the managing man, and that's even worse. He's the one who takes a girl out to dinner and manages everything to a degree that drives me frantic.

He gives the taxi-driver a detailed diagram on how to get where we're going, and questions every turn the driver takes.

He bullies the waiters, gives impromptu illustrated talks on how to chill the wine, and argues noisily with ushers.



Bossy

After all this, he practically never has been known to tip lavishly. And he sees to it that his companion of the evening feels he's spending like a prince.

Men like that deserve to marry gold-diggers, and a lot of them do, tra la.

But I reserve my most poisonous invective for the men who call up at 3 a.m.

Don't ask me how their minds are working at that hour. Anybody who phones, and catapults me out of bed at the low-ebb stroke of three gets a terse answer and a cracked ear-drum.

Fortunately, they're in the minority group, along with the man who said I reminded him of lavender and old lace. (He might just as well have come right out and said I reminded him of mouldy bread).

And as for the men I like—well that's another story.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



Hollywood

Victorian Rhodes Scholar
MR. JOHN CHINNER, aged 23, the 1939 Victorian Rhodes Scholar, will study forestry at Oxford.

He has had a brilliant scholastic career, was dux of Cawdick School of Forestry in 1932. In 1933 he joined the field staff of the Forests Commission, and in 1936 graduated Bachelor of Science at Melbourne University.

Captain of the University lacrosse team for 1938, he obtained a full blue.



Broadway

Distinguished Visitor
DR. ANITA MUHL, one of the best-known psychiatrists in America, will lecture in criminology and psychiatry for three years at Melbourne University.

Dr. Muhl is particularly interested in Iceland. In 1929 she organised the first mental hygiene meeting in Iceland, and later represented that country at the International Conference on Mental Hygiene at Washington.



Friend of Nations

MR. MONTAGU NORMAN as Governor of the Bank of England, wields power greater than any monarch. He has eighteen years as governor in valuable assistance to European nations to establish their financial foundations. Abroad he is regarded as a friendly ambassador without equal.

As a young man he served in the South African War, won the Queen's Medal and the D.S.O.

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"Flames Roared Through Our Homes"



Woman's Vivid Story of Victorian Holocaust

An eyewitness account of the terrible bushfires in Victoria is given here by Miss Marjorie Beckingsale, The Australian Women's Weekly representative, who was the first woman journalist actually to see the fires as they raged last week.

It is a vivid, poignant and yet inspiring account of the bravery of our bush settlers in the most disastrous fires which have swept Australia.

By MARJORIE BECKINGSALE

PRINTED indelibly on my memory are the scorched faces of seventeen women and children, homeless and penniless, gathered from a dugout at Erica, where they had sought refuge from the devastating fires.

For days they had lived in a state of fearful anxiety as the fires came closer to their homes. Then the grim night spent in a dugout at Monnett's Mill, from where they were rescued on Monday morning.

The next three days they were quartered at Erica in the little local hall and nearby homes. They waited, frantic for husbands and fathers still out fighting. Fires came to within feet of even their latest refuge.

When I arrived at Erica on Wednesday dinner was just over and there was hope that the fires had abated.

I sat in the hall with Sister Marie, Anglican deaconess, who is looked upon as the district's heroine because of her wonderful work in this terrible emergency. Mothers and children wandered about, each with a poignant story of their experiences.

There was Mrs. Albert Fordham, with her twelve-months-old baby, Eve Mary, and Mrs. Julio Codemo.

"It was Sunday afternoon when we had to take to the dugout," said Mrs. Codemo. "It had been built some years before, and seventeen of us, including Mrs. Callender's three-weeks-old baby, went to the dugout.

The kiddies collected some of their clothes and toys, and wouldn't be parted from their dogs. We even had a baby kitten.

"Saved Our Lives"

OUR husbands were fighting outside, and they told us women to stay just outside the dugout as long as possible to keep the air inside fresh for the children.

The dugout was fifteen feet long and six feet high, and soon filled with choking smoke.

"It was a terrible ordeal to stay there while flames roared through our homes.

Before the fire we used to laugh about the dugout, as the only time it had been used was when a horse got trapped in it. But then we didn't know it was going to save our lives."

Mrs. Fordham then took up the story and told how the children kept on asking for their daddies.

"My baby, Eve Mary, slept some of the time, but the older children stayed awake.

"They had to laugh a bit when three of the dogs started a fight and a white kitten had to be rescued from another dog.

"We thought the morning would never come.

"We have lost almost everything

My baby hasn't even one of her toys left, but we are thankful to be here." Julie and Annie Codemo, aged six and three respectively, had a couple of dolls and a tiny tennis racket as their only mementoes of home.

"I lost my twin dolls, Peter and Joan, when the fire came," said Julie. "But I brought Sammy, our dog, with me."

Then in a regretful tone, "I do miss the twins, as I had specially asked Father Christmas to bring them to me."

Kenny Gaffney, six-year-old, rubbed his inflamed eyes, which were almost closed with smoke, and cheerfully said he was "pretty good, thank you."

New Tension

SISTER MARIE and Mrs. Williams, in charge of relief work, were handing out stores to refugees when suddenly the wind could be heard roaring outside, and tension in the hall became noticeable.

Women held children close but said nothing till a woman rushed in and called, "There is a big fire coming up the hill at the back."

We all hurried out to see leaping flames tearing towards us only a few hundred yards away.

Quietly Sister Marie said to me, "If the wind keeps up the town must go. We will all have to stand in Mrs. Morgan's paddock across the road. We have no river here to help us."

Men ran to burn a fire-break while flames tore nearer every second.

Still the women and children stayed calm, though their faces were white. Some lips moved in prayer.

We went to the top of the hill, where a second fire was approaching. Under a tree at the edge of the road, seven-year-old Betty Lovell sat clutching her little Christmas-tree while her mother and others ran out with arms full of household goods.

Heartbreak at the sight we carried pathetic bundles away from the house, while flames destroyed outbuildings only a few yards from us.

Utterly exhausted, Mrs. Lovell sat down to rest for a few minutes, but faced the situation with amazing stoicism.

Her only remark was: "My home is going. What ever will we do?"

Flames were like thunder, ashes fell beside us, but men fought on, and the sudden veering of the wind saved the house for a time at least.

We returned to the hall where a truck had just arrived to evacuate the large party of women. Each family was given stores sent by the State Relief Committee, and waved good-byes to those still waiting, with cheers and cries of "Hope we meet again."

Sister Marie, whose own home was

in extreme danger, moved among



them with cheering words. She is a remarkable woman, who, to the people of the Erica district, is more than a friend. She said that the women had never shown panic, but were unutterably grateful for help given by the townspeople.

Most of the families, numbering over 150, had received no wages for three weeks, due to holidays, and were faced with destitution because of the fire.

"We will stay at the mills if there is work for our men," were the parting words of one woman as we drove away through the smoke-pall and areas desolated since we had passed through in the morning.

Fire had wrought desolation, but it failed to burn the courage from the hearts of our sturdy bush men and women.

Heartbreaking Scenes

AN idea of the colossal damage wrought by the fires was obtained on the drive to Alexandra via Healesville and Blacks Spur.

After leaving Healesville, where smoke still lay heavily on the town, the road over the mountains was heartbreaking.

Mile upon mile of once magnificent scenery lay in utter desolation. Road engineers had just cleared the road. Trees were still blazing on either side.

Tall tree ferns now dead, stretched weird branches upward like hideous claws.

The only sounds in the eerie silence were made by occasional cracking of tree branches. At three o'clock in the afternoon smoke and haze made it seem like dusk.

As we climbed towards Blacks Spur, the road narrowed, and the nightmare feeling of being in a new world increased. The most vivid imagination never could picture such a scene.

The main road over the Spur was closed, so we had to take the old road.

We passed miles of fallen trees lying beside the road. Now and again a pile of ashes by the side of the track showed where homes had been razed.

Suddenly in the silence a bell bird called, and the effect was weird, as it was the first living sound I had heard for miles.

Continued on Page 32

WOMEN and children living in districts near the Rubicon terminal station gathered to help fighting the fires near the station. Late they were removed to Thornton for safety.

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Women's Part in Great Conference of Scientists



LADY HICKS and Professor Sir Stanton Hicks, of Adelaide, photographed at the beginning of the Science Congress at Canberra.

When Canberra Became the Capital of all the "Ologies"

By Our Special Representative at Canberra

Beauty and fashions are not the only things in which women are interested.

You had only to see the enthusiasm of women at the Science Congress at Canberra to understand that.

EVERY kind of "ology" known to modern civilisation was represented among the eleven hundred visitors crowded into Canberra for the Congress last week.

The great gathering of psychologists, anthropologists, entomologists and other

"ologists" too numerous included many women.

Mrs. Carrie Tennant Kelly, who forsook her career as one of the most ardent supporters of amateur theatricals to study anthropology, read a paper at the Congress.

She has been studying anthropology from the practical side by living with aboriginal tribes in Northern Australia, and the subject of her paper was, "Relations between white townsfolk and natives in an Australian country town."

In the dining-room of the Hotel Canberra on Tuesday a steady buzz of conversation rose from the table where Dr. Grace Cuthbert, Director of Maternal and Infant Welfare in Sydney, and Dr. Vera Scantlebury Brown, Director of Maternal and Infant Welfare in Victoria, and her assistant, Muriel A. Peck, discussed their work together.

Dr. Cuthbert was so engrossed in the conversation that she ate all her cold pork before she realised she had no salad.

Chipping Atom

THESE two doctors have known each other by repute for many years, but this is the first time they have ever met each other.

Since that eventful meeting at the Summer School of Nutrition in Canberra on Tuesday morning they have not been apart.

An interesting personality is Lady Rivett, wife of Sir David Rivett.

Lady Rivett is a graduate of the Melbourne University, where she gained her Bachelor of Science degree and her Diploma of Education, and though she enjoys the lectures at these congresses she has given up practical work in chemistry.

"Thank heaven the atom was fairly solid years ago," she says. "They have been chipping bits off it ever since I learnt about it."

After obtaining her degree in Melbourne, Lady Rivett went to the Berlin University and later to London University to do research work in chemistry.

Sir David and Lady Rivett drove Professor N. V. Sidgwick, one of the English delegates, from Melbourne.

"We thought we would show him some of the country, but, instead, nearly had him burned to death by bush-fires," said Lady Rivett.

Prof. Sidgwick was in Australia for a Science Congress in 1914, and is amazed at the changes in the country since that time.

Two attractive young visitors are Jessica and Patricia Mawson, auburn-haired daughters of Sir Douglas Mawson, of Adelaide. These girls are so alike that they might easily be twins.

Jessica is a Master of Science and took her degree at the Adelaide University where her younger sister is now a Science student, so they are both intensely interested in the Congress.

Amusing Tales

MRS. G. A. WATERHOUSE, wife of Dr. Waterhouse, of Sydney, has attended numerous Science Congresses with her husband, and has many amusing tales about the delegates.

In 1926 she attended the Congress in West Australia, and a fellow traveller in the transcontinental train was Professor J. Carter, who also attended this congress, and is a "Bugologist."

"At every station Prof. Carter used to jump out of the train with a large umbrella he always carried," said Mrs. Waterhouse. "He would open his umbrella under a bush and shake all the insects from the bush into his umbrella, pick out the interesting ones and then walk off with the umbrella over his head."



Mrs. G. A. WATERHOUSE, of Sydney, another Science Congress delegate.



LADY RIVETT, wife of Sir David Rivett.

and all the unwanted insects tumbling down his back.

"I am sure he never realised how very funny he looked."

An interesting visitor from Adelaide is Lady Hicks, wife of Professor Sir Stanton Hicks, who to judge from his looks, is one of the youngest Professors at the Congress.

This is the first Congress in which Hicks has attended. Most of his interests are in her home and the family of two sons. Her absorbing hobby is weaving on her Swedish hand loom, which she had sent specially. She makes her own designs and has woven every cushion and cushion-cover for her home in Adelaide, and her husband also adorns the homes of her friends.

Dr. Margaret Mead, of America, who is one of the world's most distinguished anthropologists, would have been a most interesting addition to the Congress, though her plans to be here.

With her husband, Gregory Bates, she travelled out from America especially for the Congress. While staying in Sydney they decided to visit Java, and then realised the ship they wanted to catch for Marcilla, had sailed three days earlier.

Followed much cabling and telegraphing, and the Bates were rushed off to catch the ship to Townsville.

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Start each day the SCHUMANN'S WAY!

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Schumann's Salts keep the system at the top of its form. They eliminate from the body those subtle and unavoidable poisons which undermine health and sap vitality. They tone up the liver, clean the blood stream, banish uric acid. Remember that Schumann's are the original and genuine Mineral Spring Salts. That is why their energy-creating action is so much greater than that of imitations. Start each day with a half teaspoonful of Schumann's in a long glass of water and you'll know the thrill of glorious health, of perfect physical fitness!

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For your health's sake keep your liver active during the hot weather. You can avoid headaches, giddiness and a score of other summer ailments if you START EACH DAY THE SCHUMANN'S WAY. Schumann's will help you to keep your skin clear, your eyes bright and your nerves steady. Keep a jar of Schumann's handy and you'll be safe from summer ills.

All chemists and stores sell Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts at 1/6 and 2/9 a jar.

SCHUMANN'S MINERAL SPRING SALTS

FATHER'S NO FOOL

A beetle plays the novel role of villain in this amusing tale of love and domestic intrigue

THERE was a young man named Eustace Meldrum who collected beetles.

He also had a job in the London firm of Wimson, Dame & Phife. He lived in Westingsport, which politices with insect life and he was never so happy as when turning over a stone to discover if perchance some hitherto unclassified multi-legged horror might not lurk beneath it. He was known to his colleagues as Slugsy. But he was known to Miss Eleanor Phife as Eustace darling. Miss Phife was the daughter of Mr. Phife of the firm of Wimson, Dame & Phife, and the Phifes also lived in Westingsport.

Well, Mr. Phife was a widower and took parenthood seriously, and one evening he said, "Neil, what were you and young Meldrum doing out there in the shrubbery to-night?"

"Catching moths, father," Miss Phife said. "Eustace has started me on a collection, and I've got two big bagworm moths already."

"Worm is right," said Mr. Phife. "I'm not going to have you crawling about in the bushes all night with that boy."

"Why, father?" said Miss Phife, looking at him out of the corner of her eye; "we don't crawl about all the time. Whatever gave you that idea?"

"Tscha!" said Mr. Phife, or something that sounded like that.

"Anyway," said Miss Phife, "we're practically engaged."

"What!" shouted Mr. Phife. "Now look here, Neil, I'm not going to have an insect hunter in the family, and, anyhow, he has no money and no prospects."

Now this was not strictly true, for Mr. Meldrum had a good salary and in spite of the insects was well liked by both Mr. Wimson and Mr. Dame. But Miss Phife was alarmed, for her father was one of those men who feel it a duty to stand by what they have said, no matter how silly it may be.

The next evening when Miss Phife and Mr. Meldrum were pursuing their researches through a band of shrubbery which divided the Phife property from the lawn of the Corliss house next door a dark figure appeared in front of them, and a gruff voice said, "Come out of there!"

"It's a policeman," Mr. Meldrum whispered. "You stay here quietly." He emerged into the glare of a flashlight.

"That's the man, constable," said a woman's voice. "I've seen him hanging about here several evenings."

"O, wait a minute!" said Miss Phife, scrambling out on to the lawn. "This is Eustace Meldrum, Mrs. Corliss, and really we were just hunting for moths."

"Well, Eleanor!" said Mrs. Corliss. "Is that you, and do you really know this man?" So Miss Phife explained.

"Well," said Mrs. Corliss, "I suppose it is all right then, but I must say it seems a strange occupation and you frightened me dreadfully."

"We're sorry we frightened you," said Mr. Meldrum.

"I should think so, indeed," said Mrs. Corliss coldly. "And Eleanor, I can hardly believe that your father would approve of such a very odd way of spending your evenings—supposing, of course, that he is aware of it."

"That's a matter for Mr. Phife to decide, isn't it?" said Mr. Meldrum.

"I should think so, indeed," said Mrs. Corliss again.

"You shouldn't have said that Eustace," said Miss Phife on the way home.

"Well, she made me angry. What business is it of hers?" said Mr. Meldrum.

"Well, she sort of fancies me as a stepdaughter," said Miss Phife.

A Complete Short Story

Illustrated by
WYNNE W.
DAVIES



She said hysterically: "I can't stand it any longer."

these disgusting insects in the house."

"Well, all right, father," said Miss Phife, flushing, and she looked hard at him for a minute and then said: "Come on, Eustace." So they went out but fairly soon she came back alone. "Look here, father," she said. "There's no need to shout at us like that!"

"Well, I'm sorry," said Mr. Phife, "but you might as well make up your mind, Neil, that this insect collecting has got to stop. I suppose I could put up with it myself, but—"

"Well, go on, father," said Miss Phife.

"I might as well tell you

came back, and they watched while one of the gipsy women came in the gate and walked round, begging the guests to have their fortunes told.

Pretty soon Mrs. Corliss came to see what was going on, and when she saw what a thrill everybody was getting out of it she went up and held out some money and said: "Now, what can you tell me?"

Then the gipsy looked at her hand very soberly, and said: "My message for you is not like these others. You will not like it."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Corliss, and

earnestly for a few minutes and then turned and went out of the gate. And Mrs. Corliss put on a little rouge and went back to her guests, who tried to pretend that they hadn't been giggling.

"That gipsy is grand, Eustace," said Miss Phife.

"What did you tell her to say?" asked Mr. Meldrum, and Miss Phife said: "Just that her late husband was jealous and would haunt her in the form of a large black beetle if she considered remarrying."

"GOSH!" said Mr. Meldrum. "And we provide the beetle—those stag ones of mine!"

"Exactly," said Miss Phife. "With black thread tied round their waists."

Once the engagement was a fact, Mrs. Corliss began to take charge of things. She spent a lot of time at the Phifes', and began ordering the furniture and the servants about, and she got Mr. Phife to banish Mr. Meldrum.

But there was one fly, or rather one big black beetle, in the ointment. This beetle would walk across floors and disappear under chairs when Mrs. Corliss came into rooms, or it would crawl out of the seat of a chair she was about to sit on and drop with a faint rattle to the floor. It was three inches long and had antlers.

After the first few appearances, Mrs. Corliss stopped screaming, but she looked hunted most of the time and her temper got pretty short so that she screamed at Mr. Phife about unimportant things rather oftener than was wise.

Please turn to Page 20

By WALTER BROOKS

now," said Mr. Phife, "Mrs. Corliss and I are going to be married."

"O," said Miss Phife, and after a minute he said, "Caroline has a horror of insects—has had from a child—so you can see we can't have this sort of thing going on in the house."

"Well, congratulations," said Miss Phife, coolly, and went up to bed.

Well, the party came off and the engagement was announced, and Mr. Meldrum viewed the function from a thicket of arbor vitae. After a time Miss Phife sneaked in beside him, and they were sitting there smirking over the guests, when an old car full of gipsies stopped by the gate.

"Quick, Eustace," said Miss Phife. "Give me half a crown. I've got an idea."

"Any time you get one, darling," said Mr. Meldrum, and gave her the money, and Miss Phife ran out and talked to the gipsies. Then she

laughed, but her face looked stiff.

And then the gipsy shrugged her shoulders, and said in a sing-song voice: "The souls of men when they die pass some into animals, and some into birds, and some into insects. For you there is a message from the soul of a man which has passed into many insects. I do not know their name, but I can see them, and they are large and black, and have many legs and horns on their heads."

Somebody laughed and said: "Beetles, eh? What's his name?" And the gipsy said his name was Harry.

Mrs. Corliss turned pale, for her husband's name had been Harry. She looked at the gipsy doubtfully for a moment, and then she took her aside, and the gipsy talked

THE SPYMASTER

*Continuing
our brilliant and
exciting serial of
worldly intrigue*

DURING war scares and spy activities in England, Admiral Guy Cheshire conducts a complicated official investigation of a man called Florestan, who is also Henry Copeland and other identities.

Complicated attacks by the agents and manoeuvres by spies implicate Cheshire dangerously, and Florestan is accountable for two murders, one being Ross, a servant in his house.

Mrs. Florestan is terrified of her husband, and, with England on the brink of war, and Florestan working feverishly, helps Cheshire track him.

A vital conference with the Premier ends with Cheshire leaving for the Admiralty, but he is interrupted, on entering his car, by a sudden attack. Afterwards he goes to his office.

Characters you will meet in this story:

ADMIRAL GUY CHESHIRE, distinguished diplomat, who controls Secret Service Department of the British Navy.

LORD ROBERT MALLINSON, brilliant British General, and head of the Army Secret Service.

PRINCESS SABINE PELUCCHI, distinguished and beautiful foreigner, wife of

HENRY PRESTLEY, famous American banker.

COUNTESS ELIDA PELUCCHI, sister of the Princess Sabine.

SIR HERBERT MELVILLE, Deputy Commissioner of Police.

RONNIE HINCKS, A.D.C. to the Admiral.

GODFREY RYSON, also A.D.C., engaged in special research work at the Admiralty.

ANTONIO MACHINKA, who camouflages his secret service activities by posing as maitre d'hôtel.

LORD FAKENHAM, Press magnate.

HENRY COPELAND, alias FLORESTAN, spy.

Now read on—

THE following day was one of repression. Contrary to early reports, the Stock Exchange remained open. "Business as Usual" was the slogan faithfully observed. There was a complete absence of news, which puzzled everyone except the man who sat working at his desk or in his Chart Room hour after hour.

There was a vague report in some of the papers that a revolver had been discharged at a passing motor car in Downing Street, but apparently no one had been hurt except the putative assassin, an unknown man now under arrest, who had fought fiercely for his liberty and was lying unidentified and unconscious in a ward of the nearest hospital.

Of definite news from abroad there seemed to be none. The journals of the day had all adopted the same note, all they had preached the same advice. The envoys—Orson-Mead and Dunkerley—had both flown to England, and upon receipt of their reports a Cabinet Council was summoned to be held on the following day, after which it was understood that they would both return to their posts.

There was something exceedingly deliberate about the attitude of the Press and the politicians. All the time, Cheshire was working upon a scheme which remained for years afterwards in the archives of the Admiralty as a triumphal and magnificent piece of tactical exposition.

The solitary worker, paler, with an extraordinarily bright light in his



Illustrated by VIRGIL

eyes, fell back exhausted in his chair soon after midday. He refused lunch but drank an unusual quantity of brandy and ate two biscuits. Then, after a strong cup of coffee, he lit his pipe and continued. He spent most of the afternoon in the Chart Room, but completed his task at his desk. At eight o'clock Hincks found him lying comatose, sprawled over his table. He looked up at his assistant's entrance and addressed him with something of his old briskness.

"Another glass of brandy, Hincks," he directed. "Bring it yourself. I have some instructions for you."

The young man returned in less than a minute with a plate of biscuits and the brandy. He carried also a siphon, but Cheshire shook his head. "Presently, perhaps," he said, gripping

Hincks asked anxiously. "Am I to bring it to you?"

"I have other work on hand," was the somewhat enigmatic reply. "I might not be here. You are to make your own appointment with Elida Pelucchi. You are to represent me and hand her over the plans. She knows what to do with them. She will be waiting for you in my room at the Milan Court. They are for her and her only."

For a moment or two Hincks stood like a man turned to stone, then a slow flush of color stained his cheeks. His fingers began to tremble. He stretched out his hand and leaned on the desk.

"Sir," he stammered, "I am to see the Contessa? You trust me with this?"

"Don't be a fool," Cheshire answered. "Haven't I trusted you ever since that trouble? You know my weakness. I believe in my gift. I know men. I know you, Hincks.

At eight o'clock Hincks found him lying comatose, sprawled over his table.

dazed though he was. There was something in his Chief's appearance which filled him with dismay.

"I wish you would let me send you something, sir," he begged. "You have had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours and more."

"I am quite all right," Cheshire assured him. "I shall be starting my other job directly and I shall have enough people fussing round then. And Ronnie—"

The young man drew himself to attention.

"Yes, sir."

"Elida Pelucchi—she has a weak spot in her heart for you, I think."

"It isn't possible, sir," Hincks declared brokenly. "I will get over that."

"Don't be a darn fool," Cheshire

left the room, passed through the general offices, and descended in the lift. The commissionaire hurried forward.

"Your car is here, sir," he announced. "The police car that brought you had its windows smashed, but another one arrived to take its place early this morning. It has been waiting about all day."

"Fetch it along," Cheshire directed.

"Where to, sir?"

"I must call and see a friend before I go to my room," he said. "St. George's Hospital, tell the driver."

LIfe was a little hazy afterwards. Cheshire found his way across the pavement and into the private consulting-room on the ground floor of the hospital. Word got about as to his identity, and in a moment a surgeon he knew quite well hurried in.

"Admiral," he exclaimed anxiously as they shook hands, "what's wrong?"

"I have been doing a long stint of work," Cheshire told him, "and I've got a bullet in my shoulder you had better see to. It's been there twenty-four hours."

He reeled upon his feet even as the words left his lips. He arrived at his private room on a stretcher.

"Commander Hincks calling Madam," Greaves announced the next morning, throwing open the door of Cheshire's salon in the Milan Court.

Elida sprang from her chair and held out her hands. Her eyes shone with excitement.

"Ronnie!" she exclaimed in amazement. "I had no idea. Where is Guy?"

Hincks was holding her hands tightly. For a moment or two he seemed too overcome to speak.

"Elida," he continued. "I am his deputy. One thing and one thing only for us. I have your pack."

"Well?"

Please turn to Page 38

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

ping the tumbler. "I am not thirsty, only a little tired. Listen, Hincks," he went on, after a gulp from the glass. "My task is finished. If this scheme of our projected offensive can get into the hands of those who think that every move we could make is known to them over in Rome, if it could reach them before the first shot has been fired, we shall have done our job. There will be no war."

Hincks was speechless as he picked up sheet after sheet of plans and explanation.

"This is a miracle, sir," he faltered at last.

"It might have been true," Cheshire said in a low tone, "if we had had the ships and the sailors to man them—another thousand sea-planes and the new guns. We could have wiped them off the face of the sea, Hincks, as surely in fact as we have done here on paper. Now listen—how long will it take you to copy this?"

"I can do it in twelve hours, sir." "I shall leave it to you to carry on, then," Cheshire decided.

"And when I have copied it?"

You will never falter again as long as you live. You will take my place with the young woman. You will urge upon her that not one second is to be lost in handing that over to the person who is waiting for it."

"But you, sir?" Hincks asked in bewilderment.

"I have yet another task to perform," he explained. "Shake hands, Commander Hincks," he added, holding out his hand. "I had a word with Maddox about you to-day. If the new job I am looking for takes me abroad you will get your step all right. You will be one of the youngest Captains to command a battleship."

"I don't quite understand, sir—" Hincks began.

"It is not your business to understand," was the prompt reply. "You are to obey. Leave me alone now for a time. Commence your copying."

"What shall I do with our own copy, sir?"

"Deliver it personally to Admiral Maddox. He had better take it to the First Lord."

Hincks gathered up the papers,

told him. "The girl's fond of you. It doesn't matter who she is. You've got plenty of money of your own—well-born, all that sort of stuff."

"But I thought, sir, that you—"

"You thought wrong, then. Remember that. Out you get."

Hincks left the room more dazed than ever. From his mind, however, he tore all these amazing suggestions. He ceased to marvel even at the mighty effort his Chief had made. He set himself to fight the minutes as they passed in complete concentration upon his work.

It was a couple of hours later when Cheshire prepared to leave his rooms. He sent for his typist-secretary and cleared up some letters. She looked at him strangely.

"Anything I can do for you, sir?" she asked. "If you will pardon my saying so—you look tired."

He hesitated.

"Well, if that is the case," he decided, "I'll take a little more brandy before I go."

He raised the glass, which still stood upon the desk, to his lips, but set it down in a moment. Then he

STILL WATERS

Illustrated by
FISCHER

A Complete
Short Story

By

Margery
Sharp



Times and
manners change
with the years, but
peace is always worth
fighting for

MONTAGUE SHERRARD left London in what, but for his latitudine, would have been an extremely bad temper.

He didn't want to go abroad, but on the other hand he didn't want to stay in England. The thought of moving about was only one degree less obnoxious than the thought of staying still.

He was on the verge, in fact, of a nervous breakdown, brought about by the remarkable but exhausting success of his career at the Bar, and the Harley Street specialist—as great a man in his own line as was Sherrard in his—had no hesitation in recommending a voyage to Australia, preferably by cargo-boat.

"Can't spare the time," snapped Sherrard. "A month is the absolute limit."

"The country, then—"

"Golf courses and rain. It would drive me mad."

"—or the Riviera?"

"I'd sooner go to hell," said Sherrard stubbornly.

The specialist looked at his engagement-pad, removed his spectacles, and stood up.

"Very well, he said. "I'm ordering you to Aix-les-Bains. Can you do to-morrow?"

"I can," admitted Sherrard, "but why do you say Aix?"

"Because that's what you're paying me for," replied the specialist, simply to make your mind up." Then he rang the bell, and Sherrard was shown out.

He arrived at Aix feeling that he hadn't have stood another hour's travelling if his life depended on it. Unfortunately, he couldn't stand Aix either.

The town offended him, he took a particular dislike to his hotel and a positive loathing for his fellow-People.

To make matters worse, many of them were English and familiar with his name and reputation. A taxidermist actually spoke to him about the weather. On the

second morning Sherrard left the hotel at eight o'clock, hired a car, and told the chauffeur to drive anywhere he liked until further notice.

The chauffeur, like all Frenchmen, a good son, accordingly directed the car towards a remote village in the department of Ain where his aged mother still lived among her poultry. The road thither was exceedingly picturesque—in Sherrard's view, too picturesque by half. Its beauties, clamoring, so to speak, for his attention, had the effect of making him sink back against the cushions with closed eyes.

Sherrard woke up feeling slightly refreshed. In spite of considerable jolting, he had slept well, and the air, when he put his head out of the window, tasted thin and cool. They had come to a stop, behind a stationary hay-wain, in the main street of a tiny village: small, flat white houses, low white walls with oleanders appearing above hemmed them in on either side. Sherrard got out, almost treading on a hen, and drew a deep breath.

"Can I get lunch here?" he asked.

Almost with horror, the chauffeur explained that he could not. They would descend upon Béziers, where there was an excellent restaurant.

Sherrard nodded, and walked a little way farther between the white walls. The hen and her chickens accompanied him. A yellow dog in a doorway lifted its muzzle and let it fall back uninterestingly upon crossed paws. Quiet seemed native to the place; a scattering of straw muffled all footsteps, the sudden crowing of a cock but accentuated the succeeding peace. All the inhabitants were in the fields, but to Sherrard, who did not know this, the village seemed to lie under a spell of silence.

He turned and went back to the car.

"I like this place," stated Sherrard abruptly. "I should like to stay here."

The chauffeur looked at him in surprise.

She spoke to him slowly, leading him round the garden among the flowers.

"But there is no hotel!" he protested.

"All the better," said Sherrard. "Someone can surely let me have a room. Where does one inquire? At the post office?"

"There is no post office either," pointed out the chauffeur. "There is nothing!"

"The cure, then," said Sherrard. "Ask for the house of monsieur le cure, and then wait."

Monsieur le cure had serene eyes, a shrewd mouth, and the big heavy hands of an agricultural laborer. He listened to Sherrard's request with understanding, but offered little hope.

"Monsieur will comprehend," he said. "The people here are poor, their houses are very small, and it is the time of the harvest. Moreover, I do not say they are not clean, but monsieur will want a tub. I would take monsieur willingly, but that I have two nephews for their holidays."

Sherrard looked up and down the road—they were standing in the cure's tiny front garden—and his eye, travelling beyond the immediate cluster of the village, lit on the one house that stood alone.

"Who lives there?" asked Sherrard.

The cure followed his glance, and after a moment's contemplation slowly nodded his head. Then he pushed open the gate and motioned to Sherrard to accompany him.

"It is just possible," he said, as they walked down the quiet road, "that we may persuade them to take you in. It is the house of Monsieur and Madame Dulac—very old people, very quiet, tout à fait bien. I do not know, but we can try."

"Fifty," said Sherrard. "But—"

"I shouldn't give any trouble," said Sherrard quickly. "All I want is to—be still."

The villa and garden were still indeed. Not a leaf moved in the sunny air; from the fountain, long since dry, came no ripple of water. But the place was not dead, nor even asleep; it dozed a little, perhaps, with the tranquillity of age. Through the half-open door Sherrard caught a glimpse of a shadowy hall; the cure put his head in, appeared to gather, by some sixth sense, that the house was empty, and led the way to the larger garden behind. Their double footfall had already announced them; on the threshold of the arbor, expectant, almost defensive, a little old couple stood side by side.

Sherrard's first impression was that they were extraordinarily alike. The man had evidently been the taller, but a perpetual stoop brought his grey head down to the level of his wife's. Both had brown, wrinkled faces and very clear blue eyes—the almost English eyes that, as Sherrard afterwards discovered, were a local characteristic. The old lady wore an odd little black cap, the old gentleman a black beret. They were a most attractive and sympathetic pair.

"Monsieur and Madame Dulac," explained the cure. "Unfortunately, they do not speak English, and he addressed them in a flow of French too rapid for Sherrard to follow. A word here and there he caught, and his own recurrent name, the Dulac, listened gravely and politely, but without any show of enthusiasm. They shook their heads, they were very sorry, but—

"Monsieur le cure seized Sherrard by the arm and pulled him aside.

"Fifty?" he whispered. "Monsieur will pay fifty francs a day?"

"Fifty," said Sherrard. "But—"

he glanced back at the old lady's troubled face—"if I should really be a nuisance to them—"

"A nuisance! On the contrary! You must not think they do not wish for you; it is only that they live much alone, and they are old, so they become timid." The cure lowered his voice. "Besides, they need the money, monsieur; it will be a great thing for them."

He turned back, the argument was volubly renewed. They had not (said the Dulacs) a room suitable. On the contrary (retorted monsieur le cure) they had a room fit for a prince. Well, then, they had no bath. Ah, cried monsieur le cure, but they had a tub—a beautiful tub, he himself had seen it!—and the girl Jeanne-Marie could carry the water. The old couple wavered, a last burst of eloquence finally overwhelmed them; and with a hot and happy face Sherrard's interpreter came back to report success.

"Voilà!" he cried triumphantly. "It is all settled! You will have a beautiful room, monsieur, and a tub every morning! When do you wish to come?"

"**A**T once," said Sherrard; and after suitable expressions of gratitude returned to the car and instructed the chauffeur to drive straight back to Aix.

At the hotel he paid his bill, collected his luggage, and out of consideration for the Dulacs ate a hasty lunch. Then he entered the car again, and was driven back to the village where he had discovered peace.

Sherrard found the Dulacs charming. They were very quiet, very solicitous of him, in his quality of semi-invalid, yet so obviously devoted to each other that he could not but feel himself an intruder upon their perpetual tête-à-tête. For they were never far apart: when monsieur worked in the garden madame stood always near at hand to advise and advise; when she was busy in the kitchen he shifted the scene of his labors to the flower-bed just outside.

If out of each other's sight they constantly called to one another. "Lise, I want you." "Jacques, where have you gone?" And every evening, as soon as dinner was cleared, they took up their positions one on either side of the long window, madame knitting, monsieur reading aloud from the local paper, while Sherrard strolled in the garden smoking his pipe.

Such slight conversation as he had was chiefly with madame, for Sherrard, puzzled by monsieur's soft rumbling tones and free use of profanity, found the old lady easier to understand. She spoke to him slowly and carefully, leading him round the garden and telling him the names of the flowers. Sherrard liked this; he liked to watch her brown old face bent above the parterres, her brown old fingers poking gently among the foliage; her happy absorption was like a child's, and like a child's her frank delight when they discovered a few late strawberries, red on one side, white on the other, under the big over-grown leaves.

Please turn to Page 16



Illustrated by VIRGIL

"She's raised this male tiger cub from a baby," said Darys.

Champagne and a Chicken

A long, complete story of romance . . . influenced by films, a star, and a tiger.

THE page at the Genoa in his blue-and-silver uniform stopped a dirty card desk in front of Frankie's desk.

"Mr. Darys Martyn," he said, "to see Miss Carillon or her secretary."

Frankie groaned, and looked across to her assistant, the girl Dora, bending over her typewriter.

"How many times, Dora?" she said.

"This makes the eighth call, Miss Liegh. I've seen him six times and you've seen him twice."

"Eight times," said Frankie.

"Three headaches," said Dora, "two attacks of nerves, they were true, and I forgot the other one."

Frankie stood up. Tall, slim and blonde, with a face like an April morning, and a smile that went up at the corners. Unlike most beautiful women, Dawn Carillon, the American film star making a film at Elstree wouldn't have ugly people round her. She knew the value of Frankie's smile, knew, too, the iron

resolution behind that smile. You couldn't hate Frankie, and you couldn't get round her. She was the perfect secretary for a world-famous star.

Darys Martyn slouched in a corner of the rose-and-gold sofa in the ante-room. He wore a shabby fawn overcoat, the collar of which he kept turned up in the warm, central-heated room. He was young and dejected, but obstinate, implacably so. He was going to see Miss Carillon or wear out the rose-and-gold sofa. Frankie sat down next to him.

"I'm so sorry, I've another disappointment for you."

He lifted heavy lids and looked at her in a lacklustre fashion.

"Which one this time?" he asked.

"Well, definitely, she's out," said Frankie brightly.

"Doesn't she ever stay home?" he asked. "Ever rest, or eat, or see her friends?"

"Of course she does."

"Well, couldn't you just smuggle me in one of those times?"

"There was a desperate craving in his voice, a baulked desire which was pitiful. Frankie shook her head.

"We have to have our rules," she said. "Otherwise she'd be besieged." Why doesn't he take his hat off? she thought. Between the slouch of that hat and the rise of his collar she could see very little of his face. Just the dark pits of his deep-set eyes and his high cheekbones.

"You look kind," he said. "Couldn't you break those rules for me?"

"Is that your scenario?" She glanced at the roll of paper in his hand. It looked dirty and crumpled.

a better chance. There's such a lot of money involved, you see."

"That's all right for ordinary novels, but this isn't ordinary."

The door of the suite opened and a big man walked in, his hat on the back of his head, a cigar in his mouth—Ed Sumner, the very man, had this poor boy but known it who could decide his fate. Ed, who read the scenarios, and in whom Dawn's film company had the utmost confidence. Greatly daring, Frankie turned to him.

"Mr. Martyn, here, has a scenario he'd very much like you to see."

"I don't want him to see my scenario," said Mr. Martyn, rudely.

"Hush," breathed Frankie, with a warning glance.

thought crossed her mind. The man was hungry.

The mention of food turned his sick. Reluctantly she dismissed the thought. Frankie was a kind-hearted girl, but there didn't seem anything she could do about it. He'd be offended if she'd offered him something to eat.

"You shouldn't have spoken like that," she reproved. "That gentleman you didn't want to see could have taken your scenario, if it is as good as you say."

"It is quite as good as I say, before I've told you," he interposed dryly.

"Well you've lost your chance, I'm afraid. He's come over here to me a vehicle for Miss Carillon, and he's reading scripts all day long."

"When he isn't eating caviar sandwiches," said the young man with a peculiar emphasis.

"He is hungry," thought Frankie again.

"Give me that synopsis," she said. "I promise you it shall get to the basket on my desk, even if it goes no further."

His hollow eye brightened, and suddenly he swept his hat off, showing a dark shining cap of hair waiting close to his head.

"You'll do that for me?"

"I will," promised Frankie.

"And you'll keep putting it on top?"

Please turn to Page 18

By LADY TROUBRIDGE

Hardly the script one showed to a Dawn Carillon.

"Yes, that's it. The finest screen play ever written. It doesn't look much. I know, but there's a gold mine inside of it."

Frankie's hand rested lightly, very lightly, a moment on his shabby sleeve.

"You know, Mr. Martyn," she said, "there are very few original scenarios bought nowadays. If this was in the form of a novel or short story, especially if it had, in the case of a novel, had a big sale, it would have

"It's Miss Carillon I want to see."

"That's lucky," said Ed, "only I'm afraid you won't see either of us. Say, Frankie, you've had your lunch I suppose—I want a bite of something to eat. Caviare sandwiches, or something, and a half-pint of champagne, and he passed out of the room in the direction of the dining-room.

Looking again at Mr. Martyn, Frankie saw his face grey and twitching, while his eyes followed the burly form of Ed Sumner with a wolfish glare. An incredible

FASHION PORTFOLIO

January 21, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

JUST ONE BLACK FROCK

• A SHRIMP-PINK silk scarf, spotted in black, ties in a youthfully appealing bow, and matches up with the pink suede gloves and bag.

• ADD a note of whimsy with a beguiling green pillbox, showered with veiling. Flashes of green appear also in the Victorian neckband and four bands of ribbon encircling the waist.



• ACCENT a fragile waist with a royal-purple swathe and cascading drapery, repeated again in the gloves and pert summer felt hat.



• THE adaptable basic style—a simple black jersey softened from severity by a Shirred front panel, inspired by Alix.



• VIVID chamois-yellow silk, with a spray of black dots, brings a touch of sunshine to the cheerful hatband, scarf, bag and wide cummerbund.

NEW HATS....



• A WHIMSICAL French tricorn of black felt with two white birds perched on the crown and a mist of veiling tying high above curls at the back.



• MOTLEY'S absurd black pancake cap that sprouts two soaring wings of Kashmir-blue. Over the face is Schiaparelli's flattering "birdcage" veiling.



• A WICKEDLY demure headdress designed by Motley for formal occasions. Made entirely of fur flowers piled high for an enchanting Edwardian effect.



• TAILORED petersham ribbon cap of forest-green, cheered with an ecstatic white bird from Rose Valois and a fine cyclamen eye veil for additional chic.



• AN ENGAGING model by Agnes of navy-blue felt with a flurry of deep crimson velvet ribbon and pale blue and crimson ostrich tips cascading over the crown.



• TO OFFSET upswepi' curls — Aage Thaarup's pincushion toque made entirely of kingfisher feathers, with black tulle veil caught in a huge bow at the back.



• FOR A LASS who is proud of her Scottish ancestry—Motley's little toque with quills arranged to represent a colorful plaid. Ideal for that dinner date.



• THE ORIENTAL influence at its most alluring in deep green fox showered with green and orange ostrich tips and a sheer veil tied high on the crown.



• LARGE COCOA-BROWN FELT, softly upturned at the back, and just for glamor a riotous spray of red and green feathers over the crown.



• A BLACK BANGKOK coolie hat from Kyri with white speckled wings and a foamy dice-spotted veil falling to the shoulders in a romantic flurry.



• AN ADORABLE UPTURNED HAT of brown felt trimmed with softly drooping heron feathers of pale mist-blue. Designed for a deb.

SILHOUETTE and DETAILS . . .

A Flattering New Evening Silhouette with Four Charming Variations



Look at the large figure and you will see the new evening silhouette. Look at the four small figures and you will see the variations you can build on it. Enhance your type. And, above all, remember that with the advent of the full skirt is a return to the hooped petticoat of our grandmothers' day.

FIRST thing to do when fashions change is to get your eye in to the new silhouette. Details can follow and be adapted individually

To give you the idea . . . here is the new evening silhouette; low-cut neck, tight-fitting bodice, low, corseted waist, spreading skirt.

Remember how Scarlett O'Hara had to wriggle painstakingly into numerous petticoats to keep her filmy frocks romantically billowing? You, too, must allow an additional half hour for dressing if your frock is of the crinoline species.

So beware, Glamor Girl of 1939, and don't succumb to the flattery of a crinoline skirt unless you are sure there will be plenty of dancing room, and you are prepared to sit out everything but dreamy waltzes.

Now see, on the small figures, some of the variations on it; four frocks widely different in design, but built round and on the same silhouette.

Top left, an honest-to-goodness Victorian crinoline, right up to date because it is made in lace, thick white linen lace. Notice the topless bodice; newest line of all, if you can

Sketched by Robb

take it. This one is softened by a large cluster of flowers in the centre. Waist and hips are tightly fitted by stitched pleats; full skirt springs out from the hips.

Top right, a dinner suit in black velvet. The jacket's low waist is emphasised by pockets which stand out on the hips. A band of emerald and purple embroidery makes the collar and runs down to outline the pockets. Skirt has a moderate fullness and a centre seam.

From MARY ST. CLAIRE
by Air Mail

Bottom left, the low-waisted look carries right on down to the knees. In this Chinese lacquer-red satin frock. It fits like a sheath from neck to knees; from there springs out in a pleated band of net in a darker shade of red.

Bottom right, a picture frock in stiff pink moire with short puff sleeves, wide skirt showing a lace petticoat and crimson velvet sash which ties in a bow behind.

*This Youthful
LOVELINESS
CAN BE YOURS TONIGHT*



Romance and happiness lie in wait alluring beauty. Every day I receive letters from England, America, South Africa and New Zealand, thanking me for the new courage, glamour and loveliness that my suggestions have given them. "Undoubtedly, they say, there is a real magnetic something in Kathleen Court Beautifiers have found to be the true secret of that is not duplicated in any others."

SEVEN Glamour Creams in ONE!

The best and swiftest test you can make is to use my 'Facial Youth' Day Cream and Powder Base, containing the costly rejuvinating Vitaceol ingredient that is still a closely guarded secret and exclusive to Kathleen Court products. No girl or woman can use it and fail to win new compliments on the heightened, exquisite and adorably new charm that put into her skin! No ordinary vanishing cream, cold cream, 'beauty pack' or foundation can possibly work such wonders, with such swift definiteness as does my 'Facial Youth'. As it softens, as it softens, as it refreshes tired skin, 'Facial Youth' holds your powder and improves your make-up as nothing else can. No grease. No oil. No trouble. Just a scientific achievement that proves it possible to gain, from one single Beauty Aid, far more than mere fleeting improvement in appearance.



Get a package of 'Facial Youth' from any good Chemist or Store TO-DAY! Tubes of 1/2, 1, and 2 oz. Get ready, now, to see some delightful things happen to your looks, your poise, your self-assurance and your whole personality. Get ready, with 'Facial Youth,' for a new world of happiness.

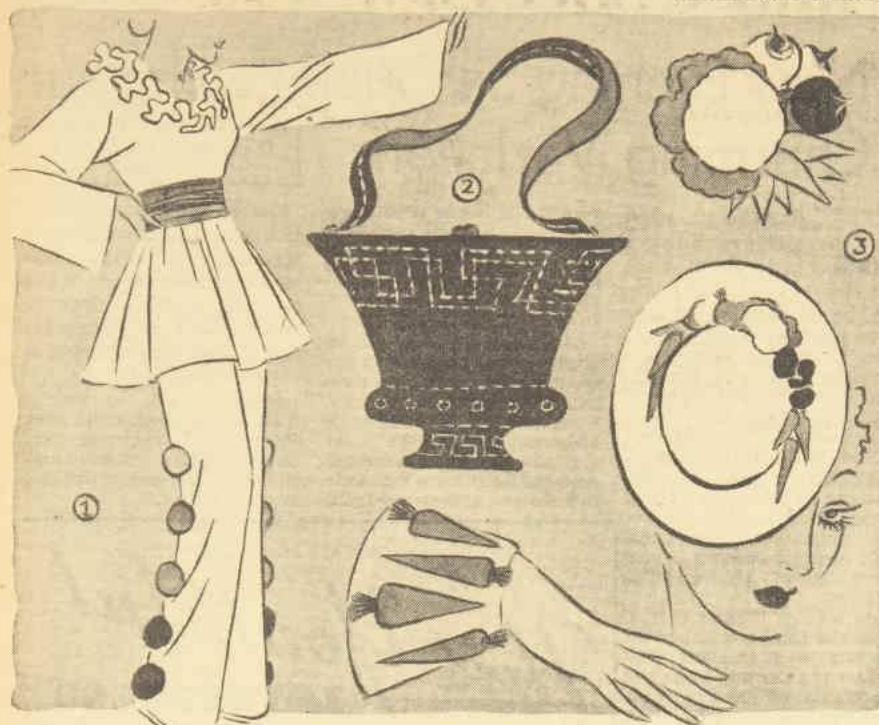
Mod. Chemists sell also my 'Facial Youth' Cold Cream (1/2), Golden Youth Powder (1/2 and 2/3), 'Rose' Facial Rouge (1/2), Lipsticks (1/4, 2/3, and 2 oz), 'Hennatann' Shampoo (1/2 oz), 'Facial Youth' Cream (1/2 oz), and new Nail Lacquers (1/4 and 2/3). If, however, you have any difficulty, write me personally, when I will send promptly by post with advice, if requested. Address: Kathleen Court, Shell House, Carrington St., Sydney.

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PARIS SNAPSHOTS

By Air Mail from
MARY ST. CLAIRE

1 BRILLIANT colored pom-poms are the newest decoration for pastel pyjamas, which nowadays look like old-fashioned píerrot suits, with frills around the throat, wide sleeves, trousers with their rows of pom-poms, and tight sashes of several gay ribbons to tone with the color scheme. Sponsored by Schiaparelli.

2 HANDBAGS shaped like vases and decorated with Greek designs in gold thread are the newest craze in Edwardian dressings. They are deep and capacious and appear in suede of every color, with matching shoes and gloves stitched in gold.

3 BUNCHES of carrots, turnips, cauliflowers and parsnips in miniature are being used as trimmings for hats, fur collars, the backs of fur gloves and the gauntlets of woollen ones. They even appear embroidered in their natural colors on the latest lingerie and table linens.

4 PINKED edge gloves of suede in contrasting colors. Fitted to the wrist by a ribbon of suede.

INDIGESTION

First Dose Gives
INSTANT RELIEF



"De Witt's Antacid Powder is the master of Indigestion." That is the statement of a once chronic sufferer unable to eat, in constant pain after meals, suffering terrible agony, although he tried countless remedies. Now he is in perfect health, able to eat and enjoy everything, thanks to the quick-action remedy for Indigestion—De Witt's Antacid Powder.

Here then is just one more of the host of cases where De Witt's Antacid Powder acts at once, soothing the tortured stomach and ending the misery of heartburn, wind, palpitation and that suffocating feeling of fullness after meals. Here is proof positive that you can quickly, surely end the most important thing in your life—the pain and danger that follows indigestion.

FIRST DOSE GAVE HIM NEW LIFE

Mrs. J. MacRae, Redland Bay Road, Capalaba, Queensland, writes:—"Two months ago I was a complete wreck from Indigestion. One day a friend mentioned to me De Witt's Antacid Powder, so I decided to give it a trial. From the time of taking the third dose I felt that I could almost eat anything without that dreaded feeling of Indigestion, so I can safely recommend to anyone suffering from indigestion, to try De Witt's Antacid Powder.

INSTANT RELIEF - LASTING BENEFIT

That is what De Witt's Antacid Powder gives to every sufferer from Indigestion because:—

1. It neutralises the sour acid condition that leads to gastritis and dyspepsia.
2. It protects the inflamed stomach from further attack.
3. It cleanses the system of harmful germ-laden, fermenting matter.
4. It gently stimulates the digestion to regular, healthy action, so that you eat what you like and enjoy it.
5. It actually digests a portion of your food.

Do not stay in pain and danger. Go to your chemist NOW. Ask for and see you get and take—

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

The quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Dyspepsia, Palpitation and Gastritis.

Of all chemists, in the famous sky-blue canisters, price 2/6



5 LET YOUR sole guide you. Newest key to accessory accents is the platform sole, which is frequently in contrast to the shoe itself. A brown shoe may have a red sole and heel, with matching handbag and gloves.



6 NEW silhouette from Lelong. Net, in a light yellowish-green called "seaweed," accented with a clump of violets.

7 IN STRONG contrast to Lelong's silhouette is

Paquin's black jersey dinner gown with white, bespangled frills.

8 MOLYNEUX'S cuffed flowerpot of pink toy trimmed with wine-colored ostrich feathers. Sketched also are other examples of long plumes.

TEETHING?—yes, but nobody would know!



No need for you to dread the cutting of those first teeth. Keep at hand a supply of Ashton & Parsons' INFANTS' POWDERS—give to baby as directed—and both baby and you will be happy all the while.

Marvellously soothing and ABSOLUTELY SAFE.

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Box of 20 Powders 1/6 at chemists and stores.

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No matter what your special forte,
you'll love these delectably gay styles



APPEALING STYLE
WW2724.—Buttoned front, short puffed sleeves, and Peter Pan collar combine to make this smart afternoon frock. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4 to 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/L.

SIMPLE CHIC
WW2722.—A very dainty and easy to make style for your holidays. Sizes, 32-inch to 36-inch bust. Material required: 3 7-8 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/L.

FEMININE CHARM
WW2725.—Pin tucks and lace combine to make very smart blouse. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 2 yards and 1 yard lace, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/L.

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WW2718.—A very attractive and easy to make dirndl. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3 7-8 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/L.

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WW2720.—A very smart design for your summer holidays. Sizes, 32-inch to 36-inch bust. Material required: 1½ yards for shorts, and 3 3-8 yards for jacket and skirt, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/L.

ww 2725

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ww 2724

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN



JAUNTY BOLERO STYLES

Our Concession Pattern this week combines a charming daytime frock and three (3) different boleros. Sizes, 32-inch, 34-inch, and 36-inch bust.

No. 1.—FROCK and BOLERO: Requires 3 7-8th yards for frock, and 1½ yards for bolero.

No. 2.—BOLERO: Requires 1½ yards for bolero.

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Coupon available for one month from date of issue. To obtain a concession pattern, attach this coupon on this page, 25c postage and post it, with 1d. STAMP, clearly marking on envelope "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Specify size you want. **1d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED.** Patterns over one month old, 1d. extra.

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Box 431G, G.P.O., Perth. Sydney Office.
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An Editorial Teacher Compares World's Schoolboys

JANUARY 21, 1939.

COOL HOMES; SHADY TREES

ALL over Australia men, women, and children are suffering from the intense heat of mid-summer. How many of them are fortunate enough to be living in houses planned to ameliorate its worst discomforts?

Other hot countries centuries ago adopted the flat rooftop as a breathing place in the evenings. The Australian scene is still decorated with the steep-roofed copies of English models designed to prevent the piling-up of heavy falls of snow.

Houses built in the old colonial tradition made liberal provision for verandahs, balconies, and windows. But most modern builders economise on them.

The great majority of Australians live in rented homes and have to take whatever house accommodation is available.

Every woman who has gone house-hunting in any of our cities or towns knows that the sensibly-built house is the exception. Building for a minimum of money and a maximum of rent is the rule, and as for the summer climate, well, that's just something in the nature of things.

Apart from unsuitable housing, the next enemy to summer comfort is the famine of trees. Every Australian town should have its avenues of shady trees. Every cottage should have its garden, and at least one tree in its front or back yard.

Here is a subject on which women should certainly raise their voices. The massed influence of women exerted at parents and citizens' meetings on the local aldermen and Members of Parliament could undoubtedly accomplish quick and much-needed reform.

If women set their minds on it speculative builders could soon be made to provide cool verandahs, suitably placed as refuges from the heat, on every cottage. Shady trees would adorn every street, and there would be a happy decrease in the numbers suffering unnecessary martyrdom from the severity of our summers.

—THE EDITOR.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP

How do Australian schools and schoolboys compare with those of England, Europe, America?

This is the fascinating subject discussed in the following article, written specially for The Australian Women's Weekly by Mr. L. C. Robson, headmaster of Shore, who has just returned from a world tour in which he made a special study of education.

In general competence, physical and mental robustness, and saneness of outlook, our boys, says Mr. Robson, are outstanding.

By L. C. ROBSON, M.A.

THE individual school in Sweden has little freedom. It teaches specified subjects in specified order and proportion.

Since there is an argument for the teaching in school of almost any branch of human knowledge, the curriculum is crowded, the work heavy, and the school life long.

A Swedish high school works six full days a week, with homework; and the secondary period extends to the age of nineteen or twenty.

Pupils are widely informed and earnestly drilled under fairly rigid conditions of teaching and discipline. Their attitude and appearance suggest great seriousness and a consciousness of the need to "get on."

There is so much to be learnt, however, that they do not reach a very high standard in individual subjects; at a guess, I should say that they reach at 19 the standard in mathematics, physics, and the like which our boys reach at 18.

Their environment is such that they get a better working knowledge of modern languages; and their range is, of course, wider. One cannot escape the impression that their initiative and independence of thought are damped by the heavy pressure of work.

England and America

IN England, the influence of the great independent schools has been and is enormous. Public education has been entrusted to local authorities which have gradually developed their schools upward.

It is only in comparatively recent years that a central authority has wielded a really powerful influence.

Always the conservative experience of the Great Public Schools has had great weight in determining the form of higher secondary education as the latter has grown.

The process has thus been almost the reverse of that in Sweden.

There has been little regimentation of individual schools and freedom to try various types and various forms of organisation and curriculum.

The struggle has been rather to push new subjects into the schools than to reduce the pressure of too many subjects. Above all, at the top of the secondary ladder, the influence of the Public Schools has set an ideal of high scholarship and of initiative in study.

The number receiving higher



EVENING study at Andover, oldest of the great American privately-endowed schools. The boys study in their own rooms; masters often lend a helping hand.

secondary education in England is not as great as in Sweden; but it is very probable that the quality of the best pupils is much higher.

IN respect of America, generalisation is even more difficult. Education is left by the Constitution to the several States, and it has been the policy of most States to delegate considerable power to local authorities.

Thus schools are grouped in systems in districts, large and small, under the control of boards appointed often with due consideration for local influence and opinion.

Considerable emphasis is often placed upon information as such at the expense of training. For example, it is not uncommon to find that a great deal of weight is placed on loosely-knit subjects such as civics, and little upon studies such as mathematics and language which inculcate orderly and precise habits of thought.

English education is sometimes criticised as narrow and unprogressive; however, it certainly has before it the definite aim of precision and accuracy of thought.

I venture to say that there is not such clear definition in America; that the aim is more vague; and that accordingly there is more diffuseness in subject matter and in method of teaching.

There is enormous enthusiasm among teachers; tremendous energy

is devoted to research and experiment in methods of teaching and in problems of technique.

Yet it is puzzling to find that there is a fairly general contentment with a standard of achievement which, in our experience, falls well below the capacity of many secondary pupils.

The number who attend school in America to the age of 18, that is, roughly, to the stage equivalent to our Leaving Certificate, is very large: in the State of New York it is about 60 per cent. of that age-group in the population.

Furthermore, a tremendous proportion attend institutions of higher learning such as colleges or universities. In New York, I believe the percentage is 17 per cent.; in California, 19 per cent.

Our Own Types

I SUPPOSE that one must endeavor to make some comparison of Australian schools with those overseas. At best, the comparison can be only another somewhat vague generalisation.

One does not find in an Australian school the hard-working efficiency which one sees in Sweden.

Our teachers (my colleagues in the profession will forgive me) are not, in general, so highly trained as the Swedes. On the other hand, I think that our boys work sufficiently hard, and that our teachers are more versatile.

Our Sixth Forms are well below the standard of English Sixth Forms, and we have not yet got the environment which produces sufficient interest in study for its own sake.

On the other hand, there is no doubt that facilities for a moderate degree of education are more widely spread through our community than in England.

In comparison with America, we are, I think, producing boys and girls with better developed minds and the scholarship of our best is well above theirs. They, however, are well ahead of us in their efforts to solve problems of administration, such, for example, as the distribution of pupils into courses appropriate to their aptitudes and the coordination of schooling with absorption into employment.

His Preference

BOYS in every country all seemed very delightful, but I saw none whom I preferred to Australian boys. I admit that this may be sheer favorable prejudice.

Whenever I met a group of boys at a school, and talked to them, as I did frequently, I could not help comparing them in my mind with those whom I am accustomed to meet here.

I met some who were more widely informed than our boys; some who were apparently more intelligent; a great many who spoke with a more pleasant accent. But I doubt whether I met any who conveyed the impression of greater general competence, of greater robustness, physical and mental, or of greater saneness of outlook.

Introducing Private (Very Private) Lower!



Helpful Advice For Australia's Militia Recruits

The Commonwealth of Australia is calling for volunteers for the militia. HOORAY!

Australia expects every able-bodied young man to do his duty. And that includes me. HOORAY!

IT'S a great life in the Army. A bit baffling in the early days, of course. But why worry about that? A bit of baffling is good for every man.

Getting dressed is rare fun, particularly putting on the puttees. Either you wind them on so tight that you go black in the face or you get them on so loose that they come unwound and you get tangled up in them.

Nothing looks more unsoldierly than a recruit with about fifty yards of puttee dragging behind. Still that is a minor detail.

I don't know what the procedure is now, but when I was a youth in the days of compulsory training they used to let us take our rifles home with us.

The mortality among the cats in our district was very high.

I found bayonet practice very exhilarating. We had to charge a stuffed bag and what happened to that bag is a shame.

They didn't have a Tank Corps in my time, so I missed the pleasure of ploughing up the road and frightening all the cart-horses in sight.

Anyhow, supposing the recruit has

By
L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost
Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

got all his paraphernalia on correctly, the next thing is the drill. The first thing you learn is to stand to attention, heels together, toes at an angle of forty-five degrees.

When I was first told this I was not sure whether I needed a theodolite or a thermometer, but I found out that you just have to use your own judgment and hope for the best.

Standing at ease was one of the best things I did in the militia. I was a real wonder at it.

Trouble was I used to do it at the wrong time. Whenever everybody else was shouldering arms I'd be standing at ease.

The sergeant on these occasions used to be most abusive and rude. You can't be original in the army. I found sergeant-majors to be the worst pest. Always going purple in the face about something. Just because a man's got his hat on back to front or his rifle upside down. Lot of rot—and I told him so.

"Don't be so finicky," I said. "I prefer to carry it this way. You're always going crook about some little trifles. Why don't you pull yourself together?"

I thought he was going to choke, but he didn't—unfortunately.

Fun With Stew

IN camp it was great. That's where I learned to fold up blankets and eat stew out of a tin pan. At least, they said it was stew. I thought of a lot of other names for it.

It was interesting stuff, in a way. You never knew what you'd find. It might be a piece of rope one day and a button off the cook's trousers the next.

We had music every morning. One of the boys used to play the bugle, but there was a catch in it.

I was lying in my tent one morning when everybody else had gone for some reason or other, when the sergeant came round.

"Didn't you hear the bugle go?" he roared.

"Of course I did," I replied. "Very nice, too. Does he know 'Way Down Upon the Swainee River?'

He explained to me in a rather uncouth way that when this bugle-player played on his bugle I had to get up. I've hated bugles ever since.

If ever I have to be a soldier again I'm going to stipulate that there must be no bugles. A piano-accordion I don't mind, but waking a man up at such an unearthly hour by shouting bugles in his ear is just plain barbarous.

This chap was playing his bugle off and on all day. If the lunch was ready, he'd get to know about it and start blowing his bugle.

When you got up and when you went to bed he'd torture the thing. It's a wonder the officers let him get away with it.

Fatigue duty is a rather strange pastime they have in the army. The first time we lined up in the morning I was told off for fatigue duty. So naturally I went back to bed. I was feeling pretty fatigued at

Standing at ease was one of the best things I did in the militia . . . When everybody else was shouldering arms I'd be standing at ease.

the time, and I thought the sergeant couldn't have been such a bad sort of a fellow after all.

Well, you mightn't believe me, but this sergeant comes along, swears at me, gets my leave stopped and orders me to go around the camp and pick up all the scraps of paper and stuff that's lying around.

I thought I'd make a friendly gesture, so I said: "Well, Sergeant, it seems a strange request, but I don't mind just this once. Mind you, I wouldn't do this for anyone else."

Would you believe me, I spent nearly an hour gathering a chaff-bag full of paper and stuff and then I went up to the sergeant and handed him the bag. I was very nice about it. "Here you are, Sergeant, sir," I said. And blow me if he didn't start swearing at me again!

This sergeant was not quite so

bad as the sergeant-major. I'm sure the man was a bit ratty.

We were on the parade ground one day, and he yells, "SHUN!"

I shunned along with the rest of the mob and then he says, "SENNA TEA!"

I'd been caught on that one before, so I knew that it meant, "Stand at ease." Well, I did that.

Then he says "Shun!" and shortly after that "Senna Tea!" again.

I said to him: "Listen, sergeant, why can't you make your mind up and be done with it?" That started another row.

I said: "If you're going to talk like that, I'm going home." I didn't go home as it turned out. They put me in a cell for a week instead.

Still, boys, you're wanted for the militia. So join up! Don't mind me. It's a great life, but I'm going to be a private in the Red Cross.



Give your hair a Beauty Wash

EVERYONE'S talking about this "new thrilling way to wash hair" — with Colinated Cocoanut Oil Shampoo! — Without any doubt, it quickly brings out the full radiant loveliness of your hair, and awakens alluring highlights which you never previously knew existed.

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complaints.

SHERRARD — a

schoolboy himself—would have
eaten them at once; but madame
said no, after another two days, if
they picked the leaves—so!—and let
the sun do its work—so!—the
berries would become properly ripe.

Sherrard obediently controlled his appetite, and next morning, before starting out on one of his long walks, stopped and had a look to see how the treatment was answering. Those three strawberries were the first things he had taken a real interest in for very nearly a year.

His brain was finally set working again by a curious incident which took place on the fourth day after his arrival. Hitherto he had taken so little notice of his surroundings that he could not have told the color of the salon wallpaper; but on the afternoon of the fourth day, passing

through on his way to the garden, he observed it to be a faded pink with a pattern of garlands.

"Chosen by madame!" thought Sherrard, smiling. His affection for the old couple was already strong; he now began to feel a curiosity as to their past life, a desire to know the beginning of a story whose end was so happy and serene.

He was looking at the famous view of the Thames from Richmond Hill.

There could be no mistake. Weak in design, over-detailed, the work nevertheless achieved a high degree of likeness. Then he looked closer, and saw in one corner, executed with complacent amateur flourishes, the initials E.P. over the date 1890.

Amused and puzzled, Sherrard strolled out into the garden. Monsieur was bending over a flower-bed, madame stood near at hand; and

Still Waters

Continued from Page 7

for once curiosity impelled him to join them.

"You have English friends, madame?" said Sherrard, with a smile.

"Monsieur is mistaken," she said again. "We know no English people at all. Why does monsieur ask?"

"The picture in the salon," explained Sherrard, "the landscape. It represents an English scene, and is just the sort of present an English lady might make to her friends."

"We know no English people at all, monsieur is the first," reiterated Madame. "And now you must excuse me. I have to see to the kitchen . . ."

Sherrard walked on to the sun-parlour-house and there unfolded his copy of the "Figaro."

The day was cooler than he had imagined, however, and he presently returned to the house to fetch a jacket. He went through the salon, with the intention of looking at the picture again; but this proved impossible, for someone had taken it away.

Sherrard's first thought, as he stood opposite the unfaded patch of wallpaper, was for the incredible simplicity of Madame Dulac. For some reason she did not wish the picture to be noticed; so, like a child who removes a broken vase, she had made it more than ever conspicuous by its absence.

He had a new theory to play with—that "E.P." had been masculine after all, some dashing young English traveller of whose long-ago attentions to madame Monsieur Dulac still disapproved; and perhaps that was the beginning of the story.

"She's had a hard time," thought Sherrard, looking at the old lady's hands. They were spoilt and coarsened, the hands of a woman who has worked not only in the house, but in the fields as well. Impossible to imagine them fiddling daintily with a paint-brush! But at any rate she had been happy—you could see that by her eyes; and at any rate those worn hands could now busy themselves with no more than cookery or knitting. "What do they live on?" wondered Sherrard. They must have saved all their lives—trust French peasant blood for that!—and probably had a stocking full of gold under the big double mattress.

It was exactly twelve hours later that he found the diary.

He found it through the most ordinary, the most banal of accidents: he dropped his stud. With the natural perversity of its kind it rolled over the uneven floor and came to rest in a crack of space beneath the huge old-fashioned wardrobe.

There was nothing for it but to tilt the wardrobe sideways with his shoulder and thrust in his whole scooping hand. He succeeded, but at a price: the wedge came away too, the wardrobe tottered, dropped back, and came to rest leaning drunkenly against the wall.

"Darn," said Sherrard.

HERE Sherrard paused. Was there a worse than the worst? "No food seems to agree with me, Madame as kind as possible, making all sorts of tempting dishes . . ."

"Nonsense!" cried Sherrard speaking aloud in his self-disgust. "If that's what a criminal practises for one, I'd better chuck it. They're as good as gold—as good as bread—both of them!" And he went out to seek for madame, to find her, by one look at her kind face, such ridiculous suspicions.

As good as bread, bon courage! pain—the phrase might have been coined for her; or so thought Sherrard as he stood looking in at the kitchen window.

The next few days were not happy. Peace had gone from the villa, and would not by any means in Sherrard's power be wooed back. There was a new constraint in his relations with madame; she talked less, and took him on no more tours of the garden.

On the third evening Sherrard could bear it no longer. He had tramped all day till he was the weary, but the legal half of his time was still awake. It had to know. At whatever cost to the living, it had to lay the ghost of the dead.

"Though she's probably no more dead than I am," thought Sherrard to comfort himself. "She's probably a tough old dowager plain bridge in Kensington. Or if she is, we'll find her name among the cherubs on some nice family vault."

"Pardon, monsieur, I did not think you were here. But Jeanne-Marie tells me that your wardrobe is not safe; she is afraid it will fall over if I may see what is wrong?"

There followed, for Sherrard, one of those rare moments when even sense is so sharpened that the act of observation becomes an intense nervous strain.

He noticed with precision a dozen tiny details in madame's appearance: a streak of yellow in the whiteness of her hair, the hook-and-eye fastening of her velvet cap, a missing strand in the fringe of her shawl; he was acutely aware of the smell of fresh ink, and of the smooth table made by his own hand. For madame, in her movement towards the wardrobe had suddenly halted; and as she stood there motionless Sherrard could literally see her remember.

"**M**y pearls went to day. It was quite right to sell them and I was perfectly willing. It seems that the vineyard is a great bargain. But I did love them and somehow they seemed like a last link with home. Now I'm cut off."

"The pain in my side worse again and no food seems to agree with me. Madame as kind as possible, making all sorts of tempting dishes and J. adorable. In the garden, I asked me whether I was homesick and I said no. Under his eyes I couldn't say anything else."

"It seems incredible, but to-day I actually made a plan for running away. I was going to slip out of the house while J. went to Belley, and walk to Aix. I even put some biscuits and chocolate in my pocket to eat on the way! Then by some chance J. didn't go after all; so here I still am."

The last entry of all consisted of one sentence only: scrawled in pencil, obliquely across the page:

"My God, what a fool I have been!" Sherrard closed the book and sat thinking until Jeanne-Marie came to fetch his tray.

Sherrard was deeply troubled. It seemed so well within the bounds of possibility that the initials E.P. in the water-color stood for Elizabeth Poinfret, and that the initial J. is the dairy stood for Monsieur Jacques; adding the removal of the picture, and the long-ago acquisition of the vineyard, Sherrard found himself faced by a combination of facts very disagreeable to contemplate.

"The beginning of the story" he thought suddenly. "My God!"

Elizabeth Poinfret had been simply a silly, hysterical woman. She sold her pearls, lent the Duke the money, and in due course was not repaid. She was probably living in London at that moment.

That was one theory: but there were also others.

She was not repaid, but lost her money and so learnt a lesson.

At the very worst, she had died in France, and the Duke, still in debt, had pushed the matter. Both these latter theories would account for madame's denying all knowledge of her.

HERE Sherrard paused. Was there a worse than the worst? "No food seems to agree with me, Madame as kind as possible, making all sorts of tempting dishes . . ."

But . . .

no one is exempt from the danger of "B.O." Though you take lots of baths you can't be sure of protection—unless you use Lifebuoy.

The reason is this: Lifebuoy contains a purifying health ingredient not in ordinary toilet soaps. This special ingredient makes sure that skin pores are not only clean, but purified . . . deodorised. No trace of "B.O." remains after a bath with Lifebuoy's penetrating lather. You can be absolutely certain of personal freshness.

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AND PROTECTS ME
FROM "B.O."

PREVENTS
"B.O." (BOOBY
odour)

LIFEBOUY SOAP

240g. 18/-

Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most Jokes were old and met-
low when we were seventeen.
When we are old and
mellow, they'll still
be evergreen."



"Mabel, you've just knocked a man
down!"
"Really? Was he my type?"



Come the active Principles of this proven remedy For Liver Troubles- CONSTIPATION UPSET STOMACH

From the far corners of the earth have been gathered proven remedies, and these have been blended in the balanced formula of Chamberlain's Tablets. They act in a safe, sane way, stimulating sluggish livers—bile flows freely into the intestines, food is perfectly digested, and fermentation ceases—gas on the stomach goes—constipation ends. Bad breath becomes sweet. Skin clears—loses that yellow look. You feel good.

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Before taking Chamberlain's Tablets I was often doubled up in two with flatulence, but do not know what that is now."

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TABLETS**
FOR THE STOMACH & LIVER

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for
each joke used.

JONES: My dentist was a fine fellow. Each time he extracted a tooth he gave me a glass of whisky.

Smith: Then why don't you still go to him?

Jones: I haven't any teeth left.

CUSTOMER: It's tough to have to pay a shilling a pound for meat.

Butcher: Yes, but it's tougher when you pay 9d.

IS there any certain way of stopping a woman continually spending money on gloves?

Of course. Buy her a diamond ring.

TEACHER: How do you spell ipecacuanha, Johnny?

Pupil: With great difficulty, miss.

HE had been tolerant and had answered all her silly questions. But he was tired and had been trying to get to sleep for the past half-hour.

"George, dear, is everything shut up for the night?" she asked.

"Everything else, dear."

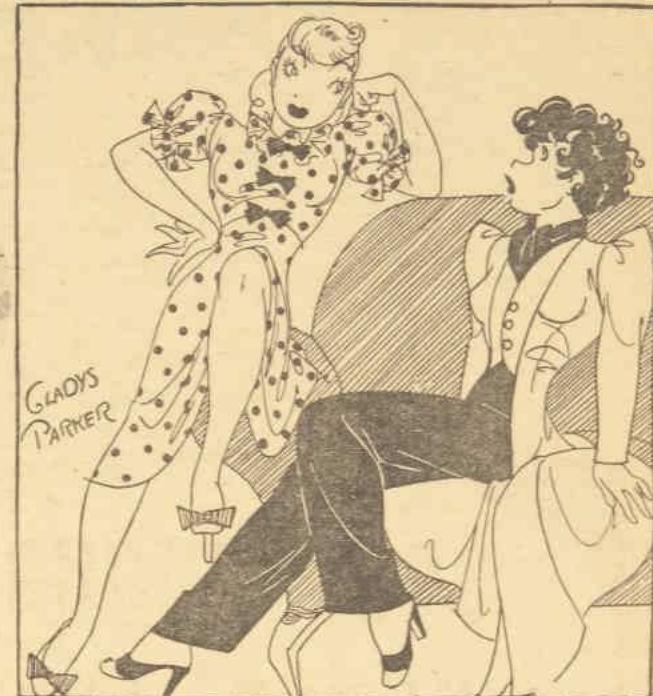
DID your father beat you when you arrived home at four this morning?

"Yes, but only by half a minute."

AN old swagie watched a man at a tourist camp making use of a comb and brush, a toothbrush, a nail file, and a clothes brush.

"Say, mister," he asked, "are you always that much trouble to yourself?"

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"What would you do if you had a thousand pounds?"
"Insure it for two thousand."



MUG GOLFER: I say, what's the idea of the haversack?
CADDIE: Rations, sir! We'll be out for the day, won't we?

ON YOUR FEET ALL DAY? Then You Need

Zam-Buk

SHOPPING in the busy stores and treading the hot pavements is especially hard on the feet these long summer days. And there's your cleaning, cooking and other duties at home. No wonder your feet feel the strain, become chafed, painful, and swollen, and make you irritable.

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1/6 or 3/6 a box. All chemists and stores.

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The glamorous little South Seas enchantress doesn't coat her lips with pasty colour that has no allure. Indeed not! Instead, she tattoos them with an alluring transparent red. She knows too, there's no romance in lips that are rough and wrinkled. Hers are soft and smooth.

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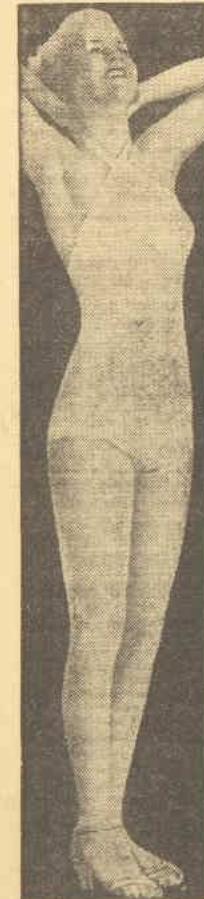
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All my friends notice how much slimmer I am and I feel better than I have felt for years. The headaches have completely gone, thanks to marvellous Youth-o-Form."

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Compare your weight with that of the perfect 1939 figure which is given on this chart. If ugly fat on your chin, bust, waist, or hips is spoiling your health and figure let YOUTH-O-FORM help you.

Hgt.	15-19	20-24	25-29	30-34	35-40
ft. in.	st. lb.				
4' 11	7 5	7 8	7 11	8 0	8 3
5' 0	7 7	7 10	7 13	8 2	8 5
5' 1	7 9	7 12	8 1	8 4	8 7
5' 2	7 12	8 1	8 3	8 6	8 10
5' 3	8 1	8 4	8 6	8 9	8 13
5' 4	8 4	8 7	8 10	8 13	9 3
5' 5	8 7	8 10	8 13	9 3	9 7
5' 6	8 11	9 0	9 3	9 7	9 11
5' 7	9 1	9 4	9 7	9 11	10 1
5' 8	9 5	9 8	9 11	10 1	10 5
5' 9	9 8	9 12	10 1	10 5	10 9
5' 10	9 12	10 2	10 5	10 8	10 12

Add 3d. for every 5 years over forty.

Youth-o-Form is Safe, Effective and Permanent

Youth-o-Form is prepared by highly-qualified chemists from the purest medicaments.

Safe, effective, permanent. It is tasteless and convenient to take anywhere at any time. Youth-o-Form cures constipation and indigestion. High Blood Pressure and Rheumatism in those people who are overweight, too.

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Be sure to get genuine Youth-o-Form

If far from a chemist, post stamps or a postal order in plain handwriting to the following address: 1155X, G.P.O., Sydney, and your Youth-o-Form will reach you, plainly wrapped with full directions, by return mail.

Thousands of people of all ages throughout the British Empire, Society women, business women, mothers of families, professional men, business men, and athletes take Youth-o-Form assiduously, to keep their bodies at a healthy, normal weight.

Telephone or write to us at any time for any advice you may need.



Champagne and a Chicken

Continued from Page 8

SHE smiled. His eagerness was extraordinary.

"I can't promise that, but it'll go on the top right now."

He stood up unsteadily.

"I'll call to-morrow, and see what's happened to it."

Frankie pushed back a curl of fair hair straying across her forehead. "Oh, don't trouble. I'll let you know, if you'll give me your address."

"It's no trouble. I can't keep away."

"And that's true," sighed Frankie to herself. At the door he turned.

"Miss Liegh?"

"Yes, Mr. Martyn?"

There was the width of the room between them.

"There's a tiger in my play," he said.

"Oh, Mr. Martyn, I'm sorry. There've been such a lot of animal films lately."

"But this isn't an ordinary tiger. It's almost human."

"I'm afraid . . ." began Frankie.

"Don't worry," he said hastily. "I'll tell you the rest to-morrow."

"I say, Miss Liegh," said Dora sympathetically, on her return, "you look fagged out. Is it that Martyn man? What a long time you were getting rid of him."

Frankie was carefully placing a pile of manuscript on the top of her basket.

"I haven't got rid of him, Dora," she said. "He's coming again to-morrow."

Frankie was the luckiest girl.

Stuck in a lift at the Genoa, between two landings, on her way to do some typing for a millionaire, she

had been forced into a tête-à-tête of half an hour with Dawn Carillon.

Forced, did I say?

She had had the inestimable privilege of a unique chance of getting something for herself out of the contact.

And she hadn't taken it.

With unconscious cleverness she hadn't worried the star, fretting and nervous at the breakdown of the lift. She had made little jokes, and kept Dawn's spirits up, until it suddenly darted into her platinum-blond head that this sunny, poised, English girl was exactly the secretary she needed during her London stay.

When Frankie stepped behind Dawn out of the lift, amid the apologies of the hotel manager, who stood with a group of mechanics, she had secured that coveted position of Miss Carillon's personal secretary.

"On trial, of course," but Frankie's common sense told her that to give

story starts. What do you say, Frankie?" he demanded.

Frankie spoke out.

"I say, Ed, that that's the oldest story in the world. It's got whiskers on it from here to New York."

And suddenly Ed saw that she was right.

"That fellow Chase is pretty smart, all the same," Dawn observed.

Errington Chase was an extremely handsome youth, which might have had something to do with this observation of hers.

"Well, here's another he's brought to my notice. A fellow climbs in and steals all the jewels of a beautiful girl lying there asleep in her gorgeous bed. She wakes up as he's taking the pearls from her neck, and then and there they fall for each other. One of the great love stories of the world, you know."

"Why should she love a man who's robbing her?" asked Frankie. "That doesn't seem to me a good introduction at all."

"The trouble with you, Frankie," said Ed, lighting a cigar, "is you've got no romance. Dawn, here, will show the public what it means to be a woman."

"Say, I'm a believer in love at first sight," said Dawn emphatically. She had only met Errington Chase yesterday, and already he was occupying a good share of her mind.

"Yes, but not a burglar," Frankie persisted. "Look here, Miss Carillon, the first thing that girl would think was that he was after her pearls."

"She's right, Dawn. It must be love at second, or third sight."

He emptied his glass of champagne.

"Miss Carillon," said Frankie hesitatingly, "there's a young man who's called every day for a fortnight with a script he wants to show you."

Dawn lit a cigarette.

"I know," she said. "Dora told me about him. He drapes himself on the sofa in the ante-room at all hours. He's a madman, I should say, got a pistol, perhaps hidden in his overcoat. Dora says he wears it indoors all the time."

"Just like the same," said Frankie. "I'd like you to look at it."

"What's it about?"

Frankie could have kicked herself for not being able to answer. Why had she not looked through it? It might be weeks before Ed would trouble to read it, but she could have put it over with all the force at her command if only she had known the plot. But she knew only one thing.

"It's about . . . about a tiger," she said lamely.

They both laughed at her.

"There's hardly been a film without a tiger this year," Ed informed her.

BUT this isn't an ordinary tiger. It's almost human," said Frankie slowly.

"You mean it can do tricks?"

But Frankie didn't know what she meant. She only knew she had missed a chance which might never come again, and she leaned back in her chair pale and defeated, wondering why she cared, remembering the look of those eyes in their deep pits of shadow. She looked so pale that Dawn seized one of the bottles of champagne and thrust it at her.

"Take this right home with you," she said, "and drink it with your supper. You look all in, Frankie."

Frankie took it, smiling, and later Dora wrapped it in brown paper and remanded her of it when she went.

Before then she looked at the mass of manuscript underneath a pile of fan letters which had arrived, and with a queer little smile she drew Dory's scenario to the top. But she did not read it. He should tell it to himself.

The next day, Frankie's morning ran on to three o'clock. She was with Dawn at the photographer from eleven till nearly one. Then she drove with Dawn to Claridge's, where she was lunching with an English earl of Bohemian and artistic taste, and went on to the dressmakers to arrange Dawn's fittings, calling in at the office of their publicity man on the way back to the Genoa.

She felt hungry by that time, and found that the faithful Dora had put a plate of sandwiches on the table in the ante-room. She ate two standing by the table, but Frankie's appetite was always as well controlled as the rest of her, and she soon hurried on to the office room where the American mail was in, and she and Dawn were overwhelmed with work, interrupted by interviews.

Dawn hesitated. "I don't want to be a mother," she objected. "What's the good of looking sixteen, as I can, if you make yourself out thirty by totting a child around?"

"Dawn, you make me tired!" said Ed.

"I tell you the child's an infant. You were married at eighteen, and you're under twenty when the

THE BRIDE'S COLUMN

By Mary Sheraton

THE wedding to-day carries the same importance as it did 100 years ago. It is still that marvellous event that only comes but once in every girl's lifetime. So let's ring up the curtain and play the glamorous spotlight on the Bride of 1939!

To-day's bride-to-be must be not only beautiful, but capable . . . able to look after the worrying details of her Wedding, and arrange the event in a manner truly becoming to her . . . the leading lady.

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There is a charm and fascination quite unparalleled about the new home. Planning, colour, scheming, furnishing and equipping from a completely fresh start is highly important, and a pleasurable task.

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Please turn to Page 35

SHE DID NOT LIKE A FAT HUSBAND

Wanted Him To Regain His Athletic Figure

Like many a former athlete, this man began to put on weight as soon as he was forced to give up his usual exercise, and his wife was not very pleased when she saw how fat her husband was getting. Read how he got his weight down:

"My husband—up to three years ago—took part in every kind of athletic game. Then business responsibilities left him less and less time for exercise. As a result, his weight increased steadily, until, at 5 ft. 8 ins., he weighed 14 stone and a half. I persuaded him to take Kruschen Salts, which had been recommended for getting his weight down. At the end of the first week he had lost 2 lbs. Now, after four months, he is 26 lbs. lighter, and has taken four inches off his waist measurement."—(Mrs.) W.B.J.

Kruschen Salts does not reduce you overnight. But taken regularly over a period of time—with a modified diet and gentle exercise—half-a-teaspoonful in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast will take away unhealthy flesh and restore your figure to its normal weight.

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The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau
St. James Bdg., Elizabeth St., Sydney

How long that silence lasted he never knew; but the muscles of his clenched hand were stiff before madame turned her head. Her gaze fell directly upon the writing-table, upon the half-written letter and the open book; at the sight of them her face so changed, so hardened, that Sherrard hardly knew it. Then she swung round and faced him squarely and at last the silence was over.

"How dare you?" said Madame Dulac.

She said it in English.

Sherrard listened with growing wonder. For in English madame continued, speaking a few hesitations apart, with great fluency and in an accent and idiom oddly familiar. Sherrard could remember being rated, as a small boy, by one of his aunts in almost identical terms:

"No act of a gentleman"—that was one phrase, and how he had writhed under it! "Meddling with what doesn't concern you"—that was another; and when at last the angry old voice stopped there was one fact at least of which he was convinced.

"But—you're English!" said Sherrard blankly.

"No!" cried madame, bringing her knuckles down on the table. "I am French."

Sherrard looked at her hand with the wedding ring, lying so close to the open diary, and all at once saw a blessed light. The relief was so great that he heard himself stammer as he spoke.

"There—there are more ways of becoming French than by birth, madame. By marriage, for example . . . But though I believe you may be right, and that I'm meddling in what doesn't concern me—because I believe you to be right—I ask you to forgive me one question. What happened to Elizabeth Ponfret?"

For a minute madame stared at him. Her sudden flare of spirit had left her, and she looked very old.

"Have they sent you?"—she almost whispered it—"from England?"

"No!" said Sherrard quickly. "But I found things here that seemed to need explaining; I had to find out. And I was on the point, as it happens, of inquiring for her relatives."

Once more madame's eyes sought the diary, but this time to be arrested not only by its mere appearance, but by its contents also.

"Yes, it does need a little explaining, doesn't it?" said she.

It was Sherrard's subsequent belief that Madame Dulac told him her story not with any idea of clearing herself from suspicion—and indeed the worst of his suspicions she never so much as guessed at—but in a spirit of the purest, the most innocent complacency. Quite frankly she wanted to show him how much she had changed for the better. She sought not acquittal, but appreciation.

"When I was young, in the 'eighties," began Madame Dulac

Still Waters

Continued from Page 16

thoughtfully, "girls were very wild; and I was one of the worst. I had a stepmother, you see, and three half-sisters, and of course I didn't get on with them; and after my father died I almost became quite unmanageable. I was fast."

"No!" protested Sherrard. His incredulity was sincere, but she did not seem to think him for it.

"Oh, but I was," she said firmly. "I once took a hansom, all alone, after dark, and drove round and round the Inner Circle . . . I flirted shockingly, and then wondered why no one wanted to marry me. By the time I was twenty-five I simply lived for excitement; and I really believe that was why I eloped. Jacques was my drawing-master, and very handsome, and very much in love with me; he saw nothing of my bad qualities, even now he won't admit they ever existed; he actually still likes me to talk English to him sometimes, because he says it reminds him of those first days."

She broke off, and nodded expressively towards the open book.

"That happened! Of course, I was miserable, and I behaved like a spoilt child. I missed the most ridiculous things, like being waited on, and going to parties, and fittings at the dressmaker. And I was a malade imaginaire: I fancied all sorts of aches and pains, just to give myself an excuse for idleness. I was astonished and resentful at the idea of having to do some work. But Jacques was wonderfully patient with me, and so was his old aunt—old Madame Dulac, who came specially to chaperon me until we were married, and who stayed on because I didn't know how to cook. Can you imagine it?"

"And then little by little I improved. They say here so often that 'love' comes after marriage, and it did with me. I became quite a changed person, and a proper help to my husband."

"That's true," said Sherrard. "So do I," said Sherrard. "And what harm could they do you now?"

"They might come here, and I don't want them. I'm perfectly happy, but they wouldn't believe it. They'd probably go home and send me a trunkful of cast-off clothes, and then I should have to send it back again, and it would all be a great expense." Madame drew a long sigh. "I'm too old to be upset," she stated firmly. "I want peace . . .

"So do I," said Sherrard. "And I have to thank you for letting me share in yours."

He stood up and crossed to her side. He felt more than a little ashamed of himself, for he had met with pure goodness, and recognised it, and yet allowed himself to doubt. But madame's kind old eyes held no rebuke, only an amused understanding.

"Thank you," said Sherrard again, and, stooping, kissed her hand.

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JESSIE MATTHEWS tells Reporter!

MISS MATTHEWS, WILL YOU TELL AUSTRALIAN GIRLS HOW THEY CAN KEEP THEIR SKIN AS LOVELY AS YOURS?



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Father's

W

ELL, one evening she was dining with the Phyles. She sat facing Mr. Phyle, and behind his head was a portrait of Sir Aloysius Phyle and she saw the beetle. It came up over the top of the portrait and leaned its elbows on the frame and wagged its antennae at her.

She got up and threw down her napkin and said hysterically: "I can't stand it any longer! That beetle is on the picture!"

Mr. Phyle ran and took her in his arms, and Miss Phyle looked behind the picture and said: "There's no beetle there." And Mr. Phyle said: "There, there, Caroline, dear. This thing is getting on your nerves! Let's go for a drive. You never see it when you are away from this house."

Just then Mr. Phyle was called to the phone, and while he was out of the room the beetle came out from under Miss Phyle's plate and went up her sleeve. Mrs. Corliss yelled.

Miss Phyle looked up and saw her father standing in the doorway looking at her. She dared not move, although the black thread was lying in full view across the tablecloth. But her father only said, "Come, Caroline," and they went out.

Miss Phyle went out into the garden, where Mr. Meldrum was waiting for her, and they anointed a tree trunk with treacle and beer to attract moths, and then they sat down in the shrubbery and kissed each other. "Golly, that was close!" said Miss Phyle. "If father had seen me—

When Mr. Phyle's car came up the drive, the headlights picked out his daughter, and he got out and came towards her. "Why, where's Mrs. Corliss?" she asked.

No Fool

Continued from Page 5

"I took her home," said Mr. Phyle. "She—she has refused to marry me." "O, father," said Miss Phyle. "Why?"

"It's those beetles," said Mr. Phyle. "That darn gipsey ought to be prosecuted! It's an obsession now, and whenever she's with me she sees them."

Well, Miss Phyle didn't know what to say, and she didn't have to say anything, for Mr. Phyle suddenly discovered that he was leaning against the tree that had treacle on it. But oddly enough, he didn't fly into a rage.

"Dare it, Neil?" he said, mildly. "If you must spread this nasty stuff about, for Heaven's sake do it away from the house! Look at this coat!" "Give it to me, father," she said. "I'll take it and clean it off."

So he took off the coat, and gave it to her, and she carried it into the kitchen. But, as she was looking at it, she saw a piece of black thread hanging out of one pocket. She pulled at it, and out came the other end, and on it a big stag beetle.

Just then Mr. Meldrum stuck his head in the kitchen window.

"Look, darling!" said Miss Phyle. "Look what was in Daddy's pocket!"

"Hef's belt!" said Mr. Meldrum, and then he began to laugh, and he rushed in and seized Miss Phyle, and danced her round the kitchen.

"What's going on here?" said Mr. Phyle, appearing at the door.

Mr. Meldrum said: "O, I—er, I just dropped in—"

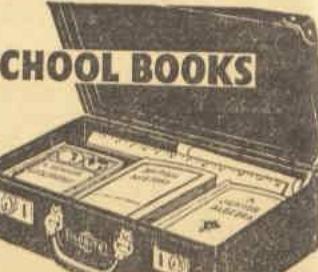
Mr. Phyle said: "Well, I wish you'd clean the mess off that tree." He glanced at the beetle on the table. "And don't leave any of those things about, will you? I don't want the cook to leave."

(Copyright.)

Best for SCHOOL BOOKS

Neat, convenient and inexpensive, the lightweight Globite Attache Case is most practical for school books. The case is made of rigid, with a reinforcing lid stay. Ask for a Globite Attache Case.

GLOBITE
Travel Cases



Real Life Stories

Storyettes

Escape From Death in Earthquake

SURPRISE FOR BARBER

BEFORE my husband, who is a hairdresser, and I went away for a few days' holiday last Christmas, my husband gave the key of the shop to the landlord, who lives in the premises, saying: "If any of the local men want a shave, I've got some razors. They can shave themselves." When we came home, the landlord said that he had shaved four or five local men, and had managed quite well until a stranger had come in and pointed out that the 'shaving cream' which he had been using was not shaving cream at all. The other men had been shaved with tooth-paste.

1/- to Mrs. H. H. Daly, Sydney St. Kilkenny, Vic.

UNINTENTIONAL GIFT

WHILE travelling home from the city one evening after a day's shopping a woman passenger sitting opposite in the tram arose to alight at her destination when I noticed a small parcel on the floor at my feet. I immediately called to her at the same time throwing the parcel out to her. She caught it and returned a smile of thanks.

After reaching my home to unpack my parcels I discovered to my great surprise that it was one of my purchases I had so graciously hurled out of the tram door.

1/- to Mrs. F. Wakeham, 38 Junction Rd., Summer Hill, N.S.W.

SAVED BY SNAKE!

I WAS picking blackberries one day in a paddock in New South Wales, when I heard loud bellowing and the next moment saw a bull making towards me. Terrified, I ran behind a blackberry bush. At that moment something moved from under my feet. It was a black snake and it slid towards the angry bull. It distracted his attention for a moment. Then I heard the welcome bark of a dog, and friends rushed to rescue me. They told me that I was lucky to be alive.

1/- to Mrs. K. Green, 164 Grosvenor Rd., North Perth.

BABY'S ESCAPE

A CUSTOMER came into a small-goods shop where I was working, leaving her baby in a pram outside. While I was serving her the baby began to cry and the woman went outside and brought the child into the shop.

A moment later a big motor truck served on the road outside and dashed into the front of the shop, smashing the pram and window.

1/- to Mrs. Ellen Sykes, 4 Twidwell Rd., Bentleigh, Vic.

MISSING PIN

SOME years ago my eldest daughter, then aged five years, swallowed a pin. A few weeks ago she developed a sore throat. She said that it felt "scratchy." I rubbed her throat and kept her in bed. On the second morning she came running to me with a black, rusted pin. She said that she had just coughed and吞下 it in her mouth.

2/- to Mrs. E. Lamond, Balinjup, W.A.

CHILD DISAPPEARED

WHILE we were on our way to Australia on board the liner *Empress*, our youngest child, then about two years old, went for a walk along the deck with another passenger. Her eyes left him for a moment, and when she looked again he had disappeared.

The ship was slowed down, and divers were given for an immediate search of the sea. No trace of him was found, and the ship resumed its journey. I was frantic with grief.

Two hours later a shout of joy went up as a fireman came along the deck with the child in his arms.

The little fellow was black from head to foot in soot and ashes; it appeared that he had gone to sleep in the opening of a chute used for discharging ashes. If he had crawled a few yards further, he would have fallen down the chute into the sea.

2/- to Mrs. W. Patterson, Evans Head, N.S.W.

I WAS attached to the R.A.F. and was stationed in Quetta on that fateful night, May 21, 1935, when Quetta was completely destroyed and thirty thousand lives were lost in thirty seconds.

I was in bed. Suddenly a noise forced itself into my consciousness. I sat up — puzzled, alert and apprehensive.

And then in a flash it came to me — the rising crescendo more like the approach of a typhoon than anything else. I leapt out of bed with the words, "My Heaven, it's an earthquake."

At that moment I was thrown across the room by the violence of the first shock and fell against the front door. Then I crashed into the doorway of my dressing-room, which led to the back way out through the bathroom.

In that din and blackness — the windows were pyroproofed and curtained and the doors closed — I subconsciously knew in which direction I wanted to go. When the deepest seemingly attempted to throw me violently back, I grabbed the wall and was then hurled in a heap against the chest of drawers.

Falling again and again, and with my feet cut by broken glass in the bathroom, I reached the last door and pulled. Nothing happened. I fell against it in a perfect frenzy, managed to wrench it open, and ran outside.

I saw the two-story building I



"NEVER can I lose the memory of what I then saw."

had just left bending over as though it were just about to roll on its side in one mass, then bend back, and re-bend.

It was impossible to stand up. All I could do was walk.

The actual shock lasted thirty seconds. The terrific noise died away — all was silent, still.

I stood up. A dark-colored cloud of dust was over everything. Then I heard a woman's scream; then another and another. Never can I lose the memory of what I then saw.

I carried out rescue work for

Hair in Machine

ABOUT 30 years ago, in the days of unbobbed hair, I was combing out my hair, which fell well below my waist, when a call came from the dairy on our farm to assist my young brother.

As there was not time to re-plait my hair, I ran with it just as it was.

My brother was years younger than I, and also smaller, and he left me to turn the handle of the separator. I might add that my father had died and my mother, brother and I were running the farm by ourselves.

My brother left the dairy to eat a slice of melon on the grass outside. As brother will, he alighted at my head. I "thucked" and that was my undoing.

In a second my long hair was tangled in the spindle of the separator. My head was held fast against the ironwork.

Fortunately for me the hair seemed to act as a wrench and loosened the screw; otherwise my scalp would certainly have been torn off.

Well I remember my mother running to the door and crying, "Get her some brandy!"

But I had no intention of fainting and my only suffering was in seeing the big bundle of hair which had to be cut away to release me — a memento which, I think, is still in the treasure chest.

5/- to Mrs. T. Ferrin, Stratford, N.S.W.

Send in Your Story!

IT does not matter whether it be tragic, humorous, or eerie, but it must be AUTHENTIC.

A guinea is awarded for the best each week, and 5/- for others published.

For storyettes we pay 2/- each.

Write legibly on one side of the paper, and address letters: Real Life Stories, The Australian Women's Weekly. The full address will be found at the top of Page 3.

Scalded in Artesian Bore

MY husband, two grown-up sons and I secured a contract in 1933 to deepen an artesian bore which had ceased to flow.

It was considered a very difficult job, as the bore had to be widened first so that men and buckets could descend into it.

After work had been carried on for some time, it was found that the sides of the bore had caved in and that blasting was necessary to remove rock which was stopping the supply of water.

Dynamite was placed in the rock, and we heard the gurgle of water, but instead of the expected rush of boiling water out of the well the swirling of water soon ceased.

After we had waited for some time we concluded that the sudden rush of water must have caused more of the sides to cave in.

We then lowered our son Ronald into the shaft in a large wicker basket to see how much water there was in the bore. He was to call out "stop" when he saw the water below.

We had been lowering him gently for several minutes when we heard a splash below.

My husband leapt for the brake to stop the basket, which we knew had made the splash, from going deeper into the boiling water.

Then, sick with fear for our son, we began frantically hauling the basket to the surface.

At the sight of Ronald I fainted, as I believed that he was dead.

I found later that he had been badly scalded right up to the shoulder. He eventually recovered, but still bears the scars of his ordeal.

It was found after the accident that he had fainted in the intense heat in the bore, and thus could not call out to us to stop lowering the basket.

5/- to Mrs. F. E. R. Bowly, Donald Downs, Winton, Qld.

Falling Tree

WHILE my husband, 12 months' old baby and I were on our way in a sulky to visit my parents, some 20 miles away, we came to a flooded river.

Water was flowing over a bridge across the river and we could not approach within a chain of it.

Disappointed at being unable to continue our journey, we sat for a time watching the water before turning round to go home.

Baby was laughing and clapping his hands in glee when suddenly we heard an ominous crack behind us.

Only a few yards away a large white gum crashed right across the road which a few minutes before we had traversed.

We should probably have all been killed or terribly injured had we stopped a few yards further back.

5/- to Mrs. S. E. Bower, Lauriedale, W. Kojonup, W.A.

Then the Band Played

AFTER having played a guitar in a dance band at Albert Park one night the drummer, who owned a single-seater car, offered me a lift home provided I hung on to the side of the car.

The dickey-seat was packed with band instruments and the front seat was crowded with five other members of the band. But I made myself comfortable by sitting on the rear mudguard with my feet on the running-board.

Suddenly a big car shot out of a side street, and I realised that it was coming straight for me.

Instinctively I clung to the hood-rack. A second later the cars crashed together, and the mudguard on which I had been seated was crushed into the wheel not more than an inch behind the area that I had occupied for a seat! Yet I escaped without a scratch.

5/- to Len Cobblewick, 140 Wellington St., Kew, Vic.



No woman should suffer continual pain. Headache, neuralgia, even periodic pain, is unnecessary . . . more, it is dangerous. Pain, bad enough in itself, is usually an indication of ill-health to come. Get relief from pain and gain security from ill-health this simple way.

BAYER'S ASPIRIN . . .

SPEEDY . . . SAFE

BAYER ORIGINATED ASPIRIN AS THE SAFEST, SUREST RELIEF FROM ALL KINDS OF PAIN. ASK YOUR DOCTOR ABOUT BAYER. He will tell you that

Bayer's Aspirin may be taken — should be taken, in fact, at the first indication of pain or aches. Bayer's Aspirin works speedily, yet is quite safe; it will not affect the heart or upset the stomach. Remember, BAYER'S COSTS NO MORE THAN ORDINARY ASPIRIN.

BAYER'S ASPIRIN GIVES IMMEDIATE RELIEF FROM: HEADACHES; RHEUMATISM; NEURALGIA; SCATICA; LUMBAGO; INSOMNIA; SORE THROATS; FLU; COLDS; PERIODIC PAIN; AND ALL NERVE & MUSCLE PAINS & ACHEs

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Good Enough To Eat!

* Of course you really wouldn't eat a lipstick. But certainly you want one that's pure and good enough to eat!

MICHEL Lipstick passes every test for purity and quality. You know it's superior because it spreads evenly—because it gives a feeling of freshness to the lips—because its colors are clear. Michel chemists leave no stone unturned in testing and checking the quality of the ingredients that make this famous lipstick pure enough to eat.

6 ENTRANCING SHADES
Blonde : Cherry : Vivid
Cupcake : Raspberry : Scarlet
ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

KIDNEY TROUBLE END IT WITH THIS GENUINE KIDNEY REMEDY



"You can be Better in the Morning!"

Kidney trouble is spreading like a great epidemic. But very few of the victims know the real cause of their constant pain and suffering.

Rheumatism, backache, joint pains, down-dragging weakness, all these symptoms are telling you of deep-seated kidney trouble which only a genuine kidney remedy can help. To cleanse and strengthen weak kidneys there is no finer remedy than De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills.

START TO-NIGHT TO END YOUR SUFFERING

Get a supply of De Witt's Pills to-day. Take two before you go to bed to-night. All through the night this fine remedy will be cleansing your kidneys. In the morning you will know the definite antiseptic action of these pills on the kidneys by the greenish colour of the urine. Carry on with De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills and your system will be cleared of all pain-giving poisons and impurities.

De Witt's Pills are made especially to end kidney trouble. They do not

**Brilliant Young Linguist
Appointed to German School**
ONE of the most brilliant linguists ever to graduate from Melbourne University is Miss Anna Dane, B.A., Dip. Ed., of Melbourne, who left Australia recently to take up an appointment on the teaching staff at Castle Salem School, South Germany, one of the most famous schools in the world.



The daughter of a Russian mother and an English father, Miss Dane is now only 22.

She was educated at the Presbyterian Ladies' College, Melbourne, and a scholarship to Janet Clarke Hall carried her through her Arts course. Every year she won or shared exhibitions, and in her final year carried off the Higgins Prize for the study of French and German poetry. She is also well known as a writer of poetry, and last year had a book of verse published.

As Miss Dane also has a grant from the Australian Educational Research Committee to investigate conditions of girls' education in France, she is looking forward to some busy years abroad.

ELECTED TO PARLIAMENT

MRS. MARY QUIRK, newly elected to the New South Wales Legislative Assembly in succession to her husband, the late Mr. John Quirk, M.L.A., is the second woman member of the Legislative Assembly. Miss Preston Stanley (Mrs. Crawford Vaughan) was the first elected for Eastern Suburbs in 1925.

Mrs. Quirk's election parallels that of Lady Peacock, who won her husband's seat in the Victorian Assembly on the death of Sir Alexander Peacock.

In the Balmain contest one of Mrs. Quirk's most vigorous supporters was

S.A. Scientist Gives Paper in Canberra

AMONG prominent scientists who delivered papers at the Science Congress held in Canberra was Miss Beryl Barrien, M.Sc., for several years demonstrator and research assistant in the Department of Botany at the University of Adelaide. Miss Barrien chose for her subject "Preliminary Experiments of Sulphur Metabolism in Plants." It was for a thesis on this subject that she gained her M.Sc. degree last year.

Woman Councillor for Geographical Society

UNTIL last year there were no women on the council of the Royal Queensland Geographical Society. Now there are four, including Miss Agnes Woodward, of Brisbane, who joined the society in 1922, and who has rarely missed a meeting. While in England in 1933 Miss Woodward visited the London Geographical Society, where she was invited to their lectures and shown over their rooms.

For many years Miss Woodward has been with the Queensland Education Department, and is at present on the staff of the Woollloomoo State School.

Active in Women's Peace Movement

MRS. H. A. LONGMAN, of Brisbane, is the only life-member of the Queensland Women's Peace Movement. Although through ill-health she has recently been prevented from attending the meetings, she has maintained her interest by sending financial assistance and many practical suggestions.

She showed further interest by presenting the committee with a peace tablecloth, on which the names of peace-loving people are written and embroidered in blue round a dove by Mrs. Vikstrom, of Brisbane. When completed the cloth will be sent to Geneva and hung in the Hall of Peace.



Mrs. Lilian Fowler, Mayor of Newtown, and first woman mayor in New South Wales.

Working Way Round World as Secretaries

A DETERMINED effort to work their way round the world is being made by two Sydney girls, Miss Phyl Russell, of Potts Point, and Miss Betsy Boyd, of Dee Why.

Six months ago the girls, who are both in their early twenties, gave up their secretarial positions, and left together for Brisbane.

They obtained good positions there, saved diligently, and two weeks ago sailed together for New Zealand, where they hope to obtain secretarial positions.

Journalist, Farmer, Now Radio Announcer

VERSATILE Mrs. Hamilton Broad, of West Australia, now an announcer on women's radio sessions, has been author, Journalist, and farmer.

She was born in Essex. At sixteen, as Edith Goodwin, she had her first novel accepted by an English publishing firm.

After her marriage she came out to Australia with her husband and family, and settled on a farm in Denmark, West Australia. When one of her children became ill the family moved to Perth, where Mrs. Broad, after a spell of journalism, began her radio career.

Hospital and Charity Worker Receives O.B.E.

NEW YEAR'S Honors list included popular Mrs. Barry Thomson, of Melbourne, who was awarded an O.B.E. She is president of all the auxiliaries attached to the Alfred Hospital, Melbourne.

Her first good turn for the hospital was done 23 years ago, when she began giving patients a Christmas treat every year.

She has been working hard in other ways, too, ever since the auxiliaries were inaugurated in 1918.

Mrs. Thomson is also vice-president of the William Foster Try Society, which has been doing good turns for the needy boys of the city.

She Drives Cars For a Living

DRIVING cars is a business as well as a pleasure to Miss Betty Littlewood, of Warrnambool, who now lives in Melbourne.

She drives her own car for any of her friends and acquaintances who care to engage her, and will drive any other car as required.

She was inspired to earn her living in this fashion when, on a trip to England, she met girls who were running a highly successful driving service. Like them, she does not wear a uniform, but favors a camel-hair coat and tall-felt hat for winter, and printed frocks for summer.

Parents find her a very useful person at holiday time when she has many engagements to meet boats and trains and drive schoolchildren and from their various schools.

Yodelling Her Way Round Australia

ABILITY to yodel as well as any native of the Tyrolean additional gift of Miss Minna Metz, well-known South Australian contralto, at present touring the Commonwealth for the Australian Broadcasting Commission. When she yodels the wide range of her vocal production extends to the soprano.

She usually accompanies herself on the guitar, but can also play a number of instruments, including strings, woodwind, percussion, accordion.

Miss Metz is well known in her native State, where she has been broadcasting for eight years, and she has also performed in Melbourne and Sydney.

Simple Way To Lift Corns Right Out

No excuse for cutting corns.

Tender corns, tough corns, or infected corns can now be safely lifted off with the finger-tips, thanks to Frozol-Ice, says grateful user. Only a few drops of Frozol-Ice, the new-type antiseptic treatment, which costs 15/- at any chemist's store, is ample to free one's feet from every corn or callus without hurting. This wonderful and safe remedy stops pain instantly, and does not spread on to surrounding healthy tissue. Frozol-Ice is a boon to overburdened men and women.

IN SEARCH OF HEALTH Electrical and Medical Massages

Diathermy Galvanic Tension Short Wave Auto Vapour Baths and General Massages
L. G. H. COLE, Masseur Registered
27 ROYAL ARCADE, MELBOURNE

Quick Pile Relief

Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid is guaranteed to banish any form of Pile trouble or money back. It gives quick action even in old, stubborn cases. Vaculoid is a harmless tablet that removes blood congestion in the lower bowel—the cause of piles. It brings joyful relief quickly and safely or costs nothing. Chemists everywhere sell it with this guarantee.

DE WITT'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

Cleanse and Strengthen the Kidneys

Made specially to end the pain of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists, 1/-, 3/- and 5/-.



WHEN YOU SEE THEM
YOU'LL WANT TO LIVE ALWAYS IN

"Langhams," 29/-

Not merely because of lines slender and svelte as a racing sloop or the slim flattery of American-fashion heels but also because their lasts are designed for the real comfort which true moderns demand. In all wanted colours and styles, at business-girl prices. "Langhams" are in courts, T-bars or new ties.

A. White and tan spectator court, high all-leather heel. Half sizes, 2 to 7. 29/-

B. Black, navy kid sabot T-bar, stitched and cut away for smartness. 2s, 2-7. 29/-

C. Navy kid court with open sides and cut-outs, patent scroll trim. 2s, 2 to 7. 29/-

D. Copper tan court, peaked throat, medium heel, neat bow trim. Halfs, 2-8. 29/-

Escalate to Third Floor for Shoes.



★ Designed by "Gossards" PERFUMED CORSET

Impregnated with "Mystere," faint alluring French perfume . . . Gossard's beautiful satin-elastic girdles with the two-way stretch . . . the waist is subtly emphasised by the warmth of your body. Us'd 25/6. 17'6

Waist sizes, 24 to 28. Fourth Floor.



★ From the lone prairie REAL SOMBRERO

In the true Mexican manner—dashing sombreros to flatter either sex, for town or country (fine riding hat). Made with an air-conditioned crown and a feather sweat band, to fit 7'11 securely but lightly at a very modest

7'11

Escalate to the Third Floor

Start your Knitting

BE READY FOR THE WINTER

New wools, new designs, new zest for the coming season when you'll be in your own hand-knitteds . . . we're giving away our own exclusive patterns to purchasers of wool from our rainbow showing . . . at the needles clicking now, if you'd be a fashion-leader by Autumn.

★ Illustrated is a charming jumper in crepe wool which takes only 7 skeins at 9d. each—a Farmer's pattern made at a total cost of 5/3.

Knitting Wool on the Ground Floor.



Farmer's



by cyclax

'ROMANY TAN' MAKE-UP

Into the glowing bronze cheeks of the "Raggle-Taggle Gipsies-O" the wild heath winds whip living colour, captured for you by Cyclax in "Romany Tan", new outdoor make-up. Day lotion (6/6), powder (5/-), rouge (5/-), lipstick (7/6), nail polish (5/6).

Cyclax Section on the Ground Floor.

MAILS TO P.O. BOX 497 AA, SYDNEY. 'PHONE: M 2405.

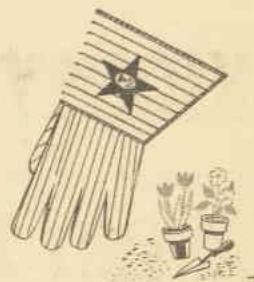


Evening sees you

BLOSSOMING

For a lady's wrist, on a summer night, flowers in all the colours of field and garden cluster on the latest armlet, charming novelties at only 3/6. For her hair, a floral trail to match, 9 inch length, only 2/6

On Third Floor



Gloves for working

IN GARDENS

Gardens should grow apace when the gardener has a pair of gloves as handsome as these to inspire him . . . "American Boss", strongly made, mossy colours, new shipment of special quality, pr. 2/11

Lower Ground Floor

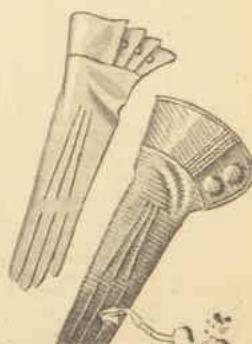


New streamline

WAVE SETTER

For hey-presto hair beauty, these featherlight aluminium setters . . . dampen your locks, press the waves into position and clip these clean, strong little gadgets in place; four on a card for only 9d

On Ground Floor



At 1/11 this is GLOVE NEWS

Graceful fine quality Sansheen with smart pearl buttons on neat gauntlet. Usual Value, 2/6, elastic at wrist, now 1/11

Heavyweight Winbar for ensemble wear. Special Price is 1/11

On Ground Floor



A LL skin blemishes are completely concealed in a few seconds by COVER-SPOT. Not even a lover's ardent gaze will reveal a blemish once it is applied. COVER-SPOT is just such a stuff as the blemish like an ordinary face-cream. COVERS-POT retains its creamy softness all day long, and will not fade or easily rub off. Four shades. A 1/4 jar lasts a long time. Get one from your chemist or store to-day.

Keep a jar of COVERS-POT handy for emergencies. COVERS-POT is perfect for all-time make-up too!



Sales Representatives:
The British Herald F. Ritchie
Co. Ltd.
21 York St., Sydney.

Coverspot
Conceals all Skin Blemishes
SAFELY cannot harm the finest skin.

DEAF?
"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 21/- pr.

Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries required for your lifetime. Write for free booklet.

MEARS' EARPHONE CO., 14 State Shopping Block, Market St., SYDNEY.

DRAMA — ROMANCE — OUR HISTORY!

THE

GRAND PARADE
EVERY SUNDAY AT 9.30 P.M.

THE STORY OF
YOUR HOMETOWN

WAGGA	January 23
ARMIDALE	January 29
GOSFORD	February 5
GRIFFITH	February 12
ORANGE	February 19
COROWA	February 26
INVERELL	March 5
MUDGEE	March 12
GRAFTON	March 19
GUNNEDAH	March 26
LISMORE	April 2
FORBES	March 9
COWRA	March 16
DUBBO	March 23
MURWILLUMBAH	March 30
TAMWORTH	May 7
LAKE CARGELLIG	May 14
MATTLAND	May 21
KEMPSEY	May 28
GOULBURN	June 4
DENILIQUIN	June 11
PARKES	June 18
CASINO	June 25
HILLSTON	July 2

2GB

Making a Good Job of Your Marriage

Treat It As A Career, Says Novelist Alec Waugh

Moderns can't make marriage last.

They are not tough enough to stand up to its unhappier moments.

They rush into divorce—but remarry within a year or so.

Which proves "there is no alternative to marriage" says Alec Waugh in his latest book, "Going Their Own Ways."

THE modern generation is too sentimental about marriage before they are married, and too analytical about it afterwards.

If a man fails in business, he doesn't go out without putting up a fight. With marriage it's different.

He just says: "I'm fed-up," and gets a divorce.

Using this line of argument as a basis for his story, Mr. Waugh brings forward a group of representative young people and lets them live the story of their broken marriages.

John Fane, father of the family, prosperous London publisher, is the first to go on the rocks.

When he is cited as a co-respondent in a divorce suit he breaks up his marriage and scatters his family.

The main sufferer in this arrangement is the innocent party, his wife. She goes to live for the rest of her querulous existence in a refined London boarding-house.

The children go their own ways—

A BOOK TO READ

a bit shocked at first about the old family breaking up, but slightly elated at the idea of being so sophisticated about the whole affair.

"You'd hardly think we had ever existed as a family," writes Basil, the eldest son, to a friend.

Basil marries a girl whom he knew in his boyhood. The glamour of adolescent days doesn't last. Julia is no longer the wide-eyed admirer of Basil as her cricket hero in the Eton-Harrow matches. She is demanding, self-assertive, vain, and possessive. Julia hasn't changed, but

Basil sees her more truly in perspective. The marriage holds, but on a different basis.

Under the exterior of a pleasantly prosy married couple they lead separate lives. That's Basil's plan as a business man to keep his marriage off the rocks.

He didn't ever think of dissolving his partnership with his father in the publishing business. It should be the same with marriage—treat it as indissoluble and it would succeed.

With Basil's sister, Barbara Fane, marriage is a different problem. Barbara, a West End actress earning £100 a week and with New York and Hollywood just around the corner, is married to Hugh, a salesman earning a few pounds a week.

Desperately in love with each other, their fights centre around Barbara's career.

Hugh resents being known as "Margaret Fane's husband."

"Her life begins when mine is ending. When I get back from the office, tired, wanting to relax, she's on edge, fussed, because her work's only starting."

"I live my day in a different set. My type goes to bed at 10 o'clock after a busy day."

Still in Love

AND Barbara's friends—he couldn't stand their patronage. "Come and mix a drink for us, old chap. Work's over, time to play." The climax came when Barbara gave a big party.

"A large woman was looking at Barbara and Wrenn, her leading man. They'd make a fine team."

"Wrenn should marry a girl like Barbara—but she's married already—to somebody quite dumb, I'm told."

"You were informed correctly," said Hugh, in the act of handing her a drink.

That was the end: Barbara goes to Hollywood. Hugh remains in London. Divorce is only a matter of time.

Standing on the platform waiting for the train to take her out of England, Barbara talks to Basil. "It's such a pity. I love Hugh, and he loves me. We're different, we will always love each other—there hasn't been anyone else in either of our lives, but our marriage shipwrecked just the same."

Barbara, elder sister of the group, lives in the country.

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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not given to you, you will feel tired, listless, and weak. W. will bring up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement is not good enough. It takes those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazingly in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/2



AN INFORMAL study of Mr. Alec Waugh, the well-known novelist, and his attractive wife.

—Russo Ltd

Basil, hearing the news from Joyce, awakens to the realization that Joyce is the better off, after all. They are in love—the real thing—the only basis for happy marriage.

He looked at Thurston and Joyce. They wore the look of enchanted people.

Two minutes ago he had been telling himself that there was no such thing as love, only an illusion of it. He looked again at their glowing faces. If there's such a thing as the real thing, nothing, nothing matters in comparison.

"Going Their Own Ways," Alec Waugh. Cassell. (Our copy from the publishers).

Captain is not just salmon . . . but the choicest juicy Rich Red steak from sockeye **Salmon**.



Dainty nutritious sea food, rich in oil, that can be served so economically in so many different ways—and puts a new zest in your daily bill of fare. Can be served for luncheon, dinner or supper. Buy a tin to-day!

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The Movie World

January 21, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

1 CECIL KELLAWAY as an old lawyer's clerk. 2 JAMES RAGLAN congratulates Kellaway on a large racing win. 3 KELLAWAY finds counterfeit money. 4 A LESSON in etiquette given by Rita Pancefort to her unwilling husband, Kellaway.



5 RITA PANCEFORT'S first formal dinner for Raglan and Barrett Leonard.

6 KELLAWAY coaches daughter Jean Hatton for a radio contest.

7 RAGLAN and Joan Deering provide romantic moments.

8 GRAND finale finds Kellaway master at last.

Moviedom Gossip

From JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER, New York and Hollywood.

Dietrich Speaks

EXUDING that well-known brand of Dietrich glamor, Marlene stepped off the Normandie enthusiastic about her American citizenship, which will soon be granted to her. She lingered in New York only briefly, and then was off to Hollywood.

Marlene had one important statement to make: "Legs," she said, "are really unimportant. I would not say that my legs are beautiful. They are all right, but then I am not a chorus girl, and I don't display them much to portray a character."

Thus speaks "Legs" Dietrich.

She denies that she buys three dozen hats at one time. She buys only a dozen at a time. And she has only four trunks, not 28.

Disappointed Dancer

RUBY KEELER'S comeback attempt has folded so far as RKO is concerned. When she signed up with the studio they promised her good parts in important pictures, but neither materialized, so Ruby asked for, and was granted, a release. Whether she will try her luck at another studio or retire to the domestic life remains to be seen.

♦ ♦ ♦

Freckle Trouble

JOAN CRAWFORD needs special make-up to cover her freckles, and when she wears an evening gown with generous décolletage she has to use the make-up over chest and neck as well.

♦ ♦ ♦

Swarthout in Color

THOUGH her contract with Paramount has expired, Gladys Swarthout evidently has no intention of quitting Hollywood, as gossips have been murmuring. She has been making color tests for the feminine end in Warners' "Desert Song," and is said to be practically set for the part.

The studio has abandoned the idea of letting Olivia de Havilland, who cannot sing, play the role, feeling that the public is too familiar with the operetta to be satisfied with a non-singing heroine.

Danielle to Return

FURTHER to belie rumors that

Danielle Darrieux will not return to Hollywood, her studio, Universal, has just built her a beautiful bungalow dressing-room on the lot, and installed as part of the furniture an expensive radio-phonograph combination, stocked with a wide selection of her favorite records.

Script for "Rio," her next picture for the studio, is all ready for production, when the French actress is well enough to make the trip to Hollywood.

New Australian Film

Freddie as Eton Boy

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW is following his personal appearance tour by starting work on a tale of life at England's famous school, Eton. Studio MGM bought the original story from George Oppenheimer, and it's being prepared for the screen under the temporary title, "Eton"—which will probably be changed, at least for American consumption.

♦ ♦ ♦

A Little Previous

HOLLYWOOD newspapers had Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward married just twenty-four hours before the ceremony actually took place! All the reporters knew they were motoring to Santa Barbara to be married, so, giving them a couple of hours' start, the papers just printed the wedding stories—and weren't they surprised when, on arriving at Santa Barbara, Ida and Louis decided to postpone the ceremony until the next day!

♦ ♦ ♦

Arty and Crafty

MARGARET LINDSAY is all excited over arrangements for a charity bazaar at which products of players' hobbies will be sold. She will display her sculpture, Bette Davis will contribute some poems, Humphrey Bogart his caricatures, and Kay Francis some hand-knitted things.



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Two New Young Men of Rare Ability

A MOODY, intense young man, with a scowl of concern on his brow, is John Garfield, biggest sensation to-day in sensational Hollywood. Deeply engrossed in his work, he is oblivious to everything else—except his beautiful young wife.

"Four Daughters" served as his movie debut, in which he created that unforgettable impersonation of tragic Mickey Borden. Hailed as another, younger Edward G. Robinson, he is being given rugged character parts.

It took four years of persuasion to get him to act in the movies, for it was back in 1934 that he received his first offer. In these recent years, he has been in half a dozen Broadway successes, all of them on a high artistic plane.

His early life is probably the strangest of anyone's in Hollywood. He himself admits that but for the grace of God he would now be a criminal or a convict.

He was born in New York in squalor. When he was seven years old his mother died, and he and his brother had to shift for themselves.

John went into business as a newsboy and by dint of hard fighting and toughness he was able to outsmart the other little fellows of the neighborhood.

By the time he was thirteen he was tied up with a gang of boys engaged in dangerous ventures.

It was a lucky day for him when the juvenile authorities sent him off to Angelo Patri's school.

Angelo Patri is a noted child educator for the under-privileged. He takes the crudest material and turns out worthy human beings. Mr. Patri succeeded in getting under John's skin, and discovered that the bitter little fellow had the soul of an artist.

Routine studies had never appealed to him, and his school marks were miserable. It was pure inspiration when Patri suggested that he might study dramatics.

That idea hit John between the eyes. He knew at once that he would be willing to slave in order to become an actor some day.

He wormed his way into a dramatic school on

JOHN GARFIELD AND MICHAEL REDGRAVE ARE BOTH GIFTS FROM THE STAGE TO SCREEN FANS

a scholarship and thence got his first job in the Eva Le Gallienne Civic Repertory Theatre. That was good training, but on his 19th birthday he decided that in order to achieve artistic success he ought to know more about the vast country he was living in. Without any cash to speak of, he made his way across the continent, getting lifts in motors and working for his food.

When he had his fill of sight-seeing he returned to New York and worked mightily until his chance came for a good part. That was a play in which Paul Muni was starred—"Counselor at Law". John made a hit and since then he has had one fat role after another.

When the offers first came in from Hollywood, John had an idea that it would be a come-down for him to desert his beloved stage for screen work. Now he is thrilled to find wonderful opportunities for fine acting on the screen.

Fans and actors alike are amazed and delighted by the new brand of acting he has to offer. His stark sincerity is what grips you.

• JOHN GARFIELD, talented American actor now under contract to Warners



• MICHAEL REDGRAVE, attractive English stage actor, whose screen debut in "The Lady Vanishes" has caused him to be lined up for many more fine roles.

The Casual Mr. Redgrave

MICHAEL REDGRAVE is the young man who lounged carelessly in impressionable hearts in "The Lady Vanishes".

A few months ago he was unknown, except to London theatre-goers, who had noted him at the stage. To-day he is acclaimed as one of the most talented young leading men in England, with every screen actress clamoring to play opposite him.

He has had all his stage experience in Britain, was discovered by Gaumont-British, made his screen debut in a British film, and intends to stay right on in England and lend his undoubted talent and romantic charm to English films.

His ambition was to be a writer, but the late Sir James Barrie said after reading one of his stories: "I expect when this young man grows up he will write printed books, if he has nothing better to do." He has.

His next picture is "Climbing High," in which he co-stars with Jessie Matthews.

Anna Neagle As Victoria Again

GALLANT CHORUS
GIRLS OF NEW YORK
TAUGHT LONDONER
TO BE AMBITIOUS.

From JUDY BAILEY
in London

ANNA (Victoria the Great) NEAGLE has become so royal these days that a proposal to cast her as Marie Lloyd, the famous music-hall star of pre-war days, resulted in such a flood of protests from the fans that the plan was dropped.

And this is the actress who started her career without ambition!

New York was on its toes to greet Anna Neagle when she made her personal appearance at the preview of her new Victoria film, "Sixty Glorious Years."

That was fitting, for, though England gave Anna her chance and her success, it is to America she owes the awakening of ambition.

Had it not been for the example of some New York chorus girls, Anna Neagle may not have been noted as a star capable of exacting historical parts. She most likely would have been coming to the end of a chorus girl career.

She went to New York a few years ago as one of "Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies"—nothing more sensational than that. She had no dream of ever getting out of the chorus into leading parts.

She Was Modest

"I HONESTLY thought that I was just one of the hundreds and hundreds of girls doing standard chorus jobs, and I didn't believe I had anything to justify hopes of anything better."

"But I found in America that all the girls dreamed of stardom. And more than that—they worked for it. Their ambitions took the practical turn of study."

"All the girls attended dancing school, practised singing and deportment, and cultivated an interest in music. They all talked of the day when their big 'break' would come."

These gallant New York girls inspired the English lass. Her attitude changed. She, too, took dancing lessons and began to prepare herself for a chance.

And she returned from America with her mind made up that she was finished with the chorus.

Of course, a mental resolution is not all that is needed. Her newly-born ambitions were put to a pretty severe test in England, where she found jobs were scarce.

Then came the well-known chance with Jack Buchanan that put her on the way to her present position.

Jack Buchanan wanted a blonde leading lady for his new show, "Stand Up and Sing." Anna Neagle applied through an agent, was given an audition, and the part.

In that show she was seen by Herbert Wilcox, who took her to the screen, and is now directing her as Victoria for the second time.

In this version of the great Queen's life, Anna Neagle will be seen in technicolor for the first time.

There was, of course, a color sequence at the end of "Victoria the Great," but by that time Anna was made up heavily as the old Queen at the time of her Diamond Jubilee.

But "Sixty Glorious Years" has



● Anna Neagle as the young Queen Victoria in her new film, "Sixty Glorious Years," which is made entirely in technicolor and concentrates on early domestic scenes.

London opening of "Sixty Glorious Years."

America has exhibited a specially keen interest in it because of the forthcoming visit of the King and Queen.

And among other tributes to the Neagle performance was an invitation to be modelled for Madame Tussaud's.

The figure shows Anna Neagle as Queen in the Coronation robes actually used in the film.

As in the making of all period films, some amusing sidelights on the past were brought to light in the making of "Sixty Glorious Years."

For instance, it was found that Queen Victoria had her own "stand-in" long before the film business was thought of and before that technical term was coined.

An old Scotswoman called Maggie,

whose figure was the same as the ageing Queen's, was brought to the Palace by John Brown to save Victoria the trouble of having dress fittings.

The Queen's affection for Maggie is touched on in the film, which shows the Royal disappointment at learning that Maggie was not well enough to witness the Diamond Jubilee celebrations. After the triumphant reception by the people, the Queen hurries off to tell the old Scotswoman all the details of the excitement she had to miss.

The role of Maggie is played by Marie Wright, who made a great impression as the grandmother in the stage version of "While Parents Sleep."

Herbert Wilcox, the producer and director of "Sixty Glorious Years," is a man to whom the British film industry owes a great deal. He was

responsible for most of the innovations in British production.

He was, for instance, the first "importer" of famous Hollywood stars and brought over Mae Marsh at the height of her fame at £1000 a week.

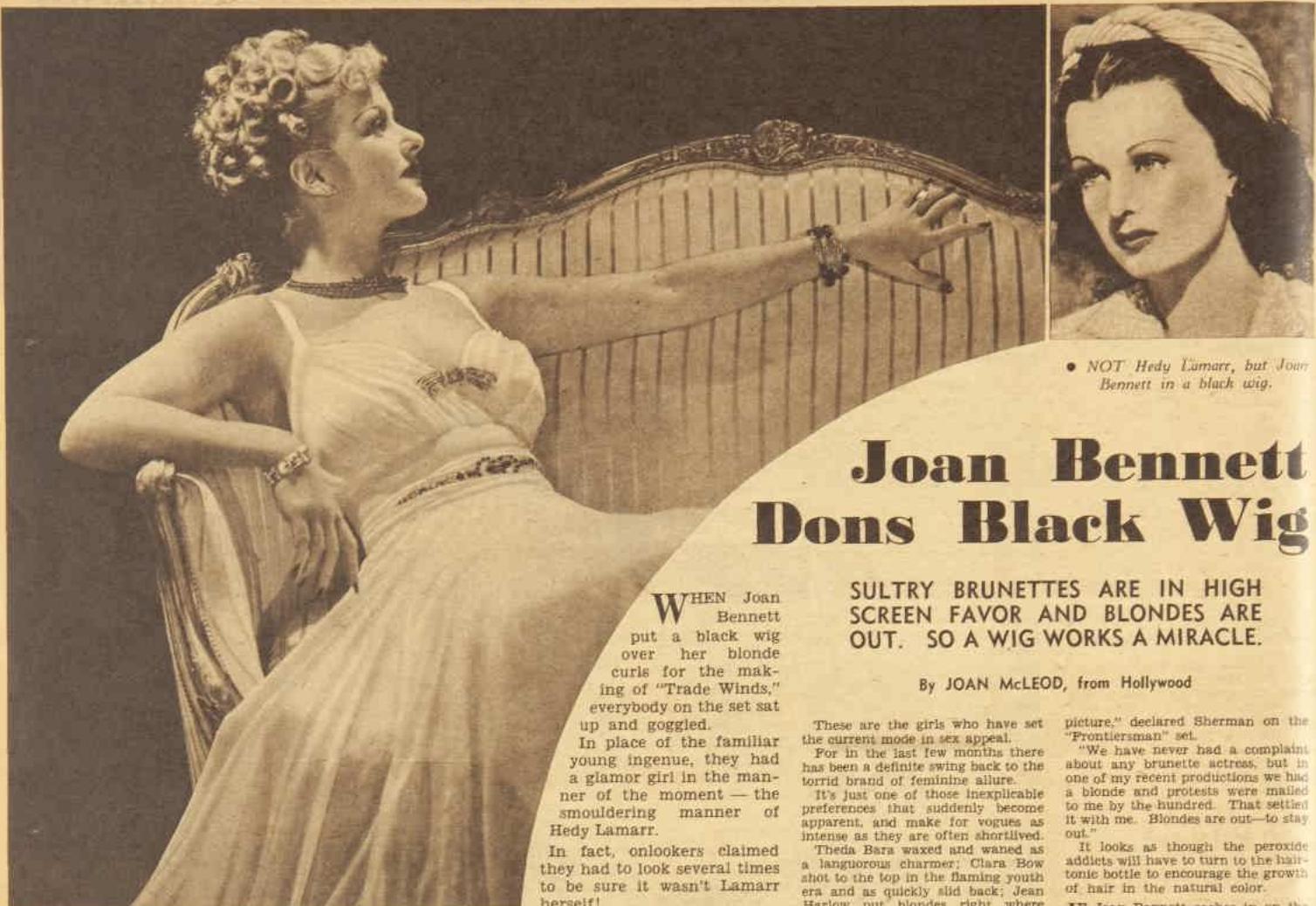
He introduced Sybil Thorndike to films in "Dawn," the sensational Nurse Cavell film, which was banned because of International feeling.

He brought Sydne Howard, Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn to the screen and was the first English producer to see the importance of talkies.

And he was also the first producer to build up an English girl—Anna Neagle—to world stardom in a British studio.

In making "Sixty Glorious Years," he has been given even greater official help than that accorded for "Victoria the Great."

By special permission, scenes were filmed in the quadrangle of Buckingham Palace. These showed the Queen leaving the Palace in her carriage for St. Paul's Cathedral on the Diamond Jubilee day.



• NOT Hedy Lamarr, but Joan Bennett in a black wig.

Joan Bennett Dons Black Wig

WHEN Joan Bennett put a black wig over her blonde curly hair for the making of "Trade Winds," everybody on the set sat up and goggled.

In place of the familiar young ingenue, they had a glamor girl in the manner of the moment — the smouldering manner of Hedy Lamarr.

In fact, onlookers claimed they had to look several times to be sure it wasn't Lamarr herself!

The Lamarrs and the Lamours are doing most of the film dazzling just now. These are the girls gentlemen prefer this season.

• JOAN BENNETT, radiantly lovely with her blonde curls dressed in Edwardian fashion. Contrast this with the picture at top right.

SULTRY BRUNETTES ARE IN HIGH SCREEN FAVOR AND BLONDES ARE OUT. SO A WIG WORKS A MIRACLE.

By JOAN McLEOD, from Hollywood

These are the girls who have set the current mode in sex appeal.

For in the last few months there has been a definite swing back to the torrid brand of feminine allure.

It's just one of those inexplicable preferences that suddenly become apparent, and make for vogues as intense as they are often shortlived.

Theda Bara waxed and waned as a languorous charmer; Clara Bow shot to the top in the flaming youth era and as quickly slid back; Jean Harlow put blondes right where Anita Loos believed them to be.

That couldn't last for ever; blondes have not been such hot favorites for quite a time.

The rise of Hedy Lamarr, Dorothy Lamour, Gail Patrick, Sigrid Gurie and others of the striking brunette battalion has dealt a mortal blow to the fading vogue for blondes.

And Joan Bennett seems likely to cause a fresh revolution by her demonstration that some blondes need only a black wig to acquire that sultry something thought peculiar to the brunette.

THE revolt against blondes has been revealed in several different spheres.

Harry Sherman, who directs the popular Hopalong Cassidy series, announced recently that hereafter blonde actresses will have the call for leading and supporting roles in all his pictures.

The public, at least that part of it supporting outdoor romances, doesn't care for blonde women, according to Sherman. It prefers women with dark hair, and the darker the better.

"That's one reason why I'm paying Evelyn Venable a salary larger than I have ever given another leading woman in a Hopalong Cassidy

picture," declared Sherman on the "Frontiersman" set.

"We have never had a complaint about any blonde actress, but in one of my recent productions we had a blonde and protests were mailed to me by the hundred. That settled it with me. Blondes are out—to stay out."

It looks as though the peroxide ladies will have to turn to the hair tonic bottle to encourage the growth of hair in the natural color.

If Joan Bennett cashes in on the new vogue with her black wig, her fans will cheer.

She has had quite a climb up the ladder and family influence didn't really help her much of the way.

In fact, it was a hindrance, for she was overshadowed by the reputations of her father and her sisters, and figured as an also-ran until only about three years ago.

But she was good enough to be remembered and noticed and gradually her roles improved until, as Amy in "Little Women," she gave an appealing performance that helped her a great deal.

From then on she has developed both in humor and in emotional appeal but up till the "Trade Winds" episode she remained positively ingenuous, extraordinarily young, and in the eyes of less kindly critics, a rather limp piece of sweetness with gentleness her most marked characteristic.

And the black wig just extinguished all that like snuffing out a candle.

Joan wears it in the film as a disguise in her role as a girl wanted for murder, and pursued to the Orient by an astute but impressionable detective, played by Fredric March.

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Olivia de Havilland, Warner Bros. star, using Max Factor's Face Powder in her correct color harmony shade.

Max Factor's, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney, Australia: Send Max Factor's purse-size Rouge sampler and Lipstick palette. Enclose postage in stamps to cover postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-up chart and 8-page illustrated instruction book. — The New Art of Society Make-up" by Max Factor. FREE

Olivia de Havilland, Warner Bros. star, uses her color harmony shade of Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick.

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Very Light	<input type="checkbox"/>	Blue	<input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE Dry
Fair	<input type="checkbox"/>	Grey	<input type="checkbox"/>	Dark Oily
Creamy	<input type="checkbox"/>	Green	<input type="checkbox"/>	Normal
Medium	<input type="checkbox"/>	Hairst	<input type="checkbox"/>	
Buddy	<input type="checkbox"/>	Brown	<input type="checkbox"/>	
Sallow	<input type="checkbox"/>	Black	<input type="checkbox"/>	
		LASHES	<input type="checkbox"/>	LIPS
		Light	<input type="checkbox"/>	Light
		Dark	<input type="checkbox"/>	Dark
ADDRESS				
CITY				
STATE	AGE			
If hair is oily, dark type does best.				

Lovely Olivia de Havilland, Warner Bros. star, gives her cheeks a subtle glow of color with Max Factor's Rouge.

Hedy Lamarr

Who Sets the Glamor Style of the Moment

INQUIRIES received by Hollywood make-up studios provide one of the best barometers of fashions in glamor. Lately there has been one predominating query.

The fans want to know Hedy Lamarr's secret for making up her dark eyes.

Max Factor jun., who has been running the make-up studio since his father's death, says the Lamarr orbs can be imitated by drawing a fine line with an eyebrow pencil under the lower lashes and shadowing the upper lid.



It sounds too easy to be true, but it's worth an attempt. Look where it's put, Hedy!

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"Gentlemen—My health had been failing rapidly until last September was my nine-months birthday, so you see how long I have been skinny. Doctor every Sunday kids in the neighborhood used to come swimming. I did not go with them. I suppose they knew why. I was ashamed of my skinny body. I was nervous too. Even when I went to picnics in the summer I was ashamed to have my clothes torn up like that. I used to be a jockey. A few months ago I stepped into a pair of jeans. I weighed about 8 st. 8 lbs., and me a young man going on twenty. I thought of the future—would I always be skinny? I had seen "Vikelp" tablets advertised in the newspaper and I thought I would give them a try. I was really amazed how much I gained and how much better I felt. I bought 4 more tins. Over two months have passed. I have gained more than thirty pounds. You don't know how much better I feel and look and how much I am improved. I am not the only one who has been helped by "Vikelp". I am sure many others have been helped by it. Thank you for your tablets. I am going to thank "Vikelp" Tablets for what their sea minerals have done for me. Yours truly, L. P. Curless."

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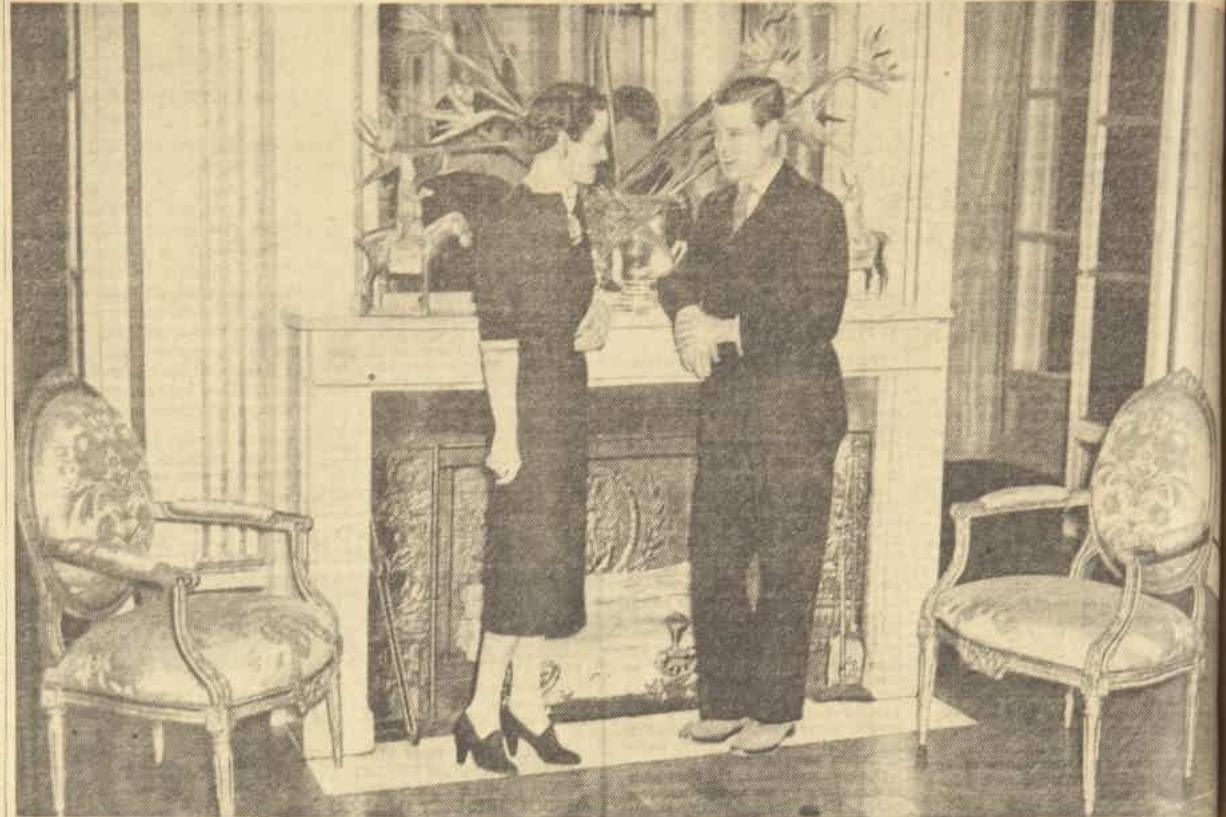
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Latest Home Studies of the Duke



Dream House, Diet and Daily Round of Famous Couple

By AIR MAIL from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England

While rumor and conjecture are busy over the possibility of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor returning to England, they themselves continue furnishing and supervising their new home in Paris, No. 24 Boulevard Suchet.

With her artistic flair the Duchess has devised a color scheme of cream and gold and pastel shades of blue and violet.

THE Duke has insisted on the violet color scheme being introduced. It is a color of which he has grown particularly fond and one which matches to perfection the deep violet-blue depths of his wife's eyes.

Happy in the joy of furnishing their new home the Windsors are spending most afternoons with the interior decorators, and the big black car with the Windsor crest drawn up outside the new home is a familiar sight to Parisians.

The white three-storyed villa, by the beautiful Bois de Boulogne, will be a dream home. On the ground floor are the small reception rooms with the servants' rooms at the back.

The second floor houses the main reception-rooms and the Duke's study, while the Duke's bedroom, the Duchess' bedroom, two bathrooms and the Duchess' sitting-room occupy the third floor.

Eighteenth century furniture of French and Italian design in gold and light green has been chosen for the spacious and lofty drawing-rooms.

The lounge is furnished in ultra-modern low-seated settees in rich velvet, while silk furnishings and lampshades, delicate paintings, and concealed lighting carry the artistic scheme throughout the whole of the house.

Their Parisian villa will house all the personal treasures they have collected, giving it a homely atmosphere — souvenirs the Duke has collected in his travels, souvenirs of war days, souvenirs of England.

An Empire writing desk he has used for ten years stands in his study. A silver statuette of a Grenadier Guardsman was sent over from Fort Belvedere to stand beside his desk.

Birthday and Christmas presents from his mother, and from Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose to their dear "Uncle David" are scattered about.

Meanwhile, as the work of fur-

ABOVE and at right are the first 1939 home studies taken of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. They were photographed at their Riviera home by special permission.

nishing their new home and equipping the up-to-date all-electric kitchens with every new device proceeds, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor continue to occupy a private suite of eight rooms on the first floor of the Hotel Meurice.

They have their own dining-room and a lift that leads to the suite from a discreet side entrance, ensuring them the maximum amount of privacy.

Over the Christmas season they stayed at their Riviera home, Chateau la Croix, at Cannes.

At nine each morning the Duke's valet calls him, and while the Duchess' maidservant spends twenty minutes with her in her boudoir, in his room facing the lovely Tuilleries Gardens the Duke does his "daily dozen," followed—not by the usual coffee and rolls of Continental hotels—but by China tea and special biscuit sent over from London once a week.

A dislike of putting on weight is shared by both the Duke and the Duchess, who keeps her weight down to 1st. 12lb.

On this light breakfast, followed by some fresh fruit, the Duke commences a three-hour session with his two English secretaries.

After going through his mail he turns his attention to domestic accounts, his real interest in these matters leading to efficiency.

Menus and Styles

SUBSCRIPTIONS to charities next hold his attention, then he turns to the newspapers and reports, for his interest is world-wide. Many of the special reports have to be translated for him, so widely does he cast his net for up-to-date information.

Meanwhile the Duchess, having attended to her personal correspondence and invitations, engages in more feminine occupations.

The menus for the day are chosen—simple meals, perfectly balanced, are ordered. With these domestic items out of the way the Duchess spends the rest of the morning shopping.

Ranked as one of the best-dressed women in the world, she spares no effort in choosing clothes that suit her type. Rather strict in line, she selects artistic combinations with every accessory matching perfectly.

That she knows exactly what she wants and what suits her is testified by Madame Suzy, where most of her hats are bought, and Mainbocher, who is responsible for her dresses.

"No, I can't wear a large, floppy hat," she will say as she waves a

spring model aside. And again with the perfect candor for which she is famous: "A woman of 42 must take pains if she wishes to look well."

Shopping and visits to the manicurist and hairdresser over, she hurries back to the hotel and joins the Duke in his study, and here they read the paper together and discuss the news.

After lunch, when the work on their new home does not engage their attention, the Duke and Duchess play golf at St. Cloud.

Once or twice a week, they like to slip away to a late cinema, and hating the limelight as they do, usually arrive just as the lights have gone down for the big picture.



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Cuticura Talcum is more than a dusting powder—it is a cooling and refreshing treatment, because of the special, medicated way in which it is prepared.

It immediately cools and soothes those parts where chafing has occurred, it absorbs perspiration, and gives a feeling of well-being to the whole body. It is specially recommended by doctors for babies, invalids and for every member of the family because of its exceptional purity and its wonderfully soothing effect.

The perfume of Cuticura Talcum is unique. Women say this is the reason why they first used it. Think of the fresh, sweet scent of the countryside after rain—a fragrant, wholesome aroma—and you have an idea of it. It imparts a delightful feeling of cleanliness for hours after use.

Discover for yourself what an added joy this powder is to your daily toilet—buy a tin to-day. Men also find Cuticura Talcum comforting after shaving—it takes away shine without giving a powdered look.

Cuticura TALCUM POWDER

and Duchess of Windsor on the Riviera



HOME-MAKING has become the chief occupation of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, shown here in their Riviera home. Soon they will take up residence in their new home in Paris—although rumors are still current that they will eventually return to England.

—Air Mail photo.

Only One Woman in Great List

Drama of Nation's History Portrayed in 2GB Plays

How many women should figure in a list of forty-five personalities whose names stand out most boldly in Australia's history?

Two were included originally in the Macquarie Production, "Famous Australians," which is being broadcast through 2GB, but only one—Caroline Chisholm—appears in the completed programme.

FAMOUS AUSTRALIANS is made up of a series of plays which dramatise the achievements of forty-five famous lives.

Madame Melba was the first woman's name in the original preparation of the list, but musical recording has developed so swiftly over the past few years that it was impossible to secure records of Melba's voice of a quality to add realism to the production.

Her singing naturally would have been the highlight of any story of her life.

And so Caroline Chisholm, whose work among the women of the early settlement of Sydney has placed her in a niche in Australian history, appears alone in company with forty-four men.

Romance and Drama

AMONG the men are six State Governors, one naval officer, one artist, two poets, seven airmen, one prospector, four scientists and scholars, one actor, two soldiers, nine explorers, one boxer, three politicians, and three great pastoral figures.

Every personality on the list shares one common attribute—they found in life the dramatic quality of great achievement.

In the romance and the drama of that achievement the dramatists have re-created forty-five plays which are not only first-class entertainment, but which also are living history.

Some of the men, like Sir Grafton Elliot Smith, who became one of the leading anthropologists of the world, found their fame overseas.

Others, such as Charles Todd, were unknown outside Australia. But each played a part in the development of Australia.

The name of Charles Todd, by the way, might convey little to present-day Australians, but his was the dominant personality and the dogged determination which achieved one of our first triumphs of science—the construction of the overland telegraph line from Adelaide to Darwin.

It is rather interesting, in analysing the significance of any such array of famous names, to discover that in Australia's brief history we have produced four scientist-scholars who achieved the pinnacle of world fame, and seven airmen whose names became known throughout the civilised world.

There was, too, of course, Lawrence Hargrave, whose first discoveries did so much to make possible the development of aviation.

Our two soldiers, Sir John Monash and General Chauvel, also have left their mark upon the military history of the world.

Adam Lindsay Gordon, Henry Lawson, and George Lambert represent the cultural side of our national development, and reverting for a moment to the scientists, there is the name of Professor John Hunter, of Sydney, whom the medical intelligence of the world hailed as sheer genius and whose tragic end in his early manhood robbed medicine of an extraordinary brain, and a prince of personalities.

These and others like them have shaped Australia's history, and in the dramatisation of their life stories there is entertainment and education.

The programme will be heard over 2GB at 7.30 p.m. each Sunday—and also over 41 other stations throughout Australia.

GRACE BROS.

CIRL'S SCHOOLWEAR

Less **2/- IN THE £ DURING JANUARY**

Quality and a strict adherence to "Regulation" standards is the watchword of our buyer for Girls' Schoolwear—and our Girls' Outfitting Dept. on the first floor of our Grose St. Bldg. is well worth a visit. Come along and see this fine Dept. and take full advantage of the holidays to equip your girls for a new term at the special savings of 2/- in the £ deducted from your bill during January.



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Also best quality
Cesarine and
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	HEAVY SERGE	LIGHT SERGE	CEARINE	TOBRALCO
22"	14/II LESS 10% 13/5	11/II LESS 10% 10/9	—	—
24"	15/II LESS 10% 14/4	12/II LESS 10% 11/8	5/II LESS 10% 5/4	6/II LESS 10% 6/3
27"	17/II LESS 10% 16/2	13/II LESS 10% 12/7	6/6 LESS 10% 5/II	7/6 LESS 10% 6/6
30"	19/II LESS 10% 17/II	15/6 LESS 10% 14/—	6/II LESS 10% 6/3	7/II LESS 10% 7/2
33"	21/II LESS 10% 19/II	16/II LESS 10% 15/3	7/6 LESS 10% 6/9	8/6 LESS 10% 7/8
36"	22/II LESS 10% 20/8	18/6 LESS 10% 16/8	7/II LESS 10% 7/2	8/II LESS 10% 8/-
39"	24/II LESS 10% 22/5	19/II LESS 10% 17/II	8/6 LESS 10% 7/8	9/6 LESS 10% 8/7
42"	26/II LESS 10% 24/3	21/II LESS 10% 19/9	8/II LESS 10% 8/-	10/6 LESS 10% 9/6
44"	28/II LESS 10% 26/1	22/II LESS 10% 20/8	—	—

No. 2 We recommend this Man-tailored NEW IDEAL TUNIC

Heavy and Light
Weight Serges,
Tobralco and Sum-
mer Breeze.

	HEAVYWEIGHT SERGE	LIGHTWEIGHT SERGE	TOBRALCO	SUMMER BREEZE
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24"	16/II LESS 10% 15/3	13/II LESS 10% 12/6	6/II LESS 10% 6/3	5/II LESS 10% 5/4
27"	18/6 LESS 10% 16/8	14/II LESS 10% 13/5	7/6 LESS 10% 6/9	6/6 LESS 10% 5/10
30"	19/II LESS 10% 17/II	15/II LESS 10% 14/4	7/II LESS 10% 7/2	6/11 LESS 10% 6/3
33"	21/II LESS 10% 19/9	16/II LESS 10% 15/3	8/6 LESS 10% 7/8	7/6 LESS 10% 6/9
36"	23/II LESS 10% 21/7	18/6 LESS 10% 16/8	8/II LESS 10% 8/-	7/II LESS 10% 7/2
39"	24/II LESS 10% 22/5	20/II LESS 10% 18/10	9/6 LESS 10% 8/7	8/II LESS 10% 8/-
42"	26/6 LESS 10% 23/10	22/II LESS 10% 20/8	10/6 LESS 10% 9/6	9/6 LESS 10% 8/6
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No. 3. TAILORED REGULATION Cotton Tunics

In fully guaranteed Lin-
flex and Summer Breeze.
Roomy make. 3" hem.

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In good quality flannel,
reinforced pockets. Black
and Navy. Bound or flat
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18-20-22"	24-26-27"
14/6 LESS 10%	14/11 LESS 10%
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Cord; to fit girls 3 to 16
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Regular Value . . . 7/11
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IN BRITISH FINE LAWN (Guaranteed)

With High Neck and Long Sleeves, or Sports
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2/11	3/3	3/6	4/2
LESS 10% 2/8	LESS 10% 2/11	LESS 10% 3/2	LESS 10% 3/2

24-27"	3/6	3/2	3/11
LESS 10% . . .			

24-27"	3/6	3/2	3/11
LESS 10% . . .			

24-27"	3/6	3/2	3/11
LESS 10% . . .			

24-27"	3/6	3/2	3/11
LESS 10% . . .			

24-27"	3/6	3/2	3/11
LESS 10% . . .			

24-27"	3/6	3/2	3/11
LESS 10% . . .			

24-27"	3/6	3/2	3/11
LESS 10% . . .			

24-27"	3/6	3/2	3/11
LESS 10% . . .			

24-27"	3/6	3/2	3/11
LESS 10% . . .			

24-27"	3/6	3/2	3/11
LESS 10% . . .			

24-27"	3/6	3/2	3/11
LESS 10% . . .			

24-27"	3/6	3/2	3/11
LESS 10% . . .			

24-27"	3/6	3/2	3/11
LESS 10% . . .			

24-27"	3/6	3/2	3/11
LESS 10% . . .			

At seven o'clock the same grimy card was laid in front of her. He must have asked the page to bring it back, for she was certain it was the identical one.

With a rueful look at the untouched scenario, Frankie whisked into the ante-room and caught Mr. Martyn in the act of wolfishly eating a sandwich.

His hand was stretched out, making a furtive grab at the second one, when he heard her footsteps and dropped it, swallowing hastily.

Frankie took no notice whatever, but she made up her mind then and there. They would waste no more time talking about the inaccessible Dawn.

She would drag this miserable boy to her flat and feed him.

There was champagne, and a chicken. Frankie loved chicken, cold and roast, and always had a supply on hand, and Dawn's champagne was still unopened. It was a feast for the gods — or for starving playwrights.

"Has she seen my script?" he asked, but he spoke hopelessly.

"Not yet," said Frankie, "but I've got several bright ideas on the subject, which I'll expound to you if you'll come back to my place and have a little cold supper with me."

He looked at her a moment in silence. He wore the inevitable fawn overcoat, but it had somehow got unbuttoned at the neck, and showed a determined chin, little underhung, and a fine clean jawline.

"Do you think I don't see through you?" he said. "You caught me grabbing your sandwiches. It wasn't the act of a gentleman. I'm not a gentleman, I'm a writer, and a very fine one, too."

"Of course you are," said Frankie. "That's what we're going to talk about. I've got to find out just how fine a writer you are, and just what we've got to do to make people know it. I can't do it here. I'm Miss Carillon's secretary, keeping people away from her."

"Yes, you're a whale at that," said Darys Martyn sombrely.

"But at my flat I'll be your hostess, a hostess who likes discovering genius. That'll be a different matter altogether."

"Again I must call your bluff," he said. "You don't think I'm a genius, and you don't believe in my play. You want to push food in my mouth, because I haven't had any since yesterday morning, so I must be careful."

"Oh, come on," said Frankie impatiently. "How can I admire your play when I don't know anything about it? I didn't read your script, because an author can put it over best himself. Now, if I go and get my hair," she added, "can I be sure you'll wait for me?"

"I'll wait," he responded, fingering his own shabby felt which he picked up from the table where it lay near the plate of sandwiches. "It seems to me you're the only friend I've got in the world."

Frankie's hands trembled slightly as she drew her smart little black cap down over her head in front of the mirror above the fireplace in the converted sitting-room turned office, but she made up her face

rather carefully. There wouldn't be time to attend to that at her flat.

He was waiting in the same place and in the same position when she joined him. Somehow she could never fancy him moving about. Always he was slouching, staring in front of him.

But he got up at her entrance and walked to the door at the end of the long room by her side, moving with the free grace of an animal in captivity crossing its cage.

And in the courtyard they met Dawn Carillon, face to face.

Frankie drew a deep breath.

"Miss Carillon," she laid her hand on the arm of the small eminence-swathed figure, going out to her car, by the open door of which stood the waiting commissioner. "This . . . this is Mr. Martyn . . . the gentleman who's called so often to see you."

Dawn's enormous blue eyes stared at the shabby young man, at the deep-set eyes glowing into hers under the slouch hat, and a look of fear grew in them.

What was Frankie doing, foliating this madman upon her?

Darys Martyn came very close.

"Miss Carillon," he said. "I've written the finest play in the world if I make a million dollars for you straight away, if you'll read it."

Dawn Carillon moved back, her eyes roaming round past the traitorous Frankie, in search of help.

"I never do business personally," Mr. Martyn," she said, in her flute-like voice. "Miss Liegh, whom I see you know, passes the scripts on to my personal advisers. Ah, Mr. Chase, there you are!"

Tall, sleek, immaculately dressed, Errington Chase seemed to spring from nowhere and offered his arm with an elaborate gesture.

This dizzy moment of escorting Dawn to dinner had come on him unawares, with a scribbled note this morning. He was only glancing at the possibilities it held. Eagerly he swept her onwards, leaving Martyn staring at the pavement.

HOW cruel life was, thought Frankie, as she laid her hand on his arm and propelled him gently forward. And how cruel stupidity made people who could only judge from the outside.

Darys Martyn had a right to his chance.

Frankie's flat was cool, wind-swept and airy.

There was a fine economy of space in the little sitting-room. Everything had a place and was kept in it. A cloth had been laid on a gate-legged table in front of a bright fire, and on it was a cold roast chicken, a salad, a plate of apples and oranges, and a bottle of champagne.

Frankie threw off her cap and rummaged in a cupboard for an extra glass, an extra plate.

Darys stood looking down at the food. Then he gave a queer, shame-faced laugh.

"I can't take off my overcoat," he said. "I had to pop my under one, and I've only my shirt underneath."

Continued from Page 18

"Please do," said Frankie. "That would be treating me like a friend, and I'd appreciate it enormously. It would be the finest compliment you could pay me."

"Well, if you put it like that," he hesitated.

"I do," said Frankie, helping him off with it before he could change his mind.

The frayed shirt and threadbare braces worn away from the leather caught at her heart an instant, but she pulled off her own coat, and she was thankful that her jumper wasn't too good, as she indicated a deep comfortable chair and pushed a new box of cigarettes towards him.

"But you must first get busy," she said. "Carve the chicken and open the champagne. Miss Carillon gave it to me."

"Then I don't think I can drink it," said Darys.

"But it's mine now."

"That alters the case."

THEY faced each other across the gate-legged table. Darys ate wolfishly.

"It's inhospitable, but you must go steady," Frankie warned him, and was pleased at the iron self-control he put upon himself from that moment. "Drink all you like," she said, pouring the champagne out into a tumbler. "When I've cleared away I'll make coffee, and we'll have a real talk."

Watching him and deciding that there was a strange beauty in his pale significant face against the dense blackness of his hair and his shoulder-length eyes, like the beauty of a torch glowing in a dark room, she wondered if he had noticed that she was a woman at all. She was a voice that cheered him in his loneliness, hands which fed him, a listener, a sympathiser. Nothing more.

She carried in the fragrant coffee and set it between them.

Sitting opposite him, she lit a cigarette and pushed the steaming cup of coffee across to him.

"Tell me about your play," she said. "I know there's a tiger in it, and that it is the best play ever written, but that is all I do know."

"There's a woman in it, too," he said.

"Well, I should hope so!"

Frankie almost laughed.

"She's raised this male tiger cub from a baby," said Darys. "Her father was a big game hunter. He shot the mother and brought the cub home. She was never afraid of it, even when it got big and fierce, so fierce it had to be caged. She wouldn't let it go to any zoo. She's a strange girl. Never known a man's love or wanted to know it. A free, virginal creature. But she makes a pet, more than a pet, of the beast, and the tiger gives her more than an animal's love. She'll go into the cage any time, fondle it, and so on. Then the man comes. For a time he acts like a big brother to the girl, and the beast accepts him as such. They're like a kind of family, the three of them. The cage is big, and there's a bench in it. They sit there, talk and laugh. They take risks no trainer has ever done, because they feel perfectly safe."

Frankie stubbed out her cigarette and took another.

This was an odd beginning. It gave her a strange thrill. She remembered that Dawn, in her pre-star days, had often acted with trained animals, even lions. Perhaps the idea would fascinate her. Perhaps.

"One day they quarrel. The man makes an angry gesture. The girl shrinks back. The tiger makes its horrid noise. It isn't a roar, it's a dreadful kind of cough, but the girl calms the brute."

The story went on. The man became the lover and the fierce animal jealousy of the tiger was aroused. Their first kiss was interrupted by the tiger's attempt to kill the man, and from then on the story was one thrill.

"It's terrible," said Frankie, "and wonderful. I do believe in it, and I believe in you. But why is Dawn Carillon the only woman who could play it?"

The dogged look came back into his eyes.

"She's the woman I've chosen," he said. "She's fair and lovely and petite. I've studied her pictures and I've studied her. She'd appeal."

"And if she won't? Other people

Champagne and a Chicken

can be obstinate, too, if they don't understand."

Then he confessed he had tried everybody suitable. They'd all been afraid, hadn't believed in the story.

"I'm nearly neat," he muttered.

And Frankie — as sorry that she'd discouraged him.

She was sorry, and she was afraid. Afraid, not only for him, but for herself.

Calm, poised, Frankie, looking at Darys Martyn through the haze of cigarette smoke, faced the fact that she loved him; loved him in an absurd, undignified way.

She could have done any foolish extravagant thing in the world, except for the thought of how surprised he would have been. Then, suddenly, her cerebral excitement yielded her a magical idea of how to help him get his strange play read. But it involved getting rid of him.

"I must send you away now," she said calmly. "Put you'll come again, won't you? There'll always be chicken, if not champagne. Beer or cider will have to do."

"What is your name?" he asked her as she stood up. "I mean, what do they call you?"

"Frankie," she said, watching him cross the room to fetch his overcoat.

"That's a boy's name," he objected.

"My real name is Francesca, but nobody calls me that."

Please turn to Page 36

Do You Know?

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DARYS MARTIN

gave a slow smile, which began in his eyes, and softened his lips.

"Nobody but me," he said. "Good-night, Francesca."

"Good-night, Darys."

Twenty minutes later Frankie was in a taxi rushing back to the Genoa. It was only eleven o'clock, and Ed never came home before one. She knew his room, the first one outside the suite, knew, too, that there was a neat pile of script lying on the table by his bed, because she had seen Chase go in there and arrange the manuscript himself, with Ed's horn-rimmed spectacles on top and the one he wanted read first just below.

Very often that was the only one read, but sometimes Chase had told her, he found them flung all over the room in Ed's disgust at their ineptitude.

In the deserted office she switched

on the light, took the dirty script with the title "Tiger Love" in her hand, and started down the passage.

This should be on the top tonight. Ed should see Darys' stuff if he saw nothing else. Darys should have a chance because she loved him so terribly, and to love a man is more important than to believe in him.

Dora greeted her next morning as a shipwrecked mariner might greet a sail.

Her impassive little face was screwed up and working with excitement.

"Thank goodness you've arrived. I thought you were never coming!"

Frankie, hanging up her hat, turned and looked at the gold clock set into the wall. It was not yet ten.

Continued from Page 35

"I'm on time," she said, puzzled. "What's the hurry, Dora?"

"Hurry," panted Dora. "Mr. Summer's been like a cat on hot bricks since nine o'clock. Sending his valet to get Mr. Chase out of bed, waking Miss Carillon up by telephoning to her before she's had her morning orange juice, ordering me to call up Mr. Erikson at the Savoy, and ask him to come round here immediately. Oh, and that's not the worst! Asking for you every five minutes."

Frankie gave a little stamp.

"What for?" she said. "Can't you begin at the beginning, like a sensible girl?"

Dora's mouth gaped.

"Why, to get him that man who sat in the ante-room, that Mr. Martyn. He's the beginning and the middle and the end of all this fuse."

Frankie flushed deep scarlet.

"So he's read it," she said under her breath.

"Read it! I should think he has read it! He says it's the finest idea that's ever come his way in years. He's crazy for fear the author will show it to anyone else. There he goes again," as the telephone buzzed on her desk.

"Yes, Mr. Summer, Miss Liegh's just come in, Mr. Summer, I haven't had time to get the address from her. . . . Well, Mr. Summer, I'm very sorry, but she's only just come into the room. . . . Yes, Mr. Summer, I'll get it at once. . . ."

She hung up the receiver.

"You hear him! Do you know this young man's address?"

Frankie stood stock still.

"No."

Dora's voice rose in shrill dismay. "Oh, Miss Liegh, whatever shall we do? Oh, Miss Liegh, I tell you I've noted it down, and I told Mr. Summer so. Oh, Miss Liegh . . ."

"Be quiet," said Frankie, pressing her hands over her eyes in a futile attempt to recall what she had never heard. Darys Martyn's address.

Under the spell of his presence, of his dark eyes and his curiously emphatic voice she had forgotten her first duty as a secretary, to note down the address of the author who had left her his script. She had felt so confident of seeing him again that when London had engulfed him it had not seemed to matter.

"There's nothing to get so excited about," she said. "He'll call again."

But her heart sank. She knew the sudden violent changes in these cinema people. Erikson represented Groebel Productions, Inc. He could have come with a contract in his pocket. It could have been settled straight away.

And when Ed rolled in a few minutes later dressed in a pale grey suit, a flower in his buttonhole, and a cigar in his hand, she regretted it still more, for Ed's enthusiasm was like a wave, knocking them all down, sweeping on with terrific force.

"It's a wow, Frankie!" he shouted. "You did something when you put that script by my side, you cute little thing! Dawn's crazy about it. This tiger girl part will lift her forever out of the artificial roles, and the silly, simpering sob stuff they've been handing to her. It's magnificent."

He looked almost solemnly at Frankie, whose heart did strange things.

"Now then!" he cried, suddenly. "To business. This guy's address? He never put it on the script."

He listened incredulously to Frankie's confession of ignorance.

"But Dawn says you left the hotel with him last evening, Frankie. Where did you go?"

"To my flat," she said.

Ed whistled. "You needn't make that noise," said Frankie. "I was clever than you, that's all. I saw he had grit and personality, and a kind of fire. Pools don't write outstanding stuff. Big names aren't everything."

"I hand it to you!" declared Ed. "You were wiser than we were, but what's the good of that if you can't locate this Martyn?"

"A note for you, Miss Liegh," piped the page.

Frankie tore it open, and first she glanced at the address scribbled in pencil. "3 Waverley Street, Shepherd's Bush." Then, with a little smile which froze on her lips she read his note.

"I'm through, Francesca. Even your champagne couldn't keep the hope alive with me. A skipper I know, in charge of a tramp

steamer going to Rio, has signed me on as one of the crew in place of a chap who's ill. I'll be at Tilbury by the time you get this. Keep my play, Francesca. Turn it into hair curlers, or light your cigarettes with it, or shove it into the fire, you'll never sell it. And yet, it was the best . . . Well, you know that one . . . Darys."

Silently she handed the note to Ed.

"Why, it's simple!" he said. "We can do the business with you. The fellow's given you the power to act for him. What's your lowest price for this?"

"There isn't any lowest," said Frankie with an excited little laugh, "but you can get ahead with your proposition, and see that it's a generous one. I'm off to ask Miss Carillon if I can have her car."

When she had gone Ed looked at Dora.

"She's hard-boiled," he said. "I guess it'll pay us better to wait for the author."

DAWN'S pale blue roadster halted some distance from the huge shed.

"This is as far as I can get, Miss," said the chauffeur. "If you walk through there you'll find the water-tube."

Frankie didn't walk, she ran. Over the cobblestones barred with sleepers along which trucks were jolting, to where the keen wind ruffled the brown water. She stared hopelessly at the tangle of shipping lying before her. Masts and funnels cutting the sky, belching out smoke. Men shouting. Noise and confusion everywhere.

"Oh, Heaven," she prayed, "let me find him before he goes."

No prayer was ever answered so quickly.

As it died in her throat a hand fell on her arm. Darys, in an unfamiliar suit of rough blue and a peaked cap, a hiker's pack slung across his shoulder, was looking into her eyes.

"I wanted this," he said. "I was too proud to ask, but it's hard to quit without a friend to say good-bye to you."

"Darys . . . Darys . . ." she panted, "come back with me at once."

He shook his head.

"I'm off. I've fixed it all up, and I never change my mind. No one can say I haven't tried. Francesca, I hung on to that rope till it skinned my fingers. Now, I've let go."

His voice was almost drowned in the hooting of a siren close by. Above the demon noise Frankie screamed in his ear.

"Everything's changed! They've accepted your scenario! Dawn will play in it, she's crazy about it. So's Summer! So's everybody!"

He didn't answer. Ringed in silence they clung together in the midst of the tumult. He leaned heavily on her. His lips trembled. Drops hung on his lashes.

"You wouldn't deceive me?"

"Of course not."

Suddenly he pulled at her arm and pointed.

"That's the skipper," he said, showing her a short man with a reddish beard. She pushed him gently.

"Go, Darys. Ask him to let you off. Tell him it's the chance of your life. Here's money, if he'll take it."

She watched him stumbling across the quay to that short thick-set figure. If he held Darys in his womb she feared he would go. It wasn't so much for the play she trembled. That was safe. If he went he would find money and fame waiting for him. Her suspense was for herself, the fear of the awful loneliness he would leave behind him. "Love is frightful," thought Frankie, not daring to look until she saw him come slowly back to her, and felt the bank notes she had given him from her salary pushed back into her hand.

**Backache-Nervy
Get Up Nights!**

Thousands of sufferers from Kidney trouble, Backache, Nervy, Nervousness, have stopped Getting Up Nights, Backache, Nervy, Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Nervousness, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Disease, Lameness, Burning, Itching, Smarting, Achy and Loss of Vigour by a Doctor's new discovery called Cystex (Glas-tex). Cystex soothes tired, aching, sore, sore, raw nerves. In 15 minutes, Cystex, the slimming Kidney Pill, brings new health, youth and vitality in 48 hours. Guaranteed to end your troubles or money back. Get Cystex at all chemists.

Start the healthy habit of drinking a bed-time glass of Tooth's Sheaf Stout. It keeps you fit and full of vigour—try it!

**Tooth's
SHEAF
Stout**

IN BOTTLES.
HALF BOTTLES AND
BABY BOTTLES

"H.E. wouldn't take a penny," he said. "Spoke to me like a father. The world isn't so vile as I thought it was."

In the blue car he laughed and wiped his eyes at the same time.

"I'm not a coward," he said. "I've got plenty of grit, but luck like this gets you down."

Frankie pressed a little flask into his hand.

"What's this?" he asked. "Champagne and a chicken?"

"No, only a drop of brandy. Dawn loaned it to me. She's kind that way, sometimes, or perhaps she wanted to give you up, so that you might sign away your rights. You're not to do that," she chattered, to relieve the tension, while he drank a few sips of brandy, screwed the flask tight, and sat silently gripping her hand, the color stealing back into his face.

"I'll show your contract to Dawn's man of business before you sign it," said Frankie. "He's straight, and he'll see you get fair play."

"And what does Francesca get for all this?" he asked.

But Frankie turned her head away. She wanted only one thing, and she knew she wasn't likely to get that.

Never had the office been busier. It was like the waiting-room of a station. People hurrying through, cables flashing backwards and forwards to Hollywood, photographs of trained tigers with the most benevolent expressions arriving by every mail.

Frankie arranging interviews for Miss Carillon, for Mr. Martyn, the brilliant author of "Tiger Love," and for Mr. Sumner, his energetic discoverer.

Mr. Martyn's photograph (a well-dressed young man with magnetic eyes and determined chin). Letterpresses describing Mr. Martyn's early struggles. "Years before the mast and semi-starvation in Shepherd's Bush never shook his superb confidence in himself."

In the midst of the tumult, Frankie felt as lonely as a stranded starfish, though she worked on mechanized lines.

He wasn't ungrateful. Piercely she told herself she didn't expect gratitude, but he had passed out of her life and had as little to do with her now as the big round moon up aloft has to do with the glow worm's light.

He would pause a moment by her desk in his well-cut blue overcoat, his bowler hat and wash leather gloves in his hand.

"Wonderful day, Francesca," he would say, and she would answer:

"Splendid, Dary."

It was always a wonderful day for Darys now, but it was too short for the things he had to cram into it.

They took all the trouble off him they could. Frankie herself telephoned for his state cabin on the Beauchamps, for, of course, he was going to America with Dawn to supervise the production, when she went in a few days.

Endless cabins Frankie took on that ship. One of the small ones doubtless, for herself. Frankie's ideas for herself were very small now. Just to be near him, to see him occasionally, as Dawn's secretary she must do that, anyway. No one could take this humble privilege from her.

Champagne and a Chicken

Continued from Page 36

But Frankie was wrong there. Dawn, very uncomfortable, smoking a cigarette, and summoning Frankie to her rose and gold sitting-room. Dawn stammering out excuses.

It was really too bad, but Ed had made such a point of her taking Mr. Chase as a personal secretary, and a man was so useful dealing with this raft of people who always tried to bother her. Place-seeking harpies, Frankie would find it difficult to deal with.

Slowly Frankie took in the meaning behind the rambling talk.

"So I'm not going to America with you next week?" she said dully.

"Not this trip, honey, I'm afraid, but I shall be back soon, and the first thing I'll do is call up my little Frankie on the phone."

Not going to America, cut off from seeing Darys' triumph. Cut off from Darys.

Frankie choked, and flung up her head.

"Mr. Chase will enjoy the chance of serving you," she said. "I am sure. As you say, a man is so much more useful than a woman."

Dawn colored faintly.

"You're not sure, Frankie?"

"I'm sorry to leave you," said Frankie, "but" she added untruthfully, "I'll... I'll easily find another job."

The passage-way outside the suite was full of boxes. The lawyer was coming that evening for the final arrangements. Darys had remembered Frankie's advice. He was signing his contract the last day before he sailed, and no sooner.

"That boy's about as trustful as a mongoose," said Ed. "I don't feel sure he won't back out even now."

"Why should he?" snapped Dawn. "It's been the dream of his life to have me play in his film."

Frankie got the table ready her self in Dawn's sitting-room. Five chairs. Mr. Erikson, the man of business. Ed, Darys Martyn, and Dawn Carillon, and in the middle of the table the contract, embossed on thick, creamy paper, with twirls and flourishes.

Dawn looked very pretty as she dispensed cocktails. "Just a quick one before the business," she said. "It won't do any of us any harm."

Then she handed Darys his reservation on the Beauchamps.

"I've put you right next to my secretary, Mr. Errington Chase, so he'll be handy if you want any work done on board," and she turned to greet her solicitor.

"Now we're all here!" she cried.

Darys moved a step nearer Frankie, at whom he had scarcely looked.

"What's this mean?" he asked.

"Your reservations," she said.

"Yes, but this secretary stuff. You are Miss Carillon's secretary."

"Not now; I'm sacked," she answered, and try as she would she could not keep the bitterness out of her voice.

Ed was signing with a gold pen.

"You'll find nothing to complain of here, my boy," he said, looking up at Darys, who received the remark in stony silence. But as Dawn sat

down in the chair and took up the pen he stepped forward.

"Just a moment, Miss Carillon. There's nothing doing as far as I'm concerned unless Frankie comes to America with us."

Stupefaction followed. Then Dawn gave a little quavering laugh and they all talked at once.

"But, my dear boy!" from Ed. "You're not making game of us now?"

"A poor joke," muttered Erikson.

"Really, Mr. Martyn," began the lawyer.

DARYS thumped the table with his right hand. His left hand seized Frankie's wrist.

"I never joke," he said. "Why should I? Life hasn't been a joke to me, and it isn't likely love will be. I'm in dead earnest. You can screw up your gold pen if this girl isn't on board. I keep my play. She needn't be your secretary, Miss Carillon, if you prefer Chase. She can come as my wife."

"I think the girl might speak for herself," said Erikson. "Women usually have something to say on that subject."

"The question is," said Ed heavily, "how do we stand in this matter?"

But Dawn was looking at Frankie's face. She waved her white hands imperiously.

"You great mutts!" she cried. "Leave me to settle this."

She faced Darys, smiling.

"You sign here, Mr. Darys Martyn," she ordered, "then you take

Frankie downstairs and give her a bite of food and a glass of champagne and get all this straightened out, and if you're not satisfied afterwards we'll tear up the contract."

How could you?" whispered Frankie, seated beside him in the grill-room of the Genoa a little later.

Champagne clinked in the ice-pail

at their side. Chicken Maryland was in front of them.

"Why not?" he said. "You'll always find me like that. Francesca, I know what I want, and I go all out to get it. All the same, if I'd known their tricks I'd have spoken to you first, only I didn't want to rush you, my dear. They forced my hand, and I'd have looked a poor fish if you'd gone back on me."

"But," objected Frankie, her eyes dancing, "you haven't asked me, and I haven't accepted you."

"Here goes. Francesca Liegh, will you marry me to-morrow by special licence and sail with me to America as my wife?"

She hesitated.

It was sheer joy to see the look of anxiety she knew so well growing in his eyes, and the best of women, Frankie was that, have a streak of cruelty.

"Don't play with me," he said under his breath. "I love you."

"I'll come, Darys."

He seized the champagne and filled their glasses.

"Gosh! You did give me a turn," he said.

Frankie sought his hand under the table.

"That being settled, you might do a spot of love-making."

He raised his glass and looked into her eyes.

"Angel," he said, "I'm going to drink a toast to you. Here's to the sweetest girl in the world, the girl who saw a poor boob with only one idea in his head and nothing in his inside but hunger, and treated him like the gentleman he wasn't, and the genius he pretended to be. She'll find him out when they're married."

"I found you out the first day I met you," Frankie informed him. "I knew you had only one idea in your head, impossible to miss knowing that!"

"Well, I've got two now, sweet. You're the other one!"

(Copyright.)

Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Home-Made Mixture That Quickly Darkens It.

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "There is nothing which you can make at home is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Of course, you should do the mixing yourself to have unnecessary expense."

"Just get a small box of Oxide Compound from your chemist and mix up with 1 ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce Glycerine and 1 half-pint of water. This only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not eat off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those glowering, haggard, painful-faced people you see in the streets or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and can be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking acids and wastes out of the blood. A healthy person should pass about 2 quarts a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter.

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ASK your chemist for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS—used successfully the world over for millions of people. They quickly relax and will help to flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. So be sure you get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS.

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WHITE WASH!
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by Caroline.

I LIKE—

Marcia Minnett's quaint cocktail toque—a mere scrap of tailored crown fussed up to for'ard, with brilliant blue and green choux. Just the tops for Marcia's blonde good looks.

Good Wishes from Australia

MANY wedding presents and cables of good wishes were sent from Australia to Lord Ranfurly and Hermione Llewellyn for their wedding in London this Tuesday. Both were popular with a wide circle of friends in all the States when Lord Ranfurly was A.D.C. to the Governor-General (Lord Gowrie) and Miss Llewellyn was private secretary to Lady Wakehurst.

London's most fashionable church, St. George's, Hanover Square, was chosen for the ceremony. The Dean of Magdalene College, Oxford, Lord Ranfurly's old college, promised to officiate, assisted by Rev. Montgomery Campbell, rector of St. George's, who is most artistic and undertook to supervise the decorations, which, in accordance with London's traditional color scheme for January weddings, consisted of white lillac and Easter lilies.

Hermione's four grown-up bridesmaids included her sisters, Cynthia and Daphne.

Event of London Season

LORD RANFURLY'S wedding with Hermione Llewellyn, arranged for this Tuesday, was one of the first big events of the London season, which started earlier than usual this year on account of the Royal visit to Canada.

Only intimate friends and relatives were invited to the reception at the Mayfair home of Lord Ranfurly's grandmother, Harriet, Lady Cooper.

The couple will live in the Quorn hunting district of Melton Mowbray, where Lord Ranfurly's country seat, Digby Hall, is situated.

At School in Switzerland

HERE'S news of the A. W. Keigleys, who left last year for England with their daughter Sylvia and son Geoffrey.

Mr. Keigley is due back in Sydney this week, and Mrs. Keigley will sail from England on February 25 for home. Sylvia is at a finishing-school in Switzerland, the Chateau Brilliantmont, Lausanne, and Geoffrey is at Eton.

Sylvia will leave school at the end of the year and will have a season in London before returning to Sydney. Her parents will go over to bring her home. Life at Sylvia's school is interesting, as the pupils attend many theatres and concerts. She has just returned from the snow sports at St. Moritz.

A class-mate of Geoffrey at Eton is Anthony Eden, junior.

Judy McKenzie is in town from her home at Bathurst, staying with Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Close at Rose Bay. She is also planning to go to Newcastle to visit Dr. and Mrs. Russell at Broadmeadow.

Honeymoon in Tasmania

NIP PURLEY will make a charming bride when she marries Bill Arnott at St. Anne's Stratfield, this Wednesday. Her gown will be of the finest Chantilly lace, and her Brussels lace veil has been lent by Mrs. Russell Crane, who had it specially sent from Brussels for her own wedding.

Nip and Bill plan to sail in the Comorin this Thursday for Tasmania, returning through Melbourne, where they will stay for a few days before settling into their new flat in Edgecliff.

For months past Nip, whose proper name, by the way, is Gwenyth, has been scouting round town picking up pieces of antique furniture for the flat. It is practically ready for occupancy now. She tells me the main color scheme is burgundy and cream.

Joan Purley has returned from Cronulla, where she has been staying with Betty Watt, to be maid of honour, and Nip's other attendants will be Laurie Arnott and Joy Barrett.

Science Congress Ends

WITH the conclusion this Wednesday of the Science Congress at Canberra, delegates and visitors will go their separate ways. Unfortunately, one of their chief impressions of their stay in Australia will be the record heatwave which swept Canberra last week.

Despite the soaring thermometer, Lord and Lady Gowrie spent a very busy week. In addition to many official duties and much entertaining they had a house-party of overseas delegates at Yarralumla.

Lady Gowrie, accompanied by Lady Wakehurst, who was her guest at Government House, attended many of the addresses.

Fortunate Folk Going Abroad

AMONG fortunate folk planning trips abroad are, I hear, Mrs. Seppie Osborne and her daughter Beryl. They will be away until the end of the year. Miss Mary White, of Saumarez, Armidale, leaves in February for her third trip overseas.

Coming the other way is Claire Gilchrist, who has been abroad for more than a year. She will leave England in February for home.

Margaret Howard, of Inverell, is spending several weeks at Macksville, on the North Coast, with Mignon Kerans, also of the New England Girls' Grammar School, Armidale.

and possibly visit to Australia.

Ballet Conversation Piece

BALLETONES will gather this Tuesday at the Hotel Australia to listen to Anton Dolin and Arnold Haskell. These two have arranged a Conversation Piece, which will include criticism, discussion, anecdotes, and personalities of the ballet from both sides of the stage.

Among those taking parties are Lady Julius, Lady Gordon, Mrs. M. F. Bruxner, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Watt, Mrs. Ben Edye and Stephanie, and Mr. and Mrs. Larry Adler.



At Moss Vale

REVISING Sydney from her home in England after living abroad for seventeen years, Mrs. Haire-Forster is busy renewing many old friendships. Formerly Miss Alfreda Lamb, she is a sister of Mrs. W. E. Fairfax, with whom she is staying while in Sydney.

With Mrs. Fairfax she will leave this Tuesday for Moss Vale, where they will spend a month at Mrs. Fairfax's country home.

Trying to Keep Cool

AMONG the vast audience seated on the lawn outside the Albert Hall, Canberra, last Thursday in a vain effort to obtain a little coolness while listening to Mr. H. G. Wells' brilliant address, was Dr. Patrick Marshall, president-elect of the Australian and New Zealand Association for the Advancement of Science.

He wore the coolest of white suits.

Made Light of Heatwave

THOUGH players in the Country Week tennis tournament at the White City made light of Sydney's idea of a heatwave, they were all delighted when the committee organizing the dance at the White City clubhouse last Saturday voted for informal dress. Sunnery frocks and flannels gave an air of coolness to the ballroom. A marquee was erected on the lawn for a buffet supper.

Very busy with all the arrangements for the dance was Charles Donohue, who was accompanied by his wife, the former Helen Bowker. They are just back from their honeymoon.



MRS. J. F. CHAMBERS, of Melbourne, who, with her two schoolboy sons, is spending six months at Palm Beach as the guest of her mother, Mrs. Gordon Craig. —Spencer Shier.

Visiting Kosciusko

DR. R. COUPLAND WINN left at the week-end to join his wife and two sons, Dick and Murray, at Kosciusko. They will all return to town together this Wednesday.

Dr. and Mrs. Winn's daughter, Betty, is returning from London by the Orionsay on January 25.

Perfect Suntan

MRS. WARWICK FAIRFAX and Jean Roje were the envy of all with their perfect suntan when dancing at Prince's last week. A beaded white chiffon frock set off Mrs. Warwick's blonde loveliness.

Jean was in black, as was Mrs. Larry Adler, who, with her husband, was also in the party. Mrs. Adler was looking particularly attractive with her fair locks dressed in Edwardian curls for the first time.

Suzanne Rankin's honeymoon tour abroad will be her first trip overseas. Suzanne's wedding with Dr. Bob Duval will be a morning ceremony at St. Mary's Cathedral this Tuesday.



"Damp-Set" your hair with Velmol

IT works on hair of any texture . . . On any wave, natural or permanent . . . and takes but four minutes! It's the marvellous new way to "damp-set" your hair in deep, firm, sparkling waves or curls—and save many shillings, and many hours of time.

And it's so easy! All you need is brush, comb, and an ounce of VELMOL. (A bottle is only 2/- at any chemist, store, or hairdresser.)

"Damp-set" keeps hair fastidiously fresh . . . keeps waves so firm and neat . . . yet never "stiff" or "greasy." Holds finger-wave for days. Makes 'perm' last a lot longer.

To Tour New Zealand

MRS. W. H. READ had to postpone her trip to New Zealand for a fortnight, as her young daughter, Georgie, developed measles. However, Mrs. Read and Georgie, now fully recovered, sailed in the Awatea last Friday, and will join Dr. Read and son Bing at Rotorua.

From there they intend to wend their way down to the South Island, and expect to return to their home at Wahroonga about the middle of February.

Yachting Holiday

THE Ernest Blakeney Carr, with Judith, June and Tony, have been holidaying at Broken Bay. They camped aboard their super-yacht Kyrema, specially built to their own design. It is fitted with every luxury and is a wonderful racer into the bargain.

At the Seaside

HOLIDAY plans for Dr. and Mrs. Edgar Stephen and their daughter Rosamund include a fortnight's fishing and swimming at Crescent Head, North Coast.

In February they will go to Leura, where they have taken Dr. and Mrs. Norman Royle's house for a few weeks.

DO YOU KNOW—

That the youngest delegate to read a paper at the Science Congress in Canberra was Marjorie Proctor, student at Sydney University, who will graduate Bachelor of Science in May?

AMAZING CURES OF SKIN DISEASES

By Scientific Treatment

Remarkable Dermatological
Discovery Succeeds even in
So-called "Hopeless" Cases.



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It has succeeded in hundreds of difficult cases of irritating, disfiguring skin disease when other treatments have proved entirely useless, or at best, only temporary in their effect. And its success is due to the recognition of the actual causes of the differing types of skin trouble and the need of specific individual treatment for each case.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

contributors and Artists. Manuscripts and drawings, etc., should be enclosed if the return of the manuscripts is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss.

Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

"T

HEY do not think," Elida asked fearfully, "that he is in danger?"

"It is impossible to say, Madam. The fact that the bullet remained in his shoulder all the time he was at work has complicated matters."

The expression on Hincks' face was one of sheer agony. He turned away and stood with his back to them before the window. That terrible vision seemed to haunt him—the sight of Cheshire, calm and composed, although the sweat was standing upon his forehead, finishing his work, giving his instructions when all the time he must have been suffering torture.

"There is someone always on night duty, who will give reports," Greys said quietly. "At present, it is useless to go near the hospital. I will let you know if there is any further news."

"And me, too, at Regent's Park House," Elida begged.

"Certainly, Madam," Greys promised.

"They were left alone once more... . A sad end to this glorious day, dear," Elida whispered. "I am so sorry for you, and terribly, terribly sorry for Guy."

"He will get over it," Hincks declared. "He must get over it. He is the fittest man I ever knew. When I saw him drinking that brandy I should have known there was something more than ordinary fatigue the matter with him... . I am not to be seen outside with you, Elida, so I cannot offer to take you home. Could you let Greys—

"I do not need anyone," she interrupted. "Five minutes alone, Ronnie, and then I will go."

Their five minutes, however, was never to come. They heard no knock, they heard no opening door. It was the voice behind, only, which disturbed them.

"I have come to pay a visit to Admiral Cheshire. Perhaps you can tell me where to find him?"

They both swung round. To Elida the man who stood there was the re-embodiment of a nightmare. Hincks, too, although he asked the question, had more than an idea as to his identity.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"My name," the other replied, "is Florestan."

There was an odd little silence in the room. Florestan stood with his

The Spymaster

Continued from Page 38

back to the door, his eyes looking from one to the other of its occupants.

"I believe," he said, "I have the honor of speaking to the Contessa Peleucci."

"You have had the honor of speaking to her once before," the girl acknowledged quietly. "You escaped from the police that time. Perhaps to-day you will be less fortunate."

"A mistake, I can assure you," Florestan replied. "I am a very law-abiding person. The police have nothing against me... . And you, sir, I must have heard of," he went on, turning to Hincks.

"I don't see why," was the guarded response. "I am Commander Hincks."

"You are associated with Admiral Cheshire, I believe, in his work at the Admiralty."

"May I ask what business that is of yours?"

"It is my unfortunate mission in life to interfere at times in other people's affairs. If you are an associate of Admiral Cheshire, young man, it seems to me that you are in the same line of business. As for the Contessa, I have for a long while looked forward to the pleasure of seeing her again."

"Look here," Hincks demanded, a trifle puzzled. "What's all this talkie-talkie about? You came to see Admiral Cheshire. I tell you that he is not here. He is unable to see anyone. As a matter of fact, there is no secret about it—he is in a hospital, ill. You will excuse me if I point out to you that you are an intruder."

Florestan smiled faintly. It was far from being a pleasant gesture.

"I am sorry," he said, "because you will have to put up with my intrusion for a moment or two longer."

Hincks moved towards the bell. Florestan stretched out his arm. He was barring the way.

"In Admiral Cheshire's much-to-be-regretted absence," he continued, "my business is with you, sir, and the young lady. The Contessa has been in the habit of sending various communications to the country which employs me as an agent. The communications, I gather, are handed by you to the young lady and from her to a mutual friend. This time I am commissioned to be that mutual friend."

"What are you going to do, then?"

"I am going to await the return of my kind friend, Admiral Cheshire.

I am going to find out from him whether you are up to a game of your own, or whether he is in it, too. In plain words, young man, I am going to find out whether those plans are taken with the intention of deceiving the people you passed them on to or whether they are genuine."

"And where do you propose to wait?" Hincks demanded.

"In this room."

"Oh, no, you are not," was the swift reply.

"You are talking nonsense," Hincks said curtly. "I have never seen you before in my life, and what I have heard of you under the name of Copeland, I think it was, I don't like."

"You are the last person with whom I should recommend the Contessa to hold any communication whatever."

Florestan was an ugly sight as he stood, his lips slightly apart, his teeth showing, a small but very sinister-looking gun in his right hand.

"I am here for straight talk and quick action," Florestan said. "What you are doing young man, in Admiral Cheshire's rooms I do not know—I do not much care. The Admiral must be of a very forgiving nature. He lets Ryon shoot himself and keeps you on in your place. I don't care. Only, since you are here, you have got to do as I say. I want those plans your Chief was working on all yesterday. I want them and I am here to get them."

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Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, signs up as star with Granite Film Studios in Hollywood. He is attracted to his co-star.

MARYL DAWN: Who secretly employs **NETTIE:** Identical in her appearance, to double for her on public occasions, and to use her signature for autographs. The only one who knows of Nettie's existence is **FARRELL:** Marilyn's manager. Nettie, greedy for Marilyn's

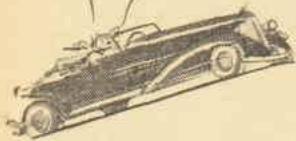
riches, decides to take her place. She wins Farrell over by promise of fifty per cent. of her salary as Marilyn Dawn, and when Marilyn returns from a secret vacation she finds Nettie in complete possession of her home. Marilyn issues a warrant for Nettie's arrest, but, without Farrell's help, she cannot prove her real identity, and she is turned away penniless from the studio. Even Mandrake believes Nettie's story. NOW READ ON.



TO BE CONTINUED

JANE'S A FLOP BUT IT'S ALL HER OWN FAULT!

YES - IN HOT WEATHER LIKE THIS SHE SHOULDN'T FORGET HER MUM



SAFEGUARD your popularity! Use Mum—then you're safe from underarm odour. No bath is enough—it only carries for the past, but Mum keeps underarms fresh through the warmest day or evening. This quick, gentle, cream deodorant stops all odour—yet does not stop perspiration. 30 seconds to use! Harmless to skin and clothing. Mum is sure—buy it to-day!

MUM takes the odour out of perspiration

Varicose Veins are Quickly Reduced

No sensible person will continue to suffer from dangerous swollen veins or bunches when the new, powerful yet harmless garments called Emerald Oil can readily be obtained at any well-stocked chemist.

Ask for a two-ounce original bottle of Emerald Oil (full strength), and refuse substitutes. Use as directed, and in a few days improvement will be noticed, then continue until the swollen veins are reduced to normal.

WHAT the devil do you know about these plans?" Hincks demanded, for the moment staggered.

Florestan paused in the act of listening. The silence outside was unbroken.

"To remain is scarcely worth the inconvenience to which your clumsy behaviour would expose me," he said calmly. "If I am really too late to intercept that precious document I shall relieve you of my presence. I wish you—"

"Wait a minute," Hincks interrupted. "I am not sure that we are ready to let you go. I have a fancy, Mr. Florestan, that the police would be interested to ask you a few questions."

"Let them come," was the bold reply. "I had a motor car stolen. I am not responsible for that. Your Chief found a revolver and some cartridges in my room. That, in itself, leads nowhere. There is no evidence against me of having ever broken the law. I may be an agent for a country with which England is not on speaking terms. What about it? I have done nothing illegal. I am a member of one of the oldest established and best known firms of merchants in the City. I have had large dealings with the Admiralty. They owe me, at the moment, over two million pounds."

Hincks, who had not quitted his position close to the bell, thrust his thumb upon the knob once more. Then he wheeled round to face the intruder.

"Look here, Florestan," he said. "You have come here and asked a good many foolish questions. I will ask you one. You admit that in England you, a member of a firm of English merchants, are the agent of a foreign Power. The Contessa here is a native of that country and has been in correspondence with them. Who, I ask you, gave you the right to interfere?"

"Capital," Florestan commented.

"There is nothing so subtle as the truth. It is my object to find out

Continued from Page 40

on behalf of the Contessa's own country whether she is working in their interests or whether she is working against them on behalf of England."

"How could she be working against them?" Hincks asked.

"By giving them false information."

There was a moment's tense silence. Florestan looked from one to the other of them.

"Because, you see," Florestan continued glibly, "if the Contessa is passing on information which is of service to her country with your help, Commander Hincks, and the help of Admiral Cheshire, you two are guilty of high treason, and as a British citizen it becomes my duty to denounce you. If, on the other hand, the information is faked, then, on behalf of the country whose agent I am, it is very important that I should denounce the Contessa to them. That is why I am so anxious to examine some of this so-called information. In Rome the name of Peluchi is sacred. They have a great opinion of me but they will listen to no warning that I have offered them. There you are, my two friends. There's the whole position. No more mystery between us, you see. All fair and above board. If these last plans which you have somehow or other smuggled over to Italy are genuine, show me a copy and give me twenty-four hours. I will tell you whether they are genuine or not. I will tell you whether it becomes my duty to denounce you and your Chief, Commander Hincks, to the British Government, or whether the Contessa Peluchi is a traitress to her own country."

At last there came the sound of footsteps in the corridor, a key turning in the lock. The door of the room was opened. Greyses presented himself, and suddenly he seemed to recognise Florestan. He spoke not one single word. The perfectly-trained, quiet-voiced servant was suddenly a tiger. He sprang at Florestan's throat.

"You dog!" he cried. "You murdering hound!"

There was a sudden reversal of the position. Florestan, with no apparent effort, slipped from the grip of the man who was holding him. With almost miraculous ease he threw his victim with a crash into the corner of the room. Greyses lay there, white and unconscious. Florestan faced the two young people with a composure which had in it something gruesome.

"Let me hear the truth," he demanded. "and I will at once relieve you of my presence."

WITHOUT a doubt at that moment Florestan was dominant. Hincks had lost any gift of finesse which he might have possessed and was in a raging temper.

"Get out of this, you scoundrel! We have had enough of this melodrama. Find out the truth for yourself. Get out of this. I tell you!"

"Or what?" Florestan inquired with deadly coolness.

"I'll throw you out," Hincks threatened. "You and your silly little gun and your jiu-jitsu tricks. Try them on me if you want to. Out you get!"

Hincks strode to the door and threw it open. He came back and confronted Florestan. The smile, half-taunting, half-victorious, was back on the man's lips. He showed not a single sign of discomposure. He looked from his antagonist to the girl very much with the air of a man studying a chess problem.

"Dear me," he said. "I always understood that officers in the British Service never lost their temper. Bad form, rather, isn't it? In your present frame of mind further discussion is perhaps useless. Contessa, I leave you with the earnest hope that it is for your own country you are working. It will be better for your health. As for you, young man, you are either a double-crossing blunderer or a traitor to the Service which maintains you."

MOMENT
IN one unthinking moment, in the street, I thought I saw you, called your name, my sweet. The man walked on and never turned his head. And suddenly I remembered, you were dead.

—Yvonne Webb.

Hincks, holding open the door, was moving his feet impatiently. Florestan, unburdened and not without a certain dignity, paused for a moment as he passed him.

"One word you used," he said, "was justifiable. There is an element of melodrama about the waving of these little weapons which we as seldom use. The next time we meet I will come without a gun. There are half-a-dozen ways of breaking your neck."

Hincks, who had partially recovered his composure, remained contemptuously silent. He waited until Florestan had passed out, then locked the door. He hastened back to the corner of the room where Elida was ministering to Greyses' slow return to consciousness. The latter staggered a few minutes later to his feet.

"I thank you, sir," he stammered. "and you Madam. I should have killed that man while I had the chance. I had no weapon and he has the strength of a devil."

Hincks took him by the arm and led him into the adjoining bedroom.

Hincks returned to the sitting-room. Elida was nervously straightening her hat before the mirror. She was still very pale.

"Ronnie," she faltered, "I am terrified of that man!"

"No need," he assured her. "He won't return."

She gripped his shoulder and pointed to the handle of the door leading into the small hall. As they stood there together they both saw it slowly turned.

"There is someone out there," she whispered.

"Whoever it is it won't be Florestan," he told her with confidence. "Wait!"

He moved softly to the door, quickly turned the key and opened it. On the threshold a woman was standing. She wore a magnificent fur coat but no hat or gloves. She was of strange appearance. Her speech—slow and carefully-chosen words—was also unusual.

"I apologise," she said. "I was looking for the bell. It is very important indeed that I should see Admiral Cheshire."

"May I ask who you are?" Hincks inquired, gazing at her wonderingly.

"My name is Florestan," she confided. "Deborah Florestan."

Mrs. Florestan looked inquiringly across at Elida, then back at Hincks as she entered the room.

"I am not mistaken?" she asked.

"These are the apartments of Admiral Cheshire?"

"The Admiral is away," Hincks explained. "I am occupying his rooms for a short while. I am a fellow-worker at the Admiralty."

"When will he be here?" she demanded.

"There's no chance of his being here for some time to come," Hincks told her. "It might interest you to know that someone of your name—presumably your husband—was here only a few minutes ago also hoping to see him. He went away disappointed."

To Be Concluded Next Week

COUPON


Colonial Dames

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Cut this out and present at
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and enclose 3d stamp for return postage.

I'VE TRIED EVERY KIND OF REMEDY—IT'S ABSURD TO SUPPOSE A FOOD CAN RELIEVE MY CONSTIPATION!

BUT IT CAN!
ONCE YOU REALISE
WHAT CAUSES
CONSTIPATION YOU'LL
UNDERSTAND WHY

How a crisp, nut-sweet breakfast cereal ends constipation naturally—

without drugs or medicines

MOST PEOPLE, when they are constipated—bilious, headache, sour and depressed—turn to medicines for relief. Yet this, as any doctor will tell you, is but a makeshift way of dealing with a serious problem.

You see, constipation is caused by food, and must be relieved by food!

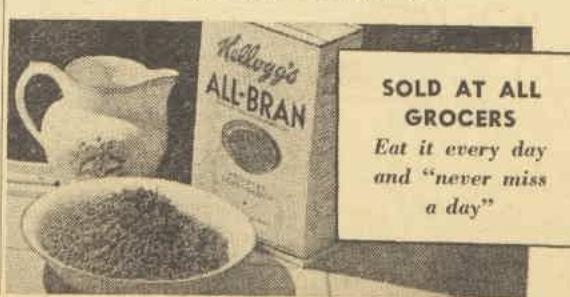
The reason food causes constipation is that most of it lacks "bulk." Meat, eggs, fish, white bread, potatoes and milk—all the staples of modern diet contain so little

purgatives and cathartics only weaken the muscles further by their violent action, and tend to make you more constipated. The only way is to eat food that gives the bowel muscles bulk to "take hold of." Vegetables and fruit will help—but there's a better way—Kellogg's All-Bran!

Kellogg's All-Bran, a nut-sweet, crisp breakfast cereal, provides the bulk necessary to keep your muscles exercised! When you eat

it regularly your bowels act of their own accord—you have no more need of medicines.

Eat 2 heaped tablespoonsfuls of Kellogg's All-Bran every morning—either alone with milk and sugar or sprinkled over your favourite cereal. Eat it every day for a week—you'll be amazed at the results. You'll no longer be constipated and suffer from headaches and depression. Get a packet from your grocer today!



SOLD AT ALL GROCERS

*Eat it every day
and "never miss
a day"*

There's Health and Beauty in Green Turnip Tops

PATIENT: We hear a lot about the necessity for vitamins in the diet. Are these obtainable economically?

DURING the past few years vegetables have become a more important part of the daily dietary.

Housewives are keenly interested in their selection and preparation.

Yet homemakers are often un-

aware of the great nutritious value in such humble foods as turnip tops, beet tops, and kale.

At one time the experts were chiefly interested in foods for their caloric value. To-day we know that there are other factors besides calories which give value to foods.

The recognition of vitamins and

What My Patients . . . Ask Me . . .

By A DOCTOR

minerals, and their great importance to health, is of comparatively recent date.

But it is now firmly established that foods rich in these elements are essential to the well-being of every individual.

A health-building diet must include them in liberal amounts.

For this reason, foods such as turnip tops, beet tops, and kale deserve a special place in the dietary of every member of the family.

Not only are they nutritive foods but they are economical and appetising.

I venture to say that this valuable part of the turnip, the greens at the top, is more often discarded than used.

I trust this wasteful practice will soon cease. It is too important to throw away.

The turnip is not a new food. It has been cultivated since the days of ancient Greece.

In Russia and Germany the turnip is considered a delicacy. In Australia it is generally served as a cooked vegetable and the green part thrown away.

Serve Like Spinach

THE turnip tops or "greens" are cooked and served like spinach. They should be carefully washed and cooked for a few minutes in boiling, salted water.

The dish may be served with a little vinegar, butter sauce or cream sauce.

Kale is a hardy green vegetable and a member of the cabbage family. But, unlike the cabbage, its leaves grow in a spreading fashion from the stem of the plant.

The color of the leaves varies. Some are dark green, while others may be red, brown or purple.

Like the turnip, kale has been cultivated in Europe since earliest times. Many varieties are grown now in this country and the best variety



giving vegetable, too. Don't have the tops cut off the beets when you buy them. Take them off yourself at home, and cook the tops in the same manner as spinach.

Keep in mind the value of these vegetables. Serve them often for the sake of the vitamins they contain. There is no need to-day for anybody to suffer from the condition known as "avitaminosis."

And here a brief explanation of why vitamins are so necessary will not be amiss.

When I first started to practise medicine nothing was known of "avitaminosis." The very word had not yet been proposed.

But to-day not only are physicians familiar with this term, but I venture to say many lay persons know its meaning.

Avitaminosis, as the word indicates, is that abnormal physical condition which is caused by the lack of a vitamin or vitamins.

In order to prevent disturbances due to vitamin deficiency, it is essential that every infant and young child be supplied with foods rich in the essential vitamins.

For example, it is well known that milk, which is the chief article of food in the infant's diet, contains a good amount of vitamin A. But it is not as rich in vitamins B, C, and D.

For this reason, it is now advised to add to the diet of the infant and young child certain other natural foods and preparations which carry these necessary vitamins.

Young Children

TO this end the infant is given orange juice, or other fruit juices, at an early age. The child is quickly placed on cod liver oil, cereals and broths.

These feeding practices were unheard of in former years. We have learned better.

In spite of this, however, the infant and older child are often deprived of these additional and necessary foods; in consequence, the evil effects of avitaminosis occur.

A lack of vitamin A in the diet of a child leads to certain disorders of the eyes. In adults it may result in a lowering of the resistance of the body, with disorders of the eyes.

Such diseases as pellagra, as well as many disturbances of the skin, are caused by the lack of vitamin B.

A deficiency in vitamin C will lead to the disease known as scurvy, not so common now as compared with olden times.

Most persons are familiar with the fact that a lack of vitamin D in the diet will cause rickets. This was an extremely common disease in Europe and America until very recent years.

Although it was not a fatal disease, it often caused marked deformities of the extremities, ribs, and other bones.

The disease has been made to disappear by the universal use of cod liver oil. To-day all young children who are properly cared for are given cod liver oil in some form or other.

The diet of the infant and child can be so regulated as to prevent these vitamin deficiency disorders. They are preventable diseases, easily controlled.

FOR A plentiful supply of vitamins so necessary to health and beauty, eat freely of fruit and vegetables. The young lovely above never misses her salad for lunch every day.

Painless Childbirth



A beautiful, well built, contented baby, painless labour, easy confinement, no pain or discomfort, a quick recovery of the mother and an abundance of breast milk. Such can be the happy experience of any mother with the assistance of the Bio-Chemical System of Medicine, an experience born out by letters from hundreds of women who have experienced the amazing benefits of Kali Phos. (Potassium Phosphate) during pregnancy and childbirth.

Bio-Chemistry is the true science of supplying any deficiencies in diet by providing the mineral salts in exactly the same form and proportion. Nature furnishes them in vegetable, fruit, cereals, etc.

Kali Phos, one of the most important of mineral cell-salts, keeps up the supply of essential nerve fluid which ordinarily, and especially during pregnancy, is consumed more rapidly than digestive and assimilative processes can furnish it. We have proved in scores of cases that Kali Phos received into the system daily during the last months of pregnancy will eliminate pain and discomfort, ensure an easy, effortless confinement, with a minimum of labour, and practically free of pain. Thus Kali Phos takes the place of the old-fashioned drugs, giving vigour and tone to the system, preventing exhaustion and enabling the mother to make a quick and complete recovery.

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ALL CONSULTATIONS FREE



"Why, Mr. Pig, I think that's downright shocking! Really? You don't believe in bathing? . . . Merciful goodness, I didn't suppose there was anybody left with such old-fashioned ideas!"



"Something's got to be done about this! . . . Let's see . . . what's been wrong with the baths you've had? Soap in the eye? Or . . . Wait — how dumb of me — I see it all now! You've never had Johnson's Baby Powder afterward!"



"Hold on — don't run away! You're going to have a brand-new thrill! Soft silky Johnson's Baby Powder to make you feel as cool as a breeze and happy as a pig in clover. Now . . . who's afraid of the big bad bath?"

Johnson's Baby Powder is soft as silk—smooth as satin. That is why doctors and nurses recommend Johnson's as the finest powder babies can have. Use also Johnson's Baby Soap and Johnson's Baby Cream.



Home in Modern Regency Style



By Air Mail from Our London Office

LONDON, Dec. 30.

ONE of the popular period styles for home decoration and furnishing in London just now is Regency.

The graceful Regency style, so-called because it was the mode of furnishing popular during the time France was under the regency of Philip, Duke of Orleans, from 1715 to 1723, is a decided contrast to the present modern style.

When Regency is used to-day it is adapted to suit modern requirements and often proves more charming than the colder modern style.

An example of this style is the home pictured on this page. It belongs to Mr. Leslie Banks, the well-known actor, and is in Mallord Street, Chelsea, the famous artists' colony in London.

Walls in Imitation Pine

THE living-room cleverly combines a Regency atmosphere with modern adaptations. The walls are covered in imitation pine. The carpet is plain pile—a modern concession—but the furnishings are Regency. One picture shows a corner of this room with an Adam fireplace.

In front of the fireplace with its fender, coal-scuttle and fire-irons there is a long low stool covered in old-time tapestry and finished with fringe.

White urns in the favorite Grecian lines of Adam are used for the lamp bowls and as flower vases.

The festoon motif of the period appears in the dining-room in the wallpaper. The old-world candlesticks on the mantelshelf are in harmony; so are the animal figures—the spotted dogs on the mantel and the cats on the butler table.

The dining-room chairs are upholstered in striped silk brocade and the window curtains, long foot-length drapes, are of heavy brocade.

In the picture showing a corner of the hall you will notice similar chairs to those in the dining-room upholstered in the same striped brocade. These supplement a little

CHARM and graciousness of early 18th-century decoration cleverly adapted to suit present-day requirements in house furnished by well-known actor.



LIVING-ROOM in Regency style. Walls are in imitation pine, carpet is plain and flush with walls, furnishings are period, with lamp bowls and vases of white urn type.



THE FIREPLACE in the study is unusual. It is finished with tiles depicting quaint, old-world characters, while on the mantelshelf are china animals. Interesting and varied prints cover the walls.



gate-legged table which holds a big vase of flowers and a corner chinacabinet which holds some decorative pieces of china.

Another interesting room is the study. Here the fireplace is finished with tiles depicting quaint old-world figures. On the mantelshelf are more china animal figures, while the wall is liberally covered with interesting prints.

The big easy chair and its loose cushions beside the fireplace are covered in glazed floral chintz

which stands up to plenty of hard wear.

The main bedroom is an attractive room. Walls are plain here, except for a hand-painted mural between the two windows showing a tree and birds.

The curtains of plain taffeta are



DIGNIFIED AND SIMPLE is the dining-room with walls covered in period design wallpaper, old-fashioned candlesticks, chairs upholstered in striped silk brocade, and long graceful window drapes in heavy brocade showing a self-toned design.



IN THE BEDROOM, plain carpet and plain walls, except for a hand-painted mural between the windows. Curtains, lounge upholstery and dressing-table drapes, also of plain fabrics, throw into relief the bedspread of heavy embossed brocade.

looped back at either side, and match the plain all-over carpet. Plain furnishing satin is used to upholster the lounge by the window and to drape the little dressing-table.

The bedspread is the only patterned fabric in the room, and this is an elaborate embossed brocade finished with a double row of matching fringes. The headboard is also covered in brocade, the centre panel being left smooth and the pieces around the edge being gathered.

Innate and frayedly is the nursery, where the furniture is of plain hard-wearing wood and the walls are done in washable paint. Notice the corner toy and china cupboard, the useful bookshelves, and the little writing desk on the left of the picture.



Packed with interest! "Before and After" illustrations in full colour!

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2nd Book on Home Decoration

"THE COLORFUL HOME"

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Anne Stewart, Director, Taubmans Home Decorating Service,
75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney.—Please send me free your
enlarged and entirely new book, "The Colorful Home." I
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GLAMOUR

Lines in clear eyes—dull, tired eyes—dark, tired eyes—come up DLO—makes tired eyes brilliant and clear with whites free of veins or redness, in thirty seconds. DLO is the formula of a famous Eye Specialist—it soothes, clears, strengthens, and is present for eye strain.

Age comes before the eyes—DLO arrests them and maintains youthful clarity and charm at a cost of a few cents per week.



Grow Delphiniums for Delicate Color in the Garden

THESE exquisite blooms, both the taller, graceful varieties and the pretty little butterfly types, bring unusual grace and color to the home garden

—SAYS THE OLD GARDENER

AS most of the beautiful effects in a garden are obtained with color, this essential feature should be the main consideration of every home gardener.

It matters not whether you prefer a riot of brilliant colors of every hue mingled together in massed style, whether you prefer your colors separated but still massed, or whether you like to distribute the various shades softly throughout the garden.

One of the flowers most useful in obtaining lovely color display is the delphinium.

This magnificent flower should always find a prominent position in every garden. It should be planted so that every shade of blue in the delphiniums will mingle with the hues of the various other flowers in the color scheme of the garden.

Seed of the delphinium planted now will germinate rapidly and will be ready for transplanting during the early autumn. It must be remembered that the autumn-planted delphinium surpasses those grown at other times of the year.

They are naturally cold-climate plants, and when transplanted during the autumn grow all through the winter months and give a wonderful display in the early spring.

They also bring unusual grace, beauty, and color to the garden, for they are among the loveliest of the blue flowers. The hybrid type is perennial and can be obtained in various blues.

Careful Selection

TO obtain really unique and outstanding effects in the garden; careful selection and planning should be done, and wonderful color schemes will result.

After delphiniums have finished flowering, cut back all the old stems and foliage. When the new shoots begin to make their appearance, dig

up, and, with a sharp knife, carefully remove the pieces, making sure each piece has a root attached. In this way many young plants can be secured.

If raising delphiniums by seed, you must select a semi-shaded corner. Prepare the seed-bed well, and sprinkle the seed over lightly, water well, and in a few days the young plants will be through. Be sure to keep the beds moist, but not too wet.

When they are large enough to handle, prick out into boxes, spacing them an inch each way. Then at transplanting time cut them out with plenty of soil attached to the roots and they will receive no setback from transplanting.

Delphiniums thrive in open, sunny situations. If planted in semi-shaded positions they become subject to mildew.

Mildew can be easily detected by the appearance of the leaves, which become covered with a white powdery substance.

If they should suffer from this in the open, spray with lime sulphur, using one part of lime sulphur to 40 parts of water. To prevent further spreading of the disease a dusting of the foliage with pure sulphur will do the trick.

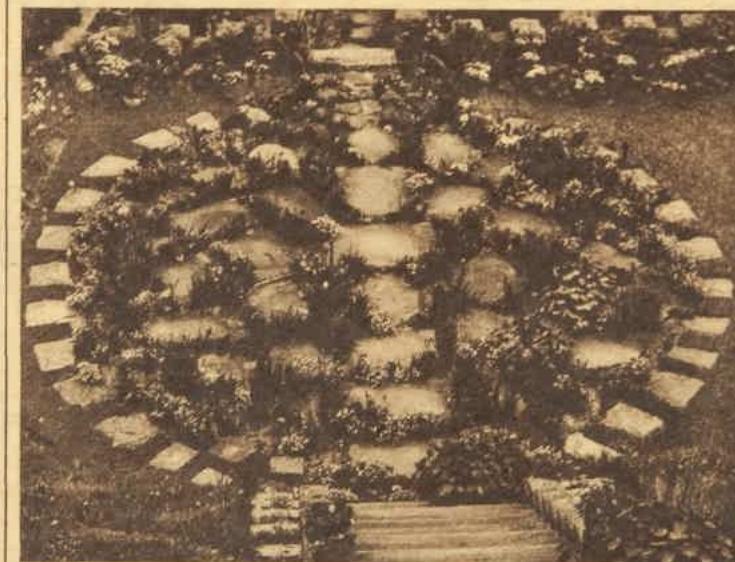
Experience has taught me that the raising of plants from seed on the coastal areas is more successful than cultivating from crowns. But when it comes to the highlands and in

The butterfly type is a small showy variety of azure-blue, dark blue, white, and mixed, and is used for borders.

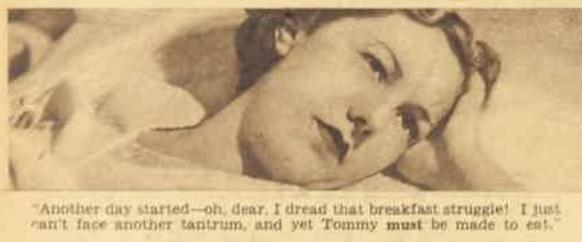
A most colorful and attractive effect can be had if dark blue delphiniums of the tall variety are planted in the background, the lighter blues planted in the centre, and the pretty little butterfly used as a border.

Just try this out during the coming season and see the exquisite effect that it produces.

Even small gardens can be made most attractive if a few of the tall varieties are planted here and there in prominent corners, so they grow and bloom above any other flowering plants.



FOR rockeries in sunken gardens, and for crevices between paving stones, snowy dwarf growing Alyssum is attractive and very suitable. It also combines well with other dwarf plants. Alyssum blooms in other shades, including yellow and lilac. Seed should be sown in autumn.



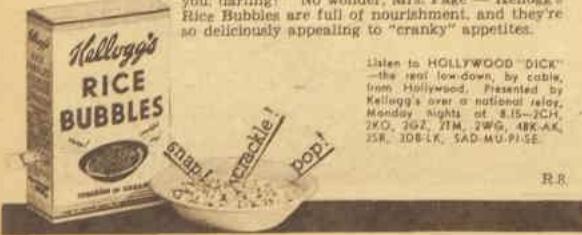
"Another day started—oh, dear, I dread that breakfast struggle! I just can't face another tantrum, and yet Tommy must be made to eat."



"Excuse me, Mrs. Page," says the next door neighbour. "We're off to the country and I hate leaving food in the house. Will you take this new packet of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles? I'm sure Tommy likes them—my Peter won't eat anything else! He likes to hear that 'SNAP!' 'CRACKLE!' and 'POP!' when the milk is poured on!"



"Can I have some more Rice Bubbles, Mum?" "Can you have more, my angel—you can have as much as you like!" replies Mother, thrilled that all her breakfast worries are over. "Those Kellogg's Rice Bubbles have made a new boy of you, darling!" No wonder, Mrs. Page—Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are full of nourishment, and they're so deliciously appealing to "cranky" appetites.



—the real low-down, by cable, from Hollywood. Presented by Kellogg's over a national relay. Mail order price of 8s 6d-2ch. 2K, 2G, 2J, 2M, 2W, 4K, 4A, 5S, 10B-LK, 1AD-MU-1FE.

R.R.

Be sure when buying your seed that it is fresh, for old seed loses its vitality.

Drainage plays a very important part in the permanent beds, and this is absolutely essential for success, for badly-drained soil brings disaster and all kinds of diseases and insects.

Delphiniums revel in lime, so applications from time to time are beneficial not only in keeping down various diseases, but in helping to sweeten the soil.

Dig the bed deep and enrich the soil as much as possible. These plants are deep rooters, so place the manure well under the surface.

See that the manure is well decayed, and on no account use lime at the same time as you use manure.

Several weeks after planting, lime can be used. Liquid manure applied from time to time during the flowering period will work wonders.

in colder areas the crowns are grown to more advantage.

For instance, delphiniums grow best in Victoria, but they can also be grown in every other State in the Commonwealth if given correct treatment and positions to suit them are carefully selected.

Some of the best varieties to grow are as follows:

Cardinal should become more popular as its color is a vivid scarlet; it is one of our novel varieties.

Belladonna is the old-time favorite; the color is sky-blue and is one of the very superior varieties.

Gold Medal is a beautiful light blue, a deep blue, and a mid hue in color, has pastel tints, and is most attractive.

Bellamoss provides a splendid contrast of dark blue and also looks very attractive when intermingled with other varieties.

A massed bed of the butterfly type is also most attractive.

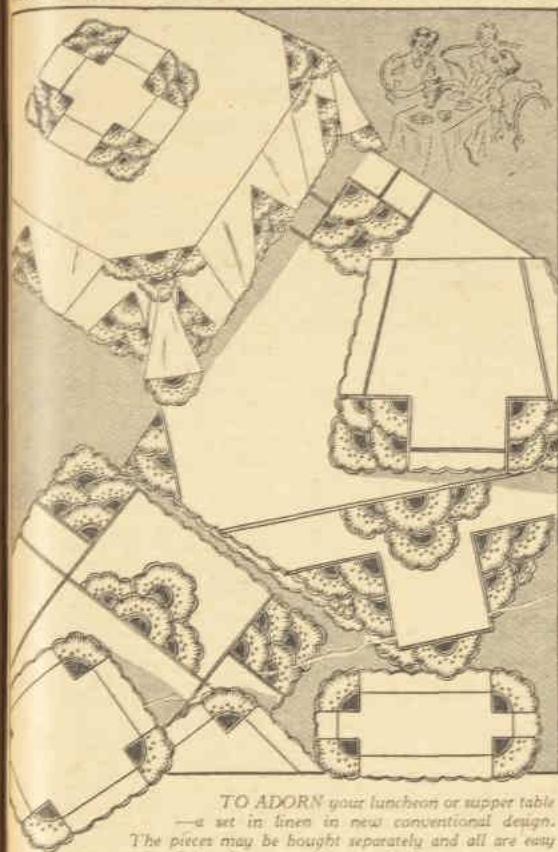
In the picture on this page a thick border of snowy-white Alyssum has been used as a contrast to the blue of the delphiniums.

Alyssum is a most useful little plant. It is dwarf-growing, very hardy, and most effective for borders, rockeries, and growing in crevices of crazy pavement paths or flagged terraces.

There are several types, including Maritimum (sweet Alyssum), which gives small tufts of white flowers. Maritimum Compactum ("Little Gem"), which is very dwarf. Procumbens ("Carpet of Snow"), very dwarf and pure white. Saxatile, a short hardy perennial with yellow flowers and hoary leaves. Serpyllifolium, which gives a dense carpet of golden-yellow flowers with silvery foliage. and Lilac Queen, a pure lilac. Seed should be sown in autumn or spring.

NEEDLEWORK
NOTIONS

Butterfly Mats for Your Dressing-Table



TO ADORN your luncheon or supper table—a set in linen in new conventional design. The pieces may be bought separately and all are easy to work. Order from our Needlework Department now.

Supper or Luncheon Set in Smart New Design

WORK IT IN WHITE OR COLORED LINEN AND USE IT FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS. WHEN YOUR TABLE MUST LOOK ITS BEST.

THIS delightful supper or luncheon set in a smart new conventional design is obtainable traced ready for working from our Needlework Department.

You have a choice of white,

cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green linen, and the design, which is simple but very effective, is mostly buttonhole, stem-stitch, and stem-stitch with lines radiating from the centre. Work spots in satin-stitch.

The prices are:—
Cloth, 36 by 36 inches, 7/6.
Cloth, 45 by 45 inches, 8/9.
Cloth, 54 by 54 inches, 11/6.
Serviette, 11 by 11 inches, 1/-.
Sandwich d'oyley, 8 by 11 inches, 1/-.
Plate d'oyley, 8 by 8 inches, 1/-.
Tea-cosy, 13 by 19 inches, 3/6.
Traymobile cloth, 14 by 25 inches, 4/6.
Cloths in other sizes are also obtainable on request.

Cottons, Too

COTTONS for working may be obtained from our Needlework Department.

To work the set do the flowers in either white or ecru broder cotton, or in pastel shades to harmonise with dinnerware and chinaware.

Buttonhole the outline of the cloth, including the flowers.

Buttonhole the inside edge of the flowers, also the square pieces joining the edge of the corners. Work the spots in french knots or eyelets and stem-stitch the small lines running from the flowers.

For addresses of Needlework Departments see pattern page in this issue.

PRETTY three-piece duchesse set, which can be worked in colors to harmonise with your bedroom furnishings.

ALTHOUGH simple in design this butterfly duchesse set is very charming when completed.

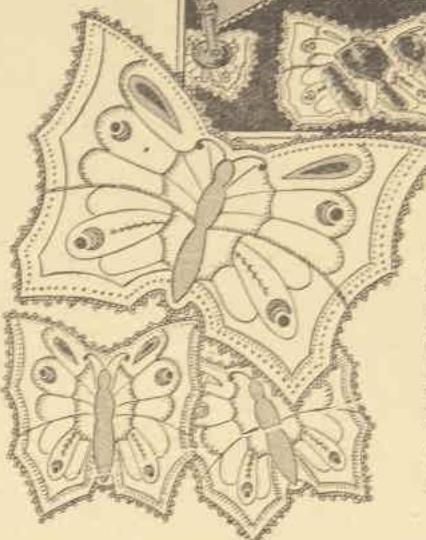
It is obtainable from our Needlework Department traced for working on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green linen.

The centre mat measures 12 by 18 inches, and the small mats 8 by 8 inches. Edges are spoke-stitched ready for crochet finish.

The price of the three-piece set is 2/6 postage free.

Cottons for working are also obtainable from our Needlework Department for 1/- a skein.

The design should be worked in colors to suit your room. Work the centre of the butterfly in satin-stitch and stem-stitch the lines radiating from the centre. Work spots in satin-stitch.



YOU can obtain this pretty dressing-table set, consisting of one large and two small mats, from our Needlework Department. The design is traced for working on white or colored linen with edges spoke-stitched for crochet finish.

That bedspread looks awfully dingy—but I daren't wash it!

Nonsense! PERSIL will wash those colours like new!

It's just as she said... **PERSIL**
IS MARVELLOUS FOR
COLOURS!

There's good reason why coloured things come out of a Persil wash clear and brilliant. Persil's suds are oxygen-charged to get things perfectly clean with no hard rubbing to damage colours or fibres. Indeed, Persil cleanses so thoroughly that tepid or even cold water may be used if colours are likely to run. And Persil washes so quickly that things are out of the water in next to no time.

It's by washing things so much cleaner that Persil keeps them brighter.



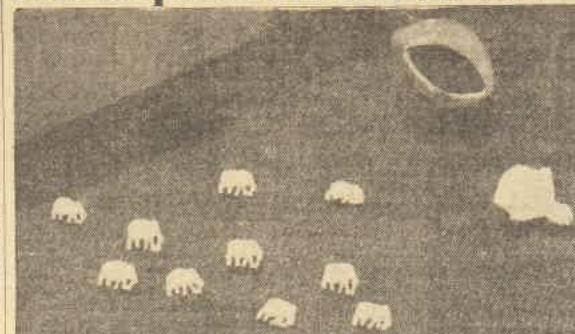
Don't forget... Persil's gentle cleansing makes things last longer!

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

Asthma Cause Killed in 24 Hours

Thanks to the discovery of an American physician, it is now possible to get rid of those terrible spells of choking, gasping, coughing and wheezing Asthma by killing the true cause, which is Germs in the blood. No more burning of powders, no more hypodermic injections. This new discovery, Mendado, starts to work in 2 minutes, kills the Germs causing Asthma, thus refreshing the blood and restoring vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything and work and enjoy life. Mendado is so successful it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours and to sign your Asthma completely in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendado from your Chemist to-day. Refuse a substitute. The guarantee protects you. 2383.

Ten Elephants in a Beanshell!



THE ten exquisitely-carved ivory elephants pictured above all came from India in the hollowed beads beside them. The photo has been enlarged to show the elephants at almost four times their size. Actually each is only as big as the head of a pin, and the carving gives an idea of the skill employed by the Cochin native to fashion these life-like elephants from scraps of ivory dust.

The native carver worked without design or tools other than his cleverly-used knife, and even under a microscope the elephants are perfectly shaped.

The bean pod (at top right), a red "lucky" bean of India, is about the size of a plump wheat-grain, and has a carved ivory "lid" (shown just below the bean). This portable collection of beasts was brought from India by Elizabeth Powell, whose short stories are well known to readers of The Australian Women's Weekly.

**Tobacco Stains
easily removed with
5-IN-ONE
DENTAL CREAM**

The native carver worked without design or tools other than his

WRITTEN IN THE STARS ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

MOST CAPRICORNians
are "careerists." The job's the thing, though often they don't realise how intense they are in this regard.

CAPRICORNians (those whose birthdays fall between December 22 and January 20) are serious-minded people, and thrive on responsibilities. Even in play they work with seriousness and intentness.

In fact, the majority of their troubles in life come through this seriousness, for it works against them in many ways.

It lays them open to imposition. Others soon learn that nearly all Capricornians like responsibilities and positions of authority, and that they are usually honest and trustworthy. As a result, most of the odd jobs that no one else wants find their way to Capricornians—jobs which are hard or dull, and need patience and attention to detail.

But don't worry too much on their behalf. They really enjoy hard work and responsibility, provided they feel they are working up to positions of authority and personal gain. Although in one sense they are idealistic, they are essentially practical and far-sighted.

But, while they are quite willing to shoulder the burdens others heave upon them, they are not as foolish as they may seem. They are planning for the future.

They soon learn that luck seldom favors Capricornians; that they must work hard for what they get; that they must build solid foundations, and slowly but surely erect the edifice of success which is their final goal.

That goal is no mean thing. All Capricornians are ambitious—extremely ambitious. Nothing but the best is good enough for them. If they seem modest meanwhile, it is only evidence of patient and far-seeing planning.

High Ambitions

THEY build slowly, but they build exceeding well. And they aim high.

Of course there are extremists; those who are so eaten up by ambition that they miss the best in life through continually stumbling to reach their goals.

These people are cold, self-centred, dogmatic, hard, and economical to the point of meanness. They're seldom met, but once encountered they're never forgotten.

They drive their employees, pay them poorly, condemn their faults and frailties, and in every way make themselves hated. But give them their due, they are as hard and unyielding with themselves as they are with others.

As against these few extremists, there are the many really wonderful Capricornians—kindly, sympathetic, unselfish, generous, intensely anxious to help others carry their burdens, and sparing no effort to make others happy, and to help the distressed and unfortunate.

These folk will fight for the "cause" rather than for themselves. They have an excellent sense of justice and humor. And when you meet a Capricornian who has learned to laugh, especially at himself, you have met a very fine person indeed.

Daily Diary

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Better times are coming, so don't be rash just yet. Plan for the future. Meanwhile, January 26 and 27 quite fair.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Let who will be clever, but don't

include yourself in that group. Low, for unwise Taurians can get into difficulties, especially on January 21, 22 and 23 (early).

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Follow your stars on January 21 and 23 (to noon only). Be modest and seek advancement of some kind. Be sure to turn the days to good account. Start new ventures, make changes.

CANCER (June 22 to July 22): Not spectacular. January 21, 22 and 23 just fair.

LEO (July 23 to August 22): Hold from danger, for you are sure to be in the wrong thing just now, and who found out. This is particularly so on January 31, 22 and 23 (early).

VIRGO (August 24 to September 22): Unspectacular to poor. In quiet.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to October 22): Have some important plans ready for January 21, 22 and 23 (midnight) can produce opportunities and benefits. Seek promotion, make changes, ask favors.

SCORPIO (October 23 to November 21): Unwary Scorpions can run into difficulties just now. Take a risk. Avoid losses and partings especially on January 21, 22 and 23 (early).

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 to December 21): Quite fair on January 21 and 27.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Just a week of fair routine best.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 18): The stars shine bright for most Aquarians on January 1, 22, and 23 (until 2 p.m.). Good opportunities then. Ask favors, make changes, be diligent and optimistic.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Let important matters stand over. January 23 (to noon), 24 and 25 just fair.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology, a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.

Freckles

Sun and Wind Bring Out Un-Spots. How to Remove Easily.

Here's a chance. Miss Freckleface tries a remedy for freckles with a guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles; while it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Kintho—double strength—from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case. Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

TAKE THE LEAD OUT OF YOUR LEGS

Get Oxygen in Your Blood and You'll Get the Pep that Sends You Bound Up the Stair.

People who smother to death die because oxygen has been completely cut off from them. Just as surely you are slowly smothering if your blood lacks red corpuscles. They carry the oxygen throughout every part of your system. Without enough oxygen-carrying corpuscles, your kidneys, liver, stomach and bowels slow down. You get pale, fussy, often sleepy. You have no pep, no pep, no pep—just feel depressed.

What you need is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These world famous pills help you make more and better red corpuscles and thus increase the oxygen-carrying power of your blood. Get the Pink Pills today at your chemist's store and save for yourself how good this time-proven blood-builder will feel you back your pep.

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SECONDED by Baron Leg of
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The motion was supported by Messieurs Chop, Steak and Kidney.

UNANIMOUSLY DECIDED THAT "since fast-cooking, money-saving, modern electric ranges may now be purchased from The Sydney County Council for a few shillings per month without deposit, and that since even the cost of installation is included in these remarkable easy terms, all Sydney women be urged to call at Sydney County Council Showrooms without delay."

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You can protect your family against all-too-prevalent eye-strain by installing at least one of the "Better Sight" Lamps now available from the Sydney County Council on particularly easy terms.

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ELECTRICALLY

Handy Hints Scrapbook . . .

CUT out these handy hints and new ideas from this page every week. Paste them in a scrapbook under their headings in alphabetical order, and you will find your book an ever-ready source of help and information.

When Cooking Potatoes

You will be sure of your potatoes being dry and floury if you do not add the salt until they are nearly cooked.

For Facial Wrinkles

Lemon juice is an astringent that is good for wrinkles. Use it absolutely fresh and gently rub across the line which is beginning to form. If your skin is very sensitive, dilute the juice with a little water.

Making Starch

Try using milk instead of water when making starch. It helps ironing and prevents sticking.

Making Soap Last

If you cover one side of a cake of soap with silver paper it will last much longer.

FOR YOUNG WIVES AND MOTHERS

A Common Complaint

YOUNG children are often sufferers of a very common complaint — that of thread worms. However, these can be effectively removed and the child's health greatly improved.

A leaflet outlining treatment for worms has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Bureau. This may be obtained free of cost by sending a request, together with a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Enclose your envelope, "Mothercraft."

When writing give baby's name, weight at birth, present weight without clothing. Have you written before? State yes or no.

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BEWARE OF A FISH THAT YOU CAN DENT EASILY BY POKING IT WITH YOUR FINGER.

Orange Tip

Before peeling oranges place in the oven for a few minutes to heat slightly, or stand in boiling water for five minutes. The white, bitter inside skin will come off with the rind and the fruit will be far more juicy.

Burnt Saucepans

To clean burnt saucepans, fill with salt and water and leave until next day. Then put on the stove and bring slowly to the boil. The burnt particles will come away easily, and there will be no damage to the metal as is often the case when soda is used for cleansing.

To Renovate Leather

To renovate a leather handbag, rub over with a well-beaten white of an egg. Then polish with beeswax and turpentine, and finally rub with a clean, soft cloth.

Milky Tumblers

When tumblers have been used for milk, rinse in cold water before washing in hot water. The milk will not stick to the glass, and the tumblers will be much easier to clean.

Substitute for Cream

If you run out of cream, warm half a pint of new milk, and when just on the boil stir in a well-beaten egg. Turn into a basin to cool, and you will find it an excellent substitute for the real thing.

The A.B.C. of Cookery

This glossary of the more unfamiliar terms used in cookery and on menus will be continued every week until complete. Cut them out and paste in your scrapbook.

Brioche: French—rich roll, unsweetened, made from flour, eggs, and yeast.

Brisket: Joint of beef next to the rib, cheap cut, usually fat and salted.

Bred: Cook on gridiron in front of hot, clear fire.

Brose: Sweet bottled drink made from honey, water, and whisky.

Browning: Coloring matter put into gravies, stews, soups.

Bechamel: Rich white sauce flavored with mushrooms.

Beignet: French—fritter.

Beurre Noir: French — browned butter.

Bordeaux: Name of a sauce, also a brand of claret wine.

Bordelaise: Pertaining to Bordeaux.

Bouillabaisse: French—thick fish soup.

Brochette: Meats broiled on skewers.

Bay Leaf: Aromatic leaf of bay tree dried whole and used in soups and stews.

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In Many homes Baby does not appear, so the disappointment of husband and wife, on this matter, contains valuable information and advice. Copies of the book for postage, in Demy 8vo, "A." Mrs. Clifford, 48 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.***

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The modern treatment is a daily foot-dip in warm water with a small handful of Radox added. Radox supercharges the water with life-giving oxygen which cleanse the skin pores. When the crippling acid gets away. Oh, the relief! Muscles are soothed. Swelling goes down. Tired, burning acid feet are eased and comforted. Radox is obtainable of all Chemists, price 2/- and 3/- per packet.

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For nearly 150 years the women in our family have bought Horrockses Sheets and Pillowcases. Now my granddaughter is buying Horrockses, too. She'll be the eighth generation to prove the sound economy of buying Horrockses Sheets and Pillowcases. I think it's splendid that, in these modern times, she can buy Sheets and Pillowcases and be sure—if Horrockses name is on the selvedge—that they'll give the same wonderful wear that women have appreciated for seven generations.

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SHEETS AND PILLOWCASES

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Rennet Custards . . .

Simple to Make and So Delicious!

You can make these attractive and nourishing summer sweets with their gay garnishings in a few minutes.

Of course, you all know how necessary milk is in the daily diet. "Nature's perfect food" is rich in food elements and vitamins essential for good nutrition.

But it is not always easy to get the children to drink sufficient milk—a quart a day being necessary for each child and a pint each for mother and father.

With junket rennet tablets, however, milk is quickly transformed into delicious, easily-digested rennet custards—colorful, gay, and easy to make.

This way you can serve milk in a host of delightful ways that both children and grown-ups will love. It is the rennet enzyme—the active ingredient in junket tablets—that makes rennet custards more readily digestible than ordinary milk.

This enzyme is Nature's method of transforming milk into soft, easily assimilated curds.

Here are directions for making rennet custards:

1. Set out four or five sweet glasses. Dissolve one junket rennet tablet in a tablespoon of cold water. To 1 pint (2 measuring cups) fresh milk add 3 tablespoons sugar and

LEMON JUNKET WITH COCONUT NUT

One junket tablet, 1 teaspoon cold water, 1 pint milk, 1 heaped tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon flavoring, shredded coconut.

Make junket according to directions above, using lemon flavoring in place of vanilla. Chill. At serving time, sprinkle a little coconut over the top of each dish of junket and garnish with cubes of jelly if desired.

JUNKET WITH PURÉE OF BANANA

One junket tablet, 1 teaspoon cold water, 1 pint milk, 1 heaped tablespoon sugar, 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 2 bananas, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon orange juice.

Cut two bananas into slices and

put over the fire with a quarter cup of water, cook slowly until tender, and press through a sieve; add a teaspoonful of orange juice, two teaspoons of sugar, and one of gelatine that has been soaked in cold water. Stir until dissolved and fill into the bottom of the glasses. Chill. Make a plain junket according to directions above and fill in glasses. Serve icy cold with sweetened cream.

2. Warm milk mixture slowly, stirring constantly until lukewarm, not hot (120 deg. F.). A few drops of milk on the inside of your wrist should feel only comfortably warm.

3. Remove from stove. If desired, add small pinch of salt. Add dissolved rennet tablet and stir quickly for a few seconds only.

4. Pour at once, while still liquid, into dessert glasses. Let set until it thickens—about 10 minutes. Chill rennet custards in ice-chest or refrigerator. Serve in small glasses.

RENNET CUSTARD is poured while still liquid into serving-glasses and then set aside for ten minutes to thicken. Garnishing is applied later.

1 teaspoon vanilla or other flavoring to taste.

2. Warm milk mixture slowly, stirring constantly until lukewarm, not hot (120 deg. F.). A few drops of milk on the inside of your wrist should feel only comfortably warm.

3. Remove from stove. If desired, add small pinch of salt. Add dissolved rennet tablet and stir quickly for a few seconds only.

4. Pour at once, while still liquid, into dessert glasses. Let set until it thickens—about 10 minutes. Chill rennet custards in ice-chest or refrigerator. Serve in small glasses.

BANANA ROYAL

One junket tablet, 1 teaspoon cold water, 1 pint milk, 1 heaped tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon flavoring, 1 banana, 4 pieces sponge cake (leftover cake may be used).

Place the pieces of cake (about two inches square or smaller) in the bottom of the dessert dishes. Make lemon junket according to directions above and pour over pieces of cake. Let set until firm—about 10 minutes. Chill. When ready to serve, put slices of banana on top of each dessert.

RASPBERRY FIG JUNKET

One junket tablet, 1 teaspoon cold water, 1 pint milk, 1 heaped tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon raspberry flavoring, a few drops cochineal, 1 cup mashed preserved figs.

Make junket according to directions above, using raspberry flavoring in place of vanilla, and adding cochineal with 1 heaped tablespoon sugar. Chill. At serving time, top each dessert with the preserved figs and, if desired, dot with bits of whipped cream.

ALMOND NUT JUNKET

One junket tablet, 1 teaspoon cold water, 1 pint milk, 1 cup whipping cream, 1 heaped tablespoon sugar, 1 level tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon only almond flavoring, 1 cup almonds, cherries.

Make junket according to directions above, using almond flavoring instead of vanilla with one heaped tablespoon sugar. Chill. When ready to serve, whip the cream. Just before it is stiff add one level tablespoon sugar, and mix thoroughly together. Put whipped cream on top of each dish of junket, and garnish with chopped almonds and cherries.

STRAWBERRY BAVARIAN

One junket tablet, 1 teaspoon cold water, 1 pint milk, 1 cup whipping cream, 1 heaped tablespoon sugar, 1 level tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon strawberry flavoring, a few drops cochineal, 4 strawberries.

Make junket according to directions above, using strawberry flavoring in place of vanilla, and adding cochineal with 1 heaped tablespoon sugar and flavoring. Chill. When ready to serve, whip the cream, and just before it is stiff add 1 level tablespoon sugar and color a delicate pink. Mix thoroughly. Put on top of each dish of junket and garnish with whole strawberries.

MACAROON PARFAIT

One junket tablet, 1 teaspoon cold water, 1 pint milk, 1 heaped tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon flavoring, 1 level tablespoon sugar, 1 cup whipping cream, 1 cup fine macaroon crumbs.

In the bottom of each dessert dish put one heaped teaspoon of mac-

BY
—MARY
FORBES
Cookery Expert
to
The Australian
Women's Weekly



FIRST STEP in the simple process of making rennet custards—dissolving junket tablet in water.

poon crumbs. Make junket according to directions above, and pour over macaroon crumbs. Let set until



DELICIOUS rennet custards made with junket tablets and milk. A little flavoring, garnishings, and sweetening give an endless variety of these highly nourishing sweets.

firm—about 10 minutes. Chill. When ready to serve, whip the cream, adding one level tablespoon sugar, and the rest of the macaroon crumbs. Mix thoroughly and put on top of each dessert.

DATE JUNKET

One junket tablet, 1 teaspoon cold water, 1 pint milk, 1 heaped tablespoon sugar, 20 dates, maraschino cherries.

Dissolve junket tablet in one teaspoon cold water. Cut 16 dates in small pieces. Mix well with 1 cup

slightly warmed milk. Press through strainer. Add strained dates and sugar to remaining 1/2 cups milk. Warm to lukewarm—not hot. Remove from stove. Add dissolved tablet. Stir a few seconds and pour immediately into individual dessert glasses. Let set until firm—about 10 minutes. Chill. Before serving, garnish with slices of dates and maraschino cherries arranged like a flower, using the dates for petals and the cherries for the centre.

HEINZ Mayonnaise

Win generous, deserved praise with your salads by blending them with Heinz Mayonnaise as the finishing touch. It's a secret, a little secret, but so important!

Making mayonnaise is an art to which many women devote endless care. Imagine then how good Heinz Mayonnaise must be when you think that Heinz chefs, with 69 years' experience in making perfect foodstuffs, have devoted years and years, and all their resources, to producing the most delicious possible mayonnaise! You would expect such a mayonnaise—wouldn't you?—to win anybody's praise. It does! Try it! If you don't find Heinz Mayonnaise completely delicious, your grocer will give you back the purchase price in full. How's that for a guarantee!

A copy of a most interesting recipe book entitled "Salads and when to have them" will be sent you free on request to H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd., Bendigo Street, Richmond E.1., Melbourne, Victoria.



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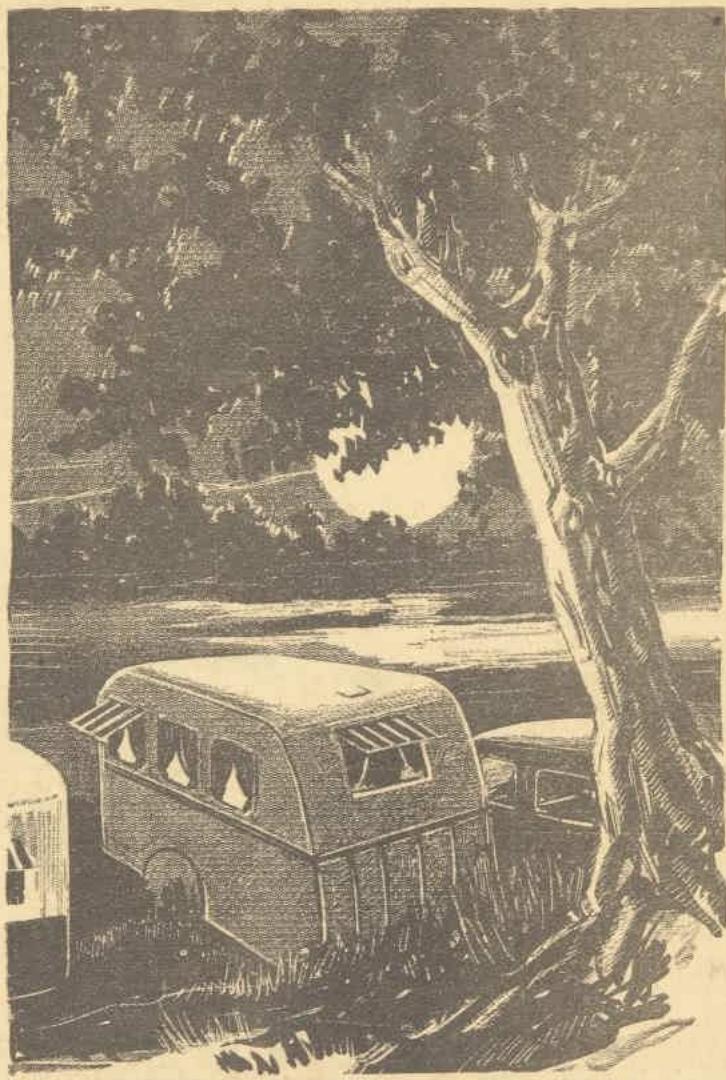
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Murder Goes In a Trailer

. By .
**TIMOTHY
BRACE**

Australian Women's
Weekly NOVEL,
January 21, 1939.

SUPPLEMENT—MUST NOT
BE SOLD SEPARATELY.



Murder Goes In a Trailer

By TIMOTHY BRACE



ANTHONY ADAMS sat in the morning sun in the patio of his Palm Beach house hard at work on the most difficult job in the world—doing nothing. Anthony turned his head slowly and beheld Thurber, his rotund manservant. "I came to announce that Chief Chase is here, sir."

"Hello, Tony!" A fat man, nearly as large around as Thurber, came striding toward them across the patio. "I decided not to wait on the formalities of your two men here," he said, indicating Thurber, "but to bust in."

Anthony looked at him with sceptical hope. "And may I inquire at once," he asked, "if your visit is purely social, or has it any slight official note?"

"Both, Tony, both." He looked concerned.

Anthony sat up another quarter of the way in his chair. "Tell me, Sheriff. Breathe the good word."

"It's down in a trailer camp," Chase said. "The Seacrest Trailer Park. I just got word through on the phone that a man was found dead in his trailer there."

Anthony now sat all the way up in his chair. His words to the Sheriff belied his action. "I suppose I'll have to help you out of this one, too," he said with resignation. "Thurber?" he called.

Thurber appeared in the patio by magic, suddenly. "Yes, sir?" he asked.

"Hitch up the Aeroyacht and get ready to drive," Anthony instructed.

There was a faint, easy rumble as the trailer got under way.

"Hey!" Chase yelled. "We're not going inside this thing!"

"The salesman," Anthony said, "informed me that it was more comfortable than travelling in a car. He even went so far as to say that riding in an automobile is antiquated when you can ride in his kind of trailer."

Anthony investigated the miniature bar, produced several drinks, and brought them back to the table. He and the Sheriff sipped in modish comfort.

"Now," said Anthony, "the details. All the integrating little things leading up to our problem."

"I haven't gotten much more on it," Chase said. "Only—"

"A precaution," Anthony interrupted. He picked up the telephone again and said into it. "Thurber, to spare myself repetition in satisfying your incipient curiosity, you'd better listen in." He put the telephone, still connected, on the table between himself and Chase.

The Sheriff went on to explain that the Chief of Police at Seacrest, the town near where the trailer camp was located, reported the murder. At least that's what he had called it. Chase wasn't ready yet to accept it as murder.

"The dead man is General Franklin Werner. The chief at Seacrest was pretty excited over the phone and I couldn't get it all. But it seems this old boy was married and had a wife along, a woman a lot younger than he was. She wasn't there last night. There's a kid who's sort of secretary and chauffeur, and a Cuban travelling in a trailer who's supposed to admire the General's wife, and who scammed the camp in his outfit during the night."

"Anyone else of a family nature connected with the tragic event?"

Ernest Chase looked angry. Reluctantly, he said, "The General's brother, who has a trailer of his own. He's a retired army surgeon, and he's the one who's saying it's murder."

"And how?" Anthony inquired, "did the General die in bed?"

The sheriff now looked baffled. "Nobody knows so far. There aren't any wounds and there aren't any signs of violence, except the body turned sort of dark. He—well, just dead, that's all. That's why I think maybe it isn't any murder at all, Tony, and—"

Anthony listened carefully until he looked suddenly from the trailer and announced: "We have arrived at the novel scene of the crime."

THE Seacrest Trailer Park is considered by experienced trailermen to be one of the best camps in the country. Situated directly on the ocean, its land is caressed not only with the warm south-east trade wind from the Caribbean, but with the shadows of massive palms and great Australian pines.

Anthony and Chase studied the body of the dead general. "Don't see what you can tell from that," the Sheriff muttered.

Anthony reached out, took hold of the covers, and pulled them back. Then he bent over, unbuttoned the jacket of the dead man's pyjamas, and uncovered an expanse of chest. The skin here, under the grey, ape-like hair, was much the same dark color as the face and hands.

"How about rounding up some people for questioning?" Chase asked.

Anthony roused himself. "I don't want to talk to anyone just yet," he said. Turning to the police chief of Seacrest, he requested, "Run along and find out one thing for me, won't you? Learn if the General wore a top to his bathing suit, or just wore trunks."

The little police chief gaped, then went out.

"All right, all right," Chase growled. "I won't ask you why, Tony, because I won't find out."

"Merely my autopsy, Sheriff," Anthony told him cheerfully. "And in this case I'll guarantee it will tell us as much as the regular autopsy when you have it performed. By the way, you've sent for all that business,

medical examiner, fingerprints, photographs and the rest of it?"

The Police Chief now returned. "He wore a top to his bathing suit, Mr. Adams," he reported.

Anthony seemed be highly pleased. He smiled at the little man and said, "Thank you for clear tidings."

Paying no attention to the other two men, he began to make a microscopic examination of the inside of the trailer. But the trailer, intact, appeared to be as tightly sealed against intrusion of any sort as a refrigerator.

He went on to go over the other things in the trailer, peering closely at the ceiling, at the walls, and at the floor, peeking into cabinets, closets, and storage spaces. He sniffed several times, like a dog vainly trying to pick up a lost scent. In the midst of this activity he looked up to say, "By the way, I'll be moving my trailer into the camp to stay awhile. Obviously, the only way to appease society is to study the conditions in which it was wronged." He looked out of one of the windows and indicated the empty lot off to one corner of the trailer in which they stood. "Arrange to have Thurber park our house there, will you?"

Anthony completed his examination of the inside of the trailer and then, followed by Chase, went out. Here he went over the outside of the trailer in the same manner in which he had looked at the inside, peering high and low for something he did not seem to find.

There was a commotion on the outside of the crowd near the central avenue of the trailer park as several cars drew up with a screech of brakes. Half a dozen men piled out. One had a camera and tripod in his hands, a second had several small boxes, a third carried a black medical bag.

"Your faithful retinue," Anthony told Sheriff Chase. He strode away, to where Thurber and one of the camp attendants had parked the Aeroyacht and were now busy erecting the awning and tent-drops at one side of it.

As soon as a folding table and a number of folding, square canvas chairs had been set in the enclosure beside Anthony's trailer, and Anthony had seated himself, a tall, gaunt man, with bushy black eyebrows, appeared at the door of the enclosure, stepped in without invitation, and said, as if it were an accusation, "You've Anthony Adams."

Anthony rose as he acknowledged this.

"I'm Daniel Ransome, owner of the park," the other man said. He accepted Anthony's hand and shook it limply.

"I knew you would want to ask me some things," Ransome said. He spoke politely, in a cultivated voice, but as if he were acutely annoyed. His whole attitude immediately registered itself as if he were not contented with the world and the people in it. "So I'll tell you," he went on. "I think

I realize just about what you want to know. What sort of man this was who has been killed, and his history in the camp."

"How do you know he was killed?" Anthony inquired.

Ransome looked flustered. "But," he stuttered, "but there's no question of that?"

Anthony didn't appear to be interested. "Mr. Ransome, I wonder if you would tell me how you happened to start the trailer camp here."

Ransome was obviously nettled at being interrupted, but explained readily. He said that he had been caught in the Florida boom with the land there, and that it had been a tax-elephant on his hands ever since. He had put all of his money into developing it, and in order to make it return something in the way of investment he had been obliged to start the trailer park as the only thing to do.

"Do you like trailers and dealing with the trailer public?" Anthony inquired.

Ransome started, as if he had been asked an impertinent question. But he was quick enough, and direct enough, about answering it. "No," he said. "I don't."

Ransome glared at Anthony. He rose. "Mr. Adams," he said stiffly, "if you have anything else you want to ask me, or there is anything more you want to know, I will, of course, be at your service." He bowed slightly, then strode out, and away.

A moment later Sheriff Chase came to the trailer with the County Medical Examiner. The physician, a careful, slow-spoken, almost sour man, began to tell Anthony his findings.

"Death was caused by asphyxiation," he related. "Undoubtedly with the use of—"

"One of the toxic gases," Anthony went on for him.

The young man Sheriff Chase had brought to Anthony looked frightened as he sat there in his chair facing them. He was twenty-two, good-looking, with a clean, smooth skin, clear blue eyes, and husky young shoulders. His name was Philip Rogers, and he had been, up until a few hours ago, combined secretary and chauffeur to General Werner.

"I was in Eiste's trailer, that is, Mrs. Craig and her daughter," the boy explained, "until nearly midnight. We could hear Mr. Ransome and the General arguing, but couldn't make out what they said."

He resumed his story of the morning as if that were more important. When the General, long past the time he usually rose, did not put in an appearance, Philip began to wonder. It was the General's habit always to lock the door of the trailer from the inside, as well as close all windows and the skylights. He hated fresh air; he held that he couldn't sleep except behind sealed walls.

Investigating, Philip looked in the windows of the trailer and saw the General lying there. "I knew he was dead," the young man said. "I could tell just by looking at him." He had called the General's brother, Dr. Jackson Werner, whose trailer was parked only a few yards away.

"Who had keys to the trailer?" Anthony asked.

"Only the General and Mrs. Werner."

"What makes you think that your employer's door was locked this morning before it was broken in?"

"I tried it. Mr. Adams, and looked at it. The barrel of the lock was in a position to show it was not locked with a key from the outside, but that the handle had locked it from the inside."

"Was the lock of the automobile type, that

is, if turned from the inside, no key could open it?"

"Yes, sir, it was."

"You weren't inside that trailer during the night?"

"How could I—? No, sir, I wasn't."

Anthony put in a question. "How long had you worked for the General?"

"About a year."

"Were you happy in your position?"

"Well, I—I don't know what to say about that." Philip Rogers hesitated. "If you had known the General," he said, "you would understand. He was abusive; he didn't care for the feelings of others; he treated people—me—like a dog."

"Why did you keep on working for him?" asked Anthony.

Philip swallowed. "I couldn't find anything else to do."

"What about Mrs. Werner?"

"She was all right." He didn't sound enthusiastic, but as if the wife, compared to the husband, was acceptable.

"One thing more," Anthony said. "How did the General and his wife get along?"

"Well," the boy replied, "I've never been married, and probably I'm too young to say, but it doesn't seem to me like a good idea for a man of nearly seventy to marry a woman not much more than half his age."

Philip Rogers essayed a half-grin. This disappeared and its place was taken by an evident relief when he was excused, for the moment, from further questioning.

After the boy had been sent away, Anthony said, "Let us have this wife."

The woman Chase brought to the seclusion of Anthony's canvas enclosure was tall, with long legs and arms. She held her blonde, sleek head erect, and her form was accentuated by her straight carriage. Adele Werner would have been beautiful if it had not been for this, and for a certain shadow of unhappiness that was in her face.

Anthony studied her after she had been received and seated. He saw that the shadow in this woman's face was not caused by what had happened this morning; it was deeper and more permanent than that.

Adele Werner began without having to think. She spoke in a rather deep, almost husky voice.

"Mr. and Mrs. McClain, friends who have a house in Miami, had asked me for dinner and to stay the night. I drove down in the afternoon and arrived about five o'clock. We dined, strolled about the grounds in the evening, and retired early. At breakfast this morning a telegram came for me from the camp here saying that my husband had been found dead. The McClains had their chauffeur drive me back, and they followed in their own car. They are here now, in Dr. Werner's trailer, and are ready to corroborate what I have told you."

"Let us take it for granted," Anthony interposed, "that Mrs. Werner's friends will substantiate her alibi."

Adele Werner stared at him stonily. "I do not regard my story in the nature of an alibi, Mr. Adams."

"No," said Anthony, "of course not. The word was ill-chosen. Permit me to apologize."

Mrs. Werner inclined her head slightly. "How did it happen that General Werner did not go to the McClains?"

I am afraid that he neither cared for them, nor they for him."

"Did you love your husband?"

"I can only answer," she said, "by saying that I was married to him. I was his first wife. He was my second husband. My

first husband died. If you must know, he was the only man I have ever loved."

"Yet you married the General?"

"I had nothing. He was at least security. Perhaps you won't believe that I thought I could do him some good. For nearly a year I succeeded, and he took nothing to drink. Then he started, and it became hopeless."

"You are his heir?"

"Solely. I will tell you, not because you may find out, but because I have nothing to hide that this was by agreement at the time we married."

"Could you—?"

"His pension. And the income from several patent chemical formulas he evolved with Durbin Judson. Together they amount to around eighteen thousand dollars a year."

Chase elucidated: "Judson's here, in camp. He's a research chemist. Has a trailer right back of Werner's. Lots of stink coming from it because he has a laboratory in one end of it."

Anthony spoke quickly. "Mrs. Werner, do you know if your husband and Mr. Judson ever worked on any poison gases?"

"They have been trying to perfect one for some time."

After she had left, Sheriff Chase said, "I guess there's no doubt about who's next."

"Not our odorous chemist yet," Anthony said.

Chase went out, and Anthony called to Thurber, who was sitting inside the trailer.

Anthony handed him a note. "Hunt up the McClain chauffeur and see if this will help him to fraternize with you. Assure him that the source of any little words he may whisper to you will not be made known. Be sure, Thurber, be clever, be your own degree of effective efficiency."

"Yes, sir." Thurber took the note, and departed.

Dr. Jackson Werner was sixty-three. Yet his sandy hair had not yet been caressed with grey. His skin contained no wrinkle or blemish. His face was full and smooth. Quiet grey eyes looked out from it.

Anthony began the conversation with an unadulterated lie. "Dr. Werner," he said, "we are at a loss in the case of what has happened to your brother, the General. I will tell you at once, frankly, that we do not at all know what to make of it. I have never seen a thing like this before. The Medical Examiner can ascertain no violent cause of death. He states that he can only register the cause as being heart failure. We on our part, cannot see how to accept it differently."

Dr. Werner regarded Anthony steadily for a moment. Then, in a voice that was full of conviction, he said: "You are wrong, Mr. Adams. Quite wrong. My brother has been murdered."

Anthony lifted his eyebrows. "In a completely locked trailer? But how—? What reason have you for saying such a thing?"

"In the first place," the physician said, "there was nothing wrong with my brother's heart, and there never had been, despite the life he led. I had examined him only a week ago. He had one of the soundest hearts I have ever listened to."

"You have something else upon which to base your assumption?"

"It is hardly an assumption, Mr. Adams." Dr. Werner stated definitely. "It is knowledge. The human body takes on a certain discoloration, of a dark nature, when it has been gassed to death. If you will examine my dead brother's body more closely than apparently was done, you can see this for yourself."

"But how," Anthony wanted to know,

MURDER GOES IN A TRAILER

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

"was such a gas introduced into the trailer?"

"I can't tell you that, any more than I can tell you what was used. All I know is that Franklin was asphyxiated in some manner."

Dr. Werner sat back. He seemed satisfied.

"On the basis of what you have told us, for which we are grateful," said Anthony, "perhaps you will permit us to ask you a few questions. We can, of course, exclude no one when it is what you term it, Dr. Werner—murder."

The physician nodded his head gravely in agreement.

"How did you spend the time last evening, and what, if anything, did you hear in the night?"

The physician replied, "I played bridge in the Community Hall of the camp until around midnight—I can't state if it was a little before, or a little after—and then came back to my trailer and went to bed. I heard nothing in the night and knew nothing of what had happened until young Rogers called me this morning."

"Who do you think killed your brother?" asked Sheriff Chase.

Dr. Werner was prepared to answer this at once, but only equivocally. "I am sorry," he said, "but I am not ready to make any conjecture in that regard until I have thought it over more."

"Your brother was older than yourself?"

"By seven years."

"What sort of practise did you follow?" "I spent my life in the Army as a surgeon. Not spectacularly, I am sorry to say. I retired as a captain."

"Was your brother instrumental in any way in your career?"

"He was not, so far as a choice of career, medicine, was concerned. But he persuaded me to enter the Army. I found it difficult going after my internship. Franklin was already a commissioned officer. His suggestion was a natural one."

"How did you happen to buy a trailer, Dr. Werner?"

Dr. Werner smiled. "That, too, was by example of my brother. He had purchased one, and liked the life so much he suggested it to me."

"Did you ever have any violent disagreement with your brother, Dr. Werner?"

"We were never associated with each other long enough, and never, in the Army, for us to have done that. Unless you can call my advice to him about his drinking. That made him violent. For myself, I had come to accept it as inevitable."

"You are a quiet, reserved man, Dr. Werner," Anthony stated. "Did not his behaviour, as your brother and as a high dignitary of the Army, embarrass you?"

"Quite naturally it did. But as I say, I had become used to it. After nearly a lifetime of that sort of thing, you don't mind it as much as you might."

Anthony assured him that the authorities would do everything they could. Dr. Werner rose, but before he went back to his trailer, Anthony inquired, "By the way, how did you regard your sister-in-law?"

"The sympathies were to be evenly divided between her and my brother. Each married the other with his eyes open."

While Sheriff Chase was collecting Durbin Judson, the chemist, Thurber reported his results after consultation with the McClain chauffeur.

"The lady, sir," Thurber revealed, "left the McClain household in Miami last night at the hour of nine o'clock. She departed by the garden entrance, and was observed meeting a foreign-looking gentleman with

whom she drove away. It is not known at what hour exactly she returned, except that she had not appeared by two o'clock in the morning."

"Thurber," his master told him, "when this country gets over its illusions of being a democracy and comes to its senses, you will be in line to be decorated with the most prized medal the economic royalists can bestow. Mrs. Adele Werner will also receive the same decoration, for being as good a liar as I accept myself to be."

Durbin Judson was outspoken, unrestrained, cynical, and brutal.

"Sorry that Werner is dead?" he demanded of Anthony in answer to the first question put to him. "Sorry, man! It's the best news I've had in my life. It's the finest thing that ever happened, as far as I'm concerned. It makes me the happiest man alive. I can tell you so many things that you'll be even more sure than you are now that I'm the one who killed him."

"We'll do our best," promised Anthony. Judson glared at him, and went on: "Werner was a monster. He sucked people's blood. He sucked mine for ten years!"

"Surely," Anthony suggested, "a man of ability could obtain a more independent status than—"

"Of course, of course," Judson snapped. "The big commercial laboratories all want me. Have for years. But I want nothing of them! I am no nurse-maid to advertising, to yeast, to patent-medicine, to halitosis. As for the endowed foundations for scientific research, they would not allow me to even touch the subject I know more about than any man on earth."

"Poison gas," Chase accused.

"Certainly. What could this country, in its shameful state of unpreparedness, need more than a new kind of gas, economical, odorous, invisible, deadly, and compact, so that there is enough in a test tube to destroy an entire army of invasion? And now it is a real thing. It exists. I have it, newborn, not a week old."

"You think your new gas killed General Werner?"

"Why has someone entered my trailer on two occasions within the past week and stolen test-tubes half-full of the liquid from which it is atomised? No, I have no idea who it was. And I wouldn't tell you if I did. I would rather want to congratulate the person."

"Tell us about your trailer," Anthony requested.

"To tell you about that," the scientist said with disgust, "is to tell you about the most uncivilised manner that has ever been devised for civilised man to call living. Camping on wheels."

"Mr. Judson," Anthony said, "there is no conceivable purpose in questioning you further unless you want to impress us more with suggestion that you murdered General Werner."

Judson's eyes blazed behind the thick lenses of his spectacles. "You can make up your own puny minds about that." He rose, glared at them, and went away.

Making disgruntled noises, and muttering something about the police chief of Seacrest and his laxity, Sheriff Chase went over and brought back Mrs. Craig and her daughter.

Mrs. Craig was a handsome woman in her middle years. She was dressed in excellent taste and exuded a cultivated air to which she lived up when she spoke. Her daughter, Elsie, was a pretty girl of twenty, moulded physically in the way excellent care, good schooling, and means can affect the physique of a young girl.

Mrs. Craig told their story intelligently.

They came from Boston. Her husband had driven them down here in the trailer, and then left both car and trailer for them when he returned north.

As for last night, they had something definite to add to its history. "We were awakened at about five o'clock," Mrs. Craig related, "by the sound of a car being started. Elsie sat up in bed; her mother went on, and looked out of the window. She told me that someone was pulling out in his trailer. Then she said it was Mr. Somosa, the Cuban gentleman who occupied this space. If you have wanted to know at what time he left, Mr. Adams, I think that will tell you."

"To my gratitude, it does," Anthony thanked her. He turned to the daughter. "Did you see anyone with Mr. Somosa?"

"No," the girl said at once. Her denial was nearly a cry. "There was no one else."

"There wasn't a woman with him?"

"No," Elsie twisted a handkerchief in her hand.

In turn now the mother was watching the daughter. She seemed concerned about her. When Mrs. Craig spoke, it was in the nature of stepping into a breach. "Mr. Adams," she said, "unless you have something else to ask Elsie, will you permit me to have a word alone with you and Sheriff Chase?"

The girl stood up. She stared at her mother. Unbelieving wonder verging on resentment sprang into her eyes. Then she whirled and ran from the enclosure.

"Well, Mrs. Craig?" Anthony asked.

"I didn't want Elsie to be upset by what I would like to mention," she said. "It so happens that she has become greatly attracted to Philip Rogers. Their attachment, even during a short while, is very real, and of a nature that I approve. Elsie is frightened that he may, in some way, be suspected in what has happened here in the camp, due to his connection with the General. I have promised her that I will do everything in our power to protect Philip if he finds himself in trouble."

"If," Anthony proposed, "anything else occurs to you that you don't think fit for Elsie's ears, may I have your word that you will impart it to us at a time that will not be unfair to anyone concerned?"

Mrs. Craig and Anthony stared at each other. An understanding seemed to pass between them. She inclined her head graciously. "Thank you, Mr. Adams. You have my word that I shall."

"To the Smokes next, I hope," said Anthony.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Smoke, when they sat before Anthony, turned out to be an elderly couple, mild-looking folk who were now stirred by an event that, as they expressed it, they never thought would ever have entered their lives. The murder had quickened and enlivened them. Because it had happened within twenty feet of them, they took it to their hearts.

Anthony talked trailer life with them for some time. He didn't mention General Werner and his present unenviable state. Finally he thanked the Smokes and indicated that the interview was at an end.

They were acutely disappointed. "Why," said Mrs. Smoke, "don't you want to know about something we saw last night?"

"Did you see something?"

"We certainly did," began Mr. Smoke. "Eight down on the beach we saw him with Mrs. Werner."

"This Mr. Somosa, who's left," Mrs. Smoke took up the story. "They didn't see us but they walked past us on the beach. They kept talking like they was arguing some-

MURDER GOES IN A TRAILER

thing," Mrs. Smoke said. "Like something was the matter. And it wasn't so much they was walking as it was running. They went down to the beach so far we couldn't see them any more."

"You left out the best part," Mr. Smoke said. "About his having something in his hand. We couldn't see it much, except it was long, maybe a foot, and had a handle of some kind on it."

The Smokes beamed with pride at what they had revealed.

"Well," said Anthony, "you did have something to tell. And were they going away from the camp, or toward it?"

"Away," chorused the Smokes.

"What time did all this happen?"

"It was three o'clock in the morning," Mr. Smoke said.

"A little past your usual bedtime, wasn't it?" Anthony inquired of the old couple.

The Smokes looked at each other again. They seemed sheepish. "You tell him," Mrs. Smoke said to her husband.

"Well, you see, Mr. Adams," Smoke explained, "yesterday was our wedding anniversary, and if we told you how close it was to being our golden one, you'd be pretty surprised. The night we married we stayed up to see the moon come over the ocean, and every year we kind of try to do the same thing. It was pretty late this year, but we kept to it, though Uncle here fell asleep."

"And did you see the moon rise over the ocean?" Anthony wanted to know.

"It comes up," Mr. Smoke said, "right on the dot, one minute after three o'clock. That's how we know the time it was when they was at the beach, with me looking at my watch all the time. The moon showed itself right after they went running down the beach."

A hearse drew up on the road, its long, shiny black body showing above the heads of the crowd. It turned, backed, and then thrust its rear through the crowd. It stopped by the Werner trailer, and from it several men removed the familiar wicker casket.

In this case the casket could not be taken into the house of the deceased. The body of General Werner, wrapped in a sheet, was carried out to it. Quickly the dead man was deposited in this. It was put back into the car, which immediately drove off.

Thurber announced lunch. As Anthony and the Sheriff prepared to enter the trailer to partake, there came the chatter of a motor cycle. They looked out to the road and there saw a State highway patrolman on his machine leading a small black car pulling a yellow trailer.

"They've got Somosa," announced Chase with some pride. "What'll we do with him right now, Tony?"

"Invite him to lunch," Anthony replied.

If Anthony and Chase regarded Miguel Somosa as a welcome visitor for lunch, that gentleman failed utterly in seeing his hosts in any hospitable light.

He spoke with a decided Spanish accent. When he was brought from his trailer, he said, with some indignation: "You are ones bring me here. For que seños? I do nothing."

"Nothing," said Chase, "except beat it from the scene of a murder."

"Murder?" Somosa asked. He spread his hands in a wide gesture of surprise. "Quien es muerto?"

Chase looked blank. Anthony explained with a question to the Cuban. "It is a surprise to you, señor, to learn that General Werner has been killed?"

"I do not know. No. I do not know this

terrible thing. Why is for this thing done? Who has done this thing?"

"That," said Chase, "is what we're going to ask you."

"But not before lunch," Anthony advised. "And not during lunch. Food and homicide do not together get on well with the digestive juices; it must be one or the other, separately." In faultless Castilian, he asked Somosa if he would be gracious enough to dine with them on the miserable fare his peculiar house would have to offer.

As Thurber began to serve the meal, Somosa volunteered his story as though he could not contain it within him.

"What is it that the guardias find me to come back?" he asked. "In night I am here. I wake. I think. It is business I forget I must for to be in Habana. I must be there quick. To-day, I get up, I put on clothes. I leave."

"May I recommend that you try the potage before it gets cold?" asked Anthony.

Somosa, as if it were a secondary matter, took up his spoon, and ladled a few drops of the soup to his mouth. Then he was off again. "I go to start. To Fort Lauderdale. To take ship for Habana. I wait for ship. Guardias come. Say I must go back. I say no. They say yes. I come back. So I do not be with business to-day. My trip to Los Estados Unidos is like this now. I am salesman for rum of Cuba. It goes well here since I come in trailer. To travel about like this to all different place make it go well. For two month it is like this. I stop here to rest. Now, what is to happen? I do not go well. I am here. I am not there."

Casually, Anthony inquired, "Do you like to drive at night, señor Somosa?"

Sweat stood out on the Cuban's face. "I do not understand, señor."

"Señor Somosa," Anthony inquired, "how long does it take you to drive, with your car alone, not your trailer, the distance of the fifty miles from here to Miami?"

Rivulets of perspiration now rolled down the Cuban's face. "I am careful driver," he said. "I obey law. I see people killed. For me, to Miami, it is two hours."

"Come, come, señor," Anthony chided. "Surely you do better than that. And certainly at night, late at night, with no traffic on the road?"

"Ah-h," Somosa comprehended. "At night. Then it is different. Then I do it in. I think, one hour and one-half."

"Careful, indeed," observed Anthony. "I was thinking that it could be done in one hour. Just about exactly one hour."

The Cuban wiped his face with a large handkerchief. "I am careful driver, señor. Not for me if it one hour. No. I am careful driver."

"I'm glad to hear that there is at least one on the road," said Anthony. "Accept my fervent approbation, Señor Somosa."

Somosa shrugged his shoulders. Chase called out orders to the Sergeant. Police Chief about the Cuban's trailer and car.

Somosa prepared to depart. He stopped to ask, as if it were a casual afterthought, "Senora Werner? She is here yet?"

"They told him she was."

"You permit me to offer to her my impassioned condolences? You permit?"

Chase opened his mouth in a manner that indicated he would decidedly not permit it, but Anthony said: "She will be grateful in her sorrow, I am sure."

The Cuban went out.

The day was warm, even for a Florida January, and even for the trade wind from the Caribbean that caressed the camp.

Anthony decided to go swimming. He entered the Aeroyacht and rummaged about in the sparse clothing contained in its drawers. "Good Thurber," he murmured when he came across a pair of bathing trunks.

He pulled the shades of the rear compartment of the trailer, undressed, and then slid over his lean, sinewy body the trunks. Emerging, he made directly for the beach, and passed under a double row of coconut palms, then onto the dazzling warm sand.

Anthony dived in, under an immense, rushing wave, and then swam out. As he came out of the water he was conscious that someone special was watching him, and glanced up. There, standing on the edge of the miles long line made by the rows of palms, stood Daniel Ransome.

Anthony sat on the sand. All his life he had found his best solace among crowds, and here, among these trailer people, he discovered this to be the same. They respected his position and the reason for his presence here.

Anthony decided to pay Daniel Ransome an immediate visit and bade an invitation, but not until his skin was warm and glowing and dry did he make his way to Ransome's door.

The door was opened. Ransome stood there, as if barring the way, and not meaning Anthony to enter. He said nothing, though it was his requirement to receive his visitor.

Anthony said, "I came to ask if you will dine with me this evening in my trailer."

As if prepared for this, Ransome replied, "Sorry, but I have too much to do here."

"Then to-morrow night?" suggested Anthony.

"Impossible. I am checking my accounts to-morrow night."

Ransome gave one nod of his head. "I will, of course, make time, whenever you require, to tell you anything more I can about what occurred in the park last night. I assume that your invitation was purely social."

Anthony returned to the Aeroyacht to find Thurber there. He had made a fast trip to the house in Palm Beach and back. He indicated a pair of blue slacks and a light-grey pull-on sweater that he had laid out for his master. "Your trailer clothing, sir."

Anthony donned the outfit without acknowledging Thurber's sly observation.

He sat outside for the rest of the afternoon, ostensibly reading, but actually looking over the top of the page at any activity in the surrounding trailers.

Anthony was sipping a cocktail outside his door at six o'clock, noting that Dr. Werner had kept to the inside of his trailer throughout the afternoon, when Sheriff Chase returned. Almost before the Sheriff had seated himself, Thurber appeared at his elbow with another glass. Chase swallowed off its contents and then took papers out of his pocket. It was with a note of some triumph in his voice that he said, "That fingerprint boy of mine is good. Listen to this, Tony. The prints of everybody you named this afternoon are in the Werner trailer."

During dinner, when Sheriff Chase could not contain himself about the murder, Anthony told him he reminded him of Somosa.

"Except," he said, "in your case it's a good deal worse, because you should know better."

"Well, you haven't answered what I'm saying, Tony. It seems to me you're overlooking a simple solution of the thing. I

MURDER GOES IN A TRAILER

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

don't say you're wrong, but I'm saying you can be wrong. Nobody thought of it this morning, but—"

"I put a whole thirty seconds' thought on it as soon as I stepped into the presence of the dead man," Anthony interrupted. "He did not commit suicide with the use of the gas. He did not commit suicide at all."

"There's the evidence of everything being locked up," protested the Sheriff. "You can't overlook that."

"Until I find out if anyone was in that trailer last night, or how the gas was introduced, or both. No, Ernest, there's also the lack of evidence of the means by which the General transformed Judson's liquid into a gas. If he committed suicide, there would be this instrument left behind. The best point you could bring up is that he might have killed himself in this way and then someone, for his own reasons, removed the means by which he killed himself so as to make it look like murder."

Following their coffee and liqueur, they wandered over to Durbin Judson's trailer. Here they knocked on the door. Inside, Judson either paid no attention or didn't hear them. Judson came to the door testily. "Well?" he demanded.

"We've come to call," Anthony told him. "One trailerite on another."

They entered, ducking their heads under the top of the low trailer doorway, and beheld the inside that would have startled an expert connoisseur of interiors. The end in which the dinette was usually built had been turned into a miniature laboratory, with a work-bench running around three sides and open shelves above. The stench from these was so powerful that it stung the nostrils.

Rabbits, contained in boxes on the floor, with chicken wire fastened over the tops, munched complacently. The bed, with its covers solid and awry, looked as if it had not been made for weeks. It was upon the bed that Anthony and the Sheriff sat, for there was no other place except for the straight-backed chair in Judson's laboratory.

Anthony revealed that the Medical Examiner's result checked with what Judson had told them about his gas.

"Certainly," Judson said. "What did you expect? I suppose you tried to get at it, too?" he guessed correctly. "Well, you can try all you want, but there's no man living who can do it."

"Mr. Judson," Anthony wanted to know, "your new gas is heavier than air?"

"What good," Judson demanded, "would a poison gas be if it went up like smoke? The French, in 1916, shot four thousand tons of hydrocyanic acid at the Germans with hardly any casualties at all. Latin idiots! The stuff is so volatile in the open air as to be practically harmless. Chloropicrin was one of the . . ." He stopped and glared at them as though it were useless to discuss such a technical subject with them. "But what do you know about it? Of course my gas is heavier than air!"

He reached out with one long arm and picked up a test-tube. It was filled with a colorless liquid that looked for all the world like water. They all regarded it. "If every living thing in this State was assembled in one place," he said, "I could wipe them all out with the contents of this tube. It would settle about them like a fog. Except that they couldn't see it. My gas," he revealed, "can penetrate any gas mask known. There are no canister chemicals it can't get past, no matter how efficient the filter. That's where its real value lies." He grabbed toward the floor and brought up two gas masks, each of a different type. Holding them out, he asked, "Do you want to try it?"

"No, thanks," said Chase hastily.

"How do you know that?" asked Anthony.

"I told you that I hadn't experimented with human beings," Judson said. "But I tried it on myself with these masks, the best on the market. That was with a very weak solution. It nearly killed me. Think of what the regular formula would do."

It wasn't pleasant to think of this.

Judson then did a surprising thing. One of the rabbits in the boxes pushed its pink nose against the wire screen. The scientist reached down and rubbed it. "Hungry, my little one?" In his voice was an affection, a fondness, and a solicitousness that could hardly be believed from this harsh, hard, direct man. He reached for the icebox door, opened it, and there, laid row on row, were heads of lettuce.

Anthony led the way to the office of the camp later, and they saw Ransome sitting in a chair, doing nothing but staring straight in front of him as though held by some fascinating power that required deep thought.

"Don't look too busy to have dinner with you right now," observed the Sheriff.

"Just why," Anthony said, "the gentleman refused my pressing invitation is a matter I have a good deal of craving to know."

Anthony and Chase wandered back into the camp, entering the roped-off area. They walked part way around the inner circumference of this, and when they came to Dr. Werner's trailer, they found him sitting outside quietly smoking his pipe. They stopped to greet him, and the physician, hospitably, asked them to sit down.

Anthony bowed slightly. "How do you like your Aeroyacht, Doctor Werner?" he asked.

"Aeroyacht?" Chase asked for the second time that day. He looked at the trailer by which they sat.

"Hadn't you noticed," Anthony inquired, "that Doctor Werner's trailer is the same as mine?"

"An exact duplicate," Dr. Werner said, "being the same model."

He and Anthony discussed the merits of their kind of trailer, going into technicalities. As they spoke, Sheriff Chase seemed worried about something. Anthony relieved his quizzical concern. "The Sheriff," he said to the physician, "is wondering how you came to purchase such an expensive trailer."

Dr. Werner smiled. "It is one of the few extravagances of my life," he said. "I haven't had many. I looked at a good many outfits," he went on, "but none of them wholly satisfied me until I saw this one. The price was a bit steep for me, but I thought that its qualities would more than repay me in the end. I paid thirty-eight hundred dollars for my Aeroyacht," Dr. Werner added.

Chase whistled. "Nearly four thousand?" Dr. Werner smiled again. "That surprises you? But you see, I am a simple man, and have been in a position to save my money. I have always done so, especially as my tastes are simple. I believe in having only a few, but those good, things."

"Exactly," Anthony nodded approval. Do you know much about what Mr. Judson has concocted?"

"Very little. Durbin and I are friendly, but only apart from his work. I admire him as a scientist, but deplore the field he has chosen. My brother did not confide in me."

"What would you say?" asked Anthony, "to the fact that Judson's new gas can penetrate any gas mask now being made?"

Dr. Werner was obviously startled. He half sat up. His pipe left his mouth and

he looked at Anthony and frowned. "But that's horrible!" he said. "Horrible!" He paused. "Is that actually true?"

"If we are to take Mr. Judson's word for it," Anthony stated.

Dr. Werner shook his head from side to side silently.

Thurber appeared in the light that came from the various trailer windows and public lights of the camp. "A person has come to the trailer, sir," he announced to Anthony. "I believe from the local police."

"Our watchman," Anthony said to Chase. "We'll be going, Doctor."

As Anthony and Chase made their way over to the other Aeroyacht, the Sheriff said: "Tony, it seems to me it would have been better not to advertise what we're doing."

"Where," Anthony wanted to know, "could we possibly place our watchman without his being seen? Anyone clever enough to have killed General Werner in the particular way in which that deed was done, would discover him in no time at all. No, Sheriff, there's no sense in covering up here, however useful it might be."

The man the Police Chief of Seacrest had sent was Osey Manders. Small, almost wizened, his narrow face was the color of cured tobacco. His frame, though tiny, was wiry, and bespoke of cut, if not brute, strength. His small eyes were bright and alert.

"Pleased to know you'n, Cap'n," Osey said, extending a hard, miniature hand.

Osey was established in a comfortable camp chair placed near the rear corner, on the outside of the door, of General Werner's trailer. From here he could see all of the trailers involved, including that of Somosa, which had been placed a little beyond that of the Smokes. Each of these was pointed out to Osey, with a description of its people.

When he had been settled in his chair, Osey asked: "What's troublin'? Knowin' there's been a murder done, but what's expectin' on me?"

"Just watch," Anthony instructed, adding that this outdoor watch wouldn't be easy on Osey during a rainy night, and that he would leave a raincoat out for him by his trailer.

They left him there, and returned to Anthony's trailer. Thurber brought beer, cheese, and crackers, to the canvas enclosure. In its snugness they munched, sipped, and considered.

"I didn't get it until just now," Chase said. "About having Osey here every night. You're thinking of the second test-tube or the gas."

"Why another?" asked Anthony. "If there was to be a second, prepared for by the theft of two test-tubes, why was not that other ministered to while the General was being rocked gently to sleep?"

"Maybe there wasn't time."

"There was all night. If the job, in whatever way it was accomplished, could be done once, it could have been done twice. No, Ernest, there's something wrong in the numerical equation here. That's what I want Osey to solve for us. On the evidence, preparation was made to take care of two people last night. Yet only one was intended to. The question is not so much as to what use the second tube may be put, but why it was not used last night."

They cogitated this, but without finding an answer.

There came the sound of soft footsteps slowly approaching the Aeroyacht. Chase tensed, and Anthony became wary. Looking out in the direction from which the sounds were coming, they could see a woman ap-

proaching. She came from the direction of the Craig trailer.

It was Mrs. Craig. She was clad in a pale green negligee that flowed to her feet, which were encased in neat sandals. In the dim light she was lovely, and you could see what a beautiful woman she must have been in her youth.

She arrived trembling. Anthony placed a chair for her and offered her a cigarette. She took it, and it shook a little when Anthony held a match for her.

She breathed in smoke, for which she was obviously grateful. Looking at each in turn, she said: "Mr. Adams, Sheriff Chase, I have come to tell you what I meant to say this afternoon. I hope you will forgive me for not playing exactly fair with you then. I gave you my promise to tell you anything else I knew, in good time, and that is what I am doing now. I must ask you not to let Elsie know I have told you what I mean to, I must ask more than that." She controlled her voice with an effort.

"In fact, I must ask you not to use it in taking any action, unless you have something else to go on."

Anthony looked at Chase. "Is it all right with you, Sheriff, to say that we agree, providing what Mrs. Craig tells us does not conclusively point out our murderer to us?"

"I'll leave it to you, Tony."

"It's about Philip," she began. "And something that we—well, that is, something about his past life. It was shortly after he came into the General's employ. You must understand what he had gone through to realize why he did it. Philip comes of an excellent family," Mrs. Craig continued. "His parents were rich and he was raised in an atmosphere of wealth. Then everything was lost. Philip had to leave college and enter a world where he could find no employment. He has known hunger. He has been in breadlines. All this embittered him, that is then. Foolishly he blamed the world for what it had done to him. He wanted to get back at it. And when he obtained the position with General Werner, he made the mistake of—I shan't mince the word—stealing, a small sum of money from him."

"How much?" asked Chase.

"It was fifty dollars. The General discovered this. Unfortunately, he could prove it. He did not ask for the return of the money, but he demanded something far greater."

"That's why young Rogers continued to work for the General," said Anthony.

"Yes," Mrs. Craig corroborated. "The General could keep no one else. He forced Philip, under pain of exposure as a thief, to continue in his employ. That has gone on for some time now. I believe you know what it was like. He was very frank and honest about it. I have come to you because I felt that the occurrence, if discovered, might be interpreted much more to his disadvantage than if explained in the right way beforehand."

Mrs. Craig regarded them with concern. Chase was plain in his expression of regret of the promise they had given her not to use what she told them unless it conclusively proved the identity of the murderer. Though this did not do so, it established a strong motive.

"I trust," Anthony said to Mrs. Craig, "that your faith in young Rogers will prove sound. There will be ample time for it to be tested, if it can meet a test successfully, and we thank you."

With gratitude, Mrs. Craig said, "Thank you, gentlemen."

She returned to her trailer.

"The lady strikes me," said Anthony, "as knowing a good deal more yet."

Anthony went swimming the afternoon of the inquest, held by the Justice of the Peace in Seacrest on the third day following the murder. As always, Anthony would have nothing to do with an inquest, just as he would have nothing to do with newspaper correspondents. Sheriff Chase had managed, for the most part, to keep the latter away from him, though there was once, on the second morning, when Thurber had to use his bulk to forcibly prevent a spirited group of young men from entering the Aeroyacht. Nothing much could be done about the photographers and pictures of all the trailers concerned, together with those of the trailer park, appeared like a cash in newspapers and news magazines alike.

This widespread publicity, in turn, brought new trailers to the camp. They arrived in droves, coming from other camps, sometimes hundreds of miles away. So many came that they were often lined up dozens deep by the office on the road, waiting to be parked, and soon every space in the park was filled, and trailerites began to be turned away. Not more than a dozen had left since the murder. As Anthony predicted, the attraction here was now too strong to leave. Some people were frank in stating that they meant to remain until the mystery was solved.

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"On the contrary, Ernest," Anthony told him. "Due to certain preparations, I am not afraid of this one. I doubt if anything will be let out that we don't want. Always considering, of course, that you live up to your word about conquering your moral scruples, and as Sheriff of the County, pursue yourself shamelessly."

"That's it," Chase objected in a plaintive tone. "I ought to—"

"Say no more than the Seacrest Police Chief will be able to say," Anthony instructed. "Our suspects will uphold you, believe me. The only thing I should like to see would be the expressions on the faces of those romantics, Adele Werner and Miguel Somosa, as they relate their particular whopper. And Mrs. Craig will not unveil the somewhat deformed family skeleton of her prospective son-in-law. I have already arranged with Durbin Judson to remain coy in regard to the matter of the two stolen quantities of his lovely little liquid."

"My heavens, Tony," said the Sheriff. "do you know what you're doing?"

"Perfectly," answered Anthony. "Committing a criminal act by tampering with what will be sworn witnesses. But in our curious society, often the best way to uphold the law is to break it. In fact, I can't recall any crime I have solved in which I did not use this method. If I fail this time, you can have another inquest with no holds barred. All I ask is that you give me time to get aboard the Fisherman first, fairly well headed for foreign parts unknown."

"You'll have to take me along," replied Chase gloomily. Another thought came to him. "What about the Smokes?"

"Their reluctance," said Anthony, "at my request not to mention the pretty mirage they observed in the moonlight on the beach is a matter to keep in mind. Finally they agreed, but at great cost to their consciences. Whether this came from simple honesty or from some dread and ulterior urge, is something to be determined in a further character study."

"I thought you were going to get at this one by looking at trailer life and living it," grumbled the Sheriff. "Now it's reading characters."

"The combination of the two," replied Anthony, "with still another addition, I think will be efficacious. There is a bizarre quality here. Ernest, not only to be found in the setting. There is an excruciating lack of material clues, even though a few more evolve themselves. I have always wanted a problem which could be solved almost wholly by pure deduction, and here it probably is. Clear, grave, that ordinary methods would fail to solve it in as many years as you would like to spend on it."

"Years," sniffed Chase. "I was thinking of days. Anyway, not more than weeks, Tony."

"Then, unless something else turns up, our only method is to study the characters of our friends against their background, and from our gleanings elect, by deduction, our candidate."

"Sure, Tony, sure," Chase replied dubiously. "What have we so far, Ernest?" Anthony asked. "What do we know actually?"

"Well, there were some pretty screwy doings that night."

"Exactly. Which might mean everything, or nothing. As far as we exactly know, they mean nothing. But there is one thing we do know, and one only."

"Somosa and Mrs. Werner—"

"That, I am afraid, will have to be included in the category of the 'screwy.' No, Ernest, the single thing we know, upon which rock-bottom faith can be placed, is that when the door of General Werner's trailer was forced open, there was no gas contained in the trailer. Otherwise it would have affected those who stepped in. This was so obvious that I regarded it a waste of time even to put the question to young Rogers, Dr. Werner, or the camp attendant who forced the door."

"Then the gas wasn't only put in the trailer in some way we don't know, but removed after it had done its work, too?"

"It looks that way, Sheriff, is very much looks that way."

Chase groaned. "It's getting worse, instead of better."

"Not," Anthony said sharply, "if we know it's worse."

The sheriff did not return to the camp after the inquest, but telephoned, talking with Anthony on the instrument in his trailer that had been connected with an outside wire.

"Nothing happened," Chase reported. "They all lied like hell just as you told them to. Somosa got pretty excited, and Mrs. Werner wasn't what you'd call happy. Doctor Werner kept saying it was murder, and the Justice agreed with him. The verdict was 'Murder at the hands of a person, or persons, unknown.'

Anthony chuckled at the familiar words.

For dinner guests that evening Anthony had Mr. and Mrs. Edward Smoke. They had accepted his invitation with wholesome alacrity. "We'd just love to come," Mrs. Smoke had said. Either they were dissembling more expertly than one would expect from them, or it did not occur to them that the event would be in the nature of an investigation of them.

Anthony made no mention of the murder while he entertained them. They came dressed in their best. Mrs. Smoke in an immaculate, stiff black dress that reached to her throat, and Mr. Smoke in a well-brushed dark suit and a ready-made black bow tie.

"Ain't this grand?" Mrs. Smoke asked her husband when they stepped into Anthony's trailer.

MURDER GOES IN A TRAILER

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

"Sure is," Mr. Smoke replied, looking about him in some wonder.

Anthony showed them the trailer, to their boundless admiration and envy. "My!" exclaimed Mrs. Smoke. "If we could only have one like this." She punched one of the divans. "I don't think I'd ever get up if I could sleep here," she said.

"Don't know as our bed is so bad," Mr. Smoke said.

"Course not!" Mrs. Smoke replied. "It's just that this one is so good."

They refused cocktails. Neither of them could get over the presence of Thurber. They were a little awed by him, and this gave them a tendency to be very polite to him. They kept looking at him as if he were a very grand and expensive piece of animate furniture. Thurber was not ruffled, though he blew himself out a bit at this exhibition of his superiority. He coughed discreetly when, after asking Mr. Smoke if he would have another helping during the meal, the little man said, respectfully, "Yes, sir."

Anthony felt that he could like this couple. But that was not his business, and he proceeded to draw out the history of their lives.

They came from Grand Rapids, Michigan. Mr. Smoke had been in the dry-cleaning business, assisted by Mrs. Smoke, and three years ago had retired. Upon their modest savings they were living and travelling in their trailer. They regarded this as the best thing they ever did in their lives. Otherwise their lives appeared to be as uneventful as a cloudless blue sky. They had had no children. Apparently they had never done or thought or said anything extraordinary during the whole course of their days.

Anthony was not satisfied. "People," he told them, "can't go through life without something else than what you've told me happening to them. Surely you must have done something apart from all this."

Mr. and Mrs. Smoke looked at each other. They hesitated.

"I know it," Anthony told them gently. "Now, what is it?"

"Shall we tell him?" Mrs. Smoke asked.

"Ain't nothing to be ashamed of," Mr. Smoke said with surprising directness.

Mrs. Smoke began. "Mostly we don't say anything about this, because people don't understand. But Edward was a pacifist during the war."

"Would be again, too," said Edward Smoke.

"And he was put in jail for it, right in jail!" said Mrs. Smoke indignantly. "As if a man hasn't got the right to think as he pleases."

"The trouble was," elucidated Mr. Smoke. "I made some speeches."

"Both of us didn't like the war," Mrs. Smoke said. "And we still don't. I guess we're more pacifists now than we was even then."

"I wouldn't of been so rabid about it," Mr. Smoke explained. "I mean, I guess I wouldn't of made the speeches if it hadn't been for Luck here. I would of kept quiet with what I thought. But she egged me on, and I started it. They called me a Bolshevik and lots of other things before it was through."

"Needn't blame me for it," Mrs. Smoke said with some spirit.

"I ain't blaming you," her husband told her. "I never did. Didn't I just say I'd do it again? Got more cause to now, with what they did to me."

"Sometimes," Mrs. Smoke said, "you sound like you're just waiting for another war to come along so you can sound off again."

"So you can make me," countered her husband. "Well, what if I am? I guess

this is a free country. I guess I can say what I want. And I got plenty to say about the way they're letting things go on right now, in the world."

Mr. Smoke, aided by explosive opinions from Mrs. Smoke, launched into a vehement tirade about her diplomacy as related to war. He became so worked up that he perspired and showed evidences of considerable emotional disturbance. One of the effects of this took the form of his reaching down and, in an instinctive, unrealised gesture, turn out his trouser-cuff to clean it of debris. He did one, and then the other.

Then, from the second cuff, there fell something that glinted in the light. There were a number of these, and they shone with a smooth, glassy surface.

As soon as they were gone, Anthony pounced on the particles that lay on the rug. "Get me a spoon and an envelope," he instructed.

"What do you think of that, Thurber?" he inquired, holding out his hand for the other to see. "Have you an eyebrow tweezers?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. I'll get it for you."

Anthony deposited the contents of the palm of his hand on the table where it made a neat little heap. Mostly it consisted of sand, kicked up from the soil of the camp and the beach. But mixed with it and the other particles were bits of glass, thin, jagged, and glittering.

With the tweezers, Anthony picked these out. There were perhaps twenty of them, ranging from a quarter of an inch across to not more than the size of a pinhead. When he had completed this process of separation he said to Thurber, "Now I have improved the exhibit so that you can do better with your learned deductions."

Thurber studied again what lay before them. But he shook his head once more. "Bits of glass, sir," he announced.

"But what kind of bits of glass?" Anthony demanded. "Really, this is clemency, Thurber, and should not be beyond you. Think. Look. This is no ordinary glass." He pushed the tiny, jagged pieces with the tweezers. See how thin it is. From where, conceivably, could such glass come? For one thing, from the crystal of a watch. But this did not come from any such source. Here and here," he said, touching them, "are bits with too decided a concave to come from a watch." He looked up, and inquired, in a casual tone that had an opposite meaning in it. "Have you ever seen a test-tube?"

Light dawned on Thurber. He looked aggrieved because he had not penetrated the simple equation. "Of course, sir." The stolen test-tubes of Mr. Judson's gas.

"Let us say," Anthony instructed as he deposited the evidence in the envelope Thurber had brought, "one of them. We have nothing to tell us that this represents them both. From the number and nature of the particles, I should say that but one is indicated."

"One might quote, sir," said Thurber, "an old saying at this point, and without the necessity of paraphrasing it."

"I'll let you do it, Thurber."

With some pride, Thurber quoted. "Where there's smoke, there's fire."

Osey Manders, whose watch began every night at ten o'clock and ended each morning only when the park was well astir, had little to report that Anthony was not observing for himself. Nothing had happened, and Osey complained, "On's troublin' is, not enough goin' on, Cap'n. Leastways like I was some expectin', bein' a murderer about."

Osey said that Dr. Werner and Durbin Judson seemed to be good friends. Judson visiting the physician occasionally, and Dr. Werner going sometimes to the chemist's trailer. On the rare nights when Judson didn't work in his laboratory, they sat until late talking. Mostly they spoke of scientific things. "Looks like they got a lot in common on sich," Osey observed. On two occasions Somosa had gone to Mrs. Werner's trailer well after ten o'clock, once after midnight, and stayed for some time. Once she had gone to his trailer, and in her method of doing this there seemed to be something significant.

"Comin' out," Osey related, "seems like she was to start fer yore cabin on wheels. She gettin' most to the door, an' then sudden, she stops, turnin' right 'round like she been whirled an' makin' fer where the Cuban man lives. What fer she do like that, Cap'n?"

"I wish you could tell me," Anthony said.

Adele Werner and Somosa were dining with Anthony that evening. He had asked each of them separately, not mentioning that the other was to come.

Somosa arrived early. There was about him the air of a man who wanted to get to the party in plenty of time so that nothing would happen before he came. With him he brought a bottle of rum, excellent rum, Anthony saw.

He overdid the expression of his pleasure when Adele appeared to dine with them. "Ah, but it is nice thing!" he exclaimed. "I do not know beautiful señora is to be here." He bowed low over her hand, kissing it.

For the most part during the meal, Adele Werner was a decidedly subdued woman. Though rallying, as if spurred to it, to Somosa's gaiety, she was not content. Anthony saw in her eyes resentment and fear. Every time she looked at the Cuban, these two emotions came to her features.

Studiously, Anthony made no comment about the murder, though in each of his guests he could discern an acute itching to have it mentioned, to find out what he was doing about it. Suddenly Mrs. Werner, sitting up in her chair, burst out at the Cuban:

"Why don't you tell him? Why don't you—?"

Somosa, glaring malevolently at Adele Werner, silenced her.

"It is about night of murder," Somosa related. "I sleep from early. More true is it I go to Miami where is señora. She come with me on drive. Long drive. We do not know where we go, because we have romance. We forget. Late, we go back to Miami. I leave her, come to camp, see nothing. End."

Somosa, glancing at Adele, went on quickly. "We do not tell you like this before. Because of amor between us. It would not seem good to do this. We like to marry. But also yet it does not seem good to do this so soon."

If the Cuban had danced attendance on Adele Werner before, he proved, in the following days, to be a virtual Whirling Dervish on her account. It did not seem that he was willing to leave her alone for a moment.

Anthony, wanting to know how far Somosa would carry this careful guardianship, twice called on Mrs. Werner at her trailer when her admirer was not there. Not more than a minute after he arrived, Somosa followed suit.

Adele Werner did not receive this constant visitation happily. Ease of mind had become a foreign thing to her. The trouble in her face grew deeper. Her unenviable state of being began to show itself.

MURDER GOES IN A TRAILER

upon her. True to Anthony's prediction, she began to lose weight. Adele Werner was a woman afraid.

Osey, leaving his chair, took one of his brief walks. Then his ears caught a faint sound. It was as if leather had touched and touching, slid slightly on the soft surface. He made his quick way round the rear of the trailer and stood there watching. He saw nothing. He went a little farther and peeped into the canvas enclosure, making out, after a moment, the profile form of young Rogers. The boy was making the sounds of sleep.

It was some time before the slight, sliding sound came again, and then it came directly from behind him. Osey was in the act of leaning over to spit when he heard it. Something struck his right shoulder a heavy blow. The blow sent him forward, out of the chair, and flat on his face on the ground. Instinctively, he rolled over, and as he did a blade struck, going deeply into the sand where a second before he had lain.

As fast as this happened, the person who was striking out at him was upon Osey. There was no time to see who it was before they grappled. Osey was quick, fast and sure. The other was spurred by a desperation that could be felt in muscles called upon to achieve, by any means, what was meant to be done here.

They separated. Osey saw his chance and seized the foot, jammed smartly on the wrist of the arm holding the long thin blade. Steel shone in the faint light, and the weapon described an arc in the air, landing with a slicking sound in the sand.

There was only thin air with which to contend now. The other had gone. At a quick, silent trot, Osey made his way to and around each of the trailers he had been set to watch. There was nothing at any of them to indicate that its occupant, or occupants, had been out a moment before.

Chagrined, Osey returned to the scene of the battle. He set his chair, which had been overturned in the scuffle, right again, and then looked about for the weapon that had been brought to eliminate him.

Ten yards away he found it, sticking up in the sand. Its square yellow handle, smoothly varnished, made it easily recognizable as an ice-pick.

It was with an appreciable amount of regret that morning, as the camp began to show signs of definite life, that Osey went to Anthony Adams' trailer. Anthony, clad in a dressing-gown and yawning prodigiously, received him at breakfast.

Anthony eyed the ice-pick which Osey held delicately in his hands. "Somebody try to cut you up in twenty-five pound pieces?" he asked. When Osey had finished, he said, "Could it have been a woman?"

Osey gasped. "Crip, you thinkin' I was baited by a woman?"

"It was probably a man, Osey," Anthony assured him. "But we must not overlook the other possibility. And even if this is true, it virtually follows that one of the men is connected with her. Now. The ugly weapon." He indicated the ice-pick. "I see you're handling it with care."

"Might be," Osey said. "Some of them fingerprints on the handle."

"There's that, of course," said Anthony. Chase, when he came that morning to talk with Anthony, regarded the ice-pick with joy. Wrapping it in a handkerchief to take away with him, he told Anthony, "I'll phone you the name of the murderer around noon."

"That will be useful," commented Anthony. After Chase had gone, he inquired of Thurber, "Are you in a borrowing mood?"

"Borrowing, sir?"

"A cup of sugar. A little flour. Two spoons of coffee," elucidated Anthony. "In this case, an ice-pick, which we need acutely."

Thurber needed to be told no more. He went out at once, and visited each of the nearby trailers, including that of Somers. He even went to Ransome's apartment, and when he returned, a slightly incredulous look on his plump face, he brought with him seven ice-picks of various shapes and odd sizes.

"Each of them had one, sir," he reported.

"Our friend is a far-seeing individual. He predicts. He prepares well. Meaning to use one instrument of death, he has another on hand so that his idiosyncrasy of not possessing such a simple article will not be noted."

Dr. Werner was the first of Anthony's two guests to arrive that evening. He came from his dead brother's trailer, and when he had seated himself, he said, "I have been attending Adele. This is the second time, and I am shocked at the condition of her nerves to-day. She asked for a sedative, and I was forced to give it to her."

Anthony commented on this by confiding the story of the previous night to the physician.

Durbin Judson appeared in the enclosure where they sat, and they greeted him. Seating himself, Judson explained gruffly, like a man waiting to hide his sentiment. "Had to nurse one of my rabbits. Sick."

"Here's something to make you feel better yourself," Anthony said, handing the lanky chemist a glass.

Judson regarded him. "The War Department has agreed to test my gas," he revealed. "I sent it a sample. I would go myself if it weren't for this darn business of yours here."

"Despite the rather awkward publicity connected with yourself and the gas," Anthony inquired, "the War Department is trying it?"

Judson actually grinned. "It's just about what the generals needed to make them listen to me. It killed one of them, they figured there must be something to it. So Werner's working for me even when he's except. This time I get what's coming to me."

He remembered Dr. Werner and said to him, "That is, I mean—oh, hell, Jackson, you know what your brother did to me."

"It's all right, Durbin," Dr. Werner said.

Judson, under the influence of good drink and food, mellowed during dinner. Encouraged by Anthony, he talked about poison gases, and ridiculed the agreement made at the Hague Conference of 1899 by twenty-four nations to ban the use of gas projectiles.

"You don't believe in treaties?" asked Dr. Werner.

"Stupidities," answered Judson, "as long as man remains man. Look what happened in the World War with gases."

Anthony asked: "If the American War Department does not adopt your little plaything, what do you plan to do with it?"

"You mean," Judson demanded, "would I sell it to another country? Certainly not!"

Judson returned to his trailer laboratory early, growling that he had work to do. Anthony and Dr. Werner sat on.

"He is that rare phenomenon," Anthony proposed, "a brilliant scientist whose mind functions on pure logic. In such a man we would find a sense of fairness that—

Anthony was interrupted by the return of

Judson. He was not now the scientist of whom they had been speaking, but the old Judson. His face flaming with rage, he demanded, "What are you trying to do to me, Adams?"

Anthony assured him that he was doing nothing.

"Not?" queried Judson sarcastically. "I suppose it wasn't you who had someone rammed my trailer while you had me to dinner? I suppose that's why you didn't invite me to dinner! I won't stand for any such outrage. Not from you or anyone else!"

"Do you hear, Adams?"

"Without difficulty," replied Anthony. "But you must take my word for it that I had no one touch your trailer. For what conceivable purpose would I do so?"

The three men made their way to Judson's trailer, and entered. Inside there was a scene of destruction and havoc.

Dr. Werner was horrified. "I've never seen such sabotage," he said.

"It would seem," Anthony observed, "that there are those who would like to lay their hands on your poison gas formula, Mr. Judson."

"The fools!" Judson exclaimed. "The silly fools!"

Anthony left Dr. Werner with the scientist to help straighten up, and made a round of the nearby trailers.

That disposed of everybody except Ransome, and Anthony went to his apartment. Here, there was no answer to repeated knocks on the door. The park owner could not be seen inside. Anthony called one of the attendants out of the office and questioned him about Ransome.

"He was not in his apartment when we brought him his dinner from the restaurant about an hour ago," the young man said. "I can't tell you where he is."

THE following evening Anthony dined with the Craigs in their trailer, with Philip Rogers also as a guest. After the meal they sat in the dinette talking.

Elae's chin quivered, and suddenly she burst into a torrent of tears, burying her face in her hands. "It's Mr. Ransome! He's the one! I know it!"

"Mr. Ransome?" asked Mrs. Craig. "Elae, what do you mean?"

Anthony interrupted. "Tell us."

"It was the night it happened," she began. "I mean, General Werner. We—Mother, Philip, and I, were sitting here until late. You remember?" she asked her mother.

"Later," the girl continued, "I passed General Werner's trailer. Mr. Ransome was there with him and they were arguing. They sounded awfully angry, and I heard Mr. Ransome tell the General that he would have to get out of the camp next day. The General swore at him and said he wouldn't do it. Mr. Ransome said if he didn't go he would have him thrown out."

"Can you remember his next words?"

"I think they were just: 'I'll kill you!'" He swore, too. "Then I came back to the trailer."

Ransome replied affably next day to Anthony's innocent greeting, and then proceeded to give him a surprise. Looking out from beneath his shaggy eyebrows, Ransome mumbled, "I suppose you're going to ask me to have dinner with you to-night?"

"Seven?" said Anthony at once.

"Seven." Anthony informed Thurber of Ransome's acceptance of the standing invitation tendered to him by saying, "We're going up in the world, Thurber. Society has accepted

MURDER GOES IN A TRAILER

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

us. Prepare your best. We need food for a king—or a murderer."

The trailer park owner, however, did not appear on time. More than seven o'clock came, and still he did not arrive. Thurber glanced out of the windows. At a quarter past seven he was visiting them intermittently. Finally he announced, "Our guest is not arriving, sir."

And later, after waiting, the fact became more apparent.

Anthony was annoyed, and it began to rain outside. It was a heavy rain, coming suddenly and without warning.

The evening ended with a dreary sense of flatness.

Anthony decided upon a prow before retiring, and while out, revealed by the storm's own lighting system, caught a glimpse of the outline of a drenched form. It was a man, and he was coming from the direction of Miguel Somosa's trailer.

Anthony stood up and the young man nearly collided with him. Startled, he explained. "We're trying to get the lights working. The trouble seems to be in the fuse-box near Mr. Somosa's trailer. Looks as if a bolt came through it. Mr. Ransome is—"

From out of the storm there came a sudden, wild scream. It was a sound of animal terror, and for an instant its direction could not be placed.

Anthony and the camp attendant froze. Anthony was the first to move, with the young man right behind him. Anthony stopped, to stand, and wait for a flash of lightning.

When it came it revealed a scene that had come out in the storm to try, against insupportable odds, to prevent. The tall square pole upon which the black metal fuse-box was fastened at shoulder-height stood out starkly. At the foot of the pole, half awash on the inundated earth, there lay, face down, the body of a man, and in the middle of his back on the left side, buried to the hilt was an ice-pick. Anthony leaped for him, kneeling to play his flashlight on the scene. It was Daniel Ransome.

With his light Anthony examined the ground about Ransome's body. Leaving him there, Anthony made his way back.

He didn't answer the questions called to him, but proceeded to where the camp attendant still stood. The young man, to Anthony's question, said he had seen no other any of the trailers. In turn he asked, "What was it, Mr. Adams? Who—?"

Anthony told him,

"D-dead?" the young man stammered. "But I just left him. He was all right then."

"Someone had evidently been watching you both out there. After you left it was fast work."

Anthony hadn't told him the method by which his employer had been killed. The young man said, "He's been killed? Then it wasn't lightning?"

"Not of the kind you mean," Anthony said. "And not with what you'll find sticking in his back. Don't touch that, by the way. You'd better get over to him. Round up the other people connected with the camp and get the lights working as quickly as possible. Keep people away."

The young man hurried off.

Anthony, with his flashlight, busied himself with sighting from the trailer of the Craigs and that of Dr. Werner, to the fuse-box. He knew the box could be seen from the trailer of Somosa, which was within a few yards of it, and from those of Adele Werner, Durbin Judson and the Smokes. Now he established that a view of the

fuse-box could also be obtained from the rear windows of both of the other trailers.

Thurber came up, a worried look spread like butter over his plump face. "I heard someone call out during the storm, sir. I thought I would—"

"I'm considerably dampened," Anthony reassured him, "and not only by water but still alive. You'd better take this." He divested himself, with Thurber's help, of his soggy raincoat.

Thurber took it away as Dr. Werner emerged from his trailer. Anthony, to the physician's surprise, played his flashlight over him from head to foot. Dr. Werner showed no signs of having been recently out in a heavy rain. Anthony related what had happened.

"Ransome?" asked the physician. "But that's—! What has he to do with this?"

"That," said Anthony, "is an extremely pregnant question. Drop over to my trailer, Doctor," he requested. "I'd like to see you for a moment. I'll be there shortly."

Anthony walked away in the darkness in which many people were now moving. A small, excited group, lighted by a gasoline lantern which had been produced, had formed about the body of Ransome. Voices called out for them to keep back. Among the group, on its outer edge, Anthony saw Somosa. He examined the Spaniard's clothing. The crease in his trousers would never have been as knife-edged as it was had Somosa exposed it to any rain.

The Smokes were outside, regarding the crowd from a distance. As Anthony approached them, they asked, "It's Mr. Ransome, ain't it?" We could hear what they was saying. They looked frightened.

Anthony corroborated their question, and saw that they, too, were completely dry. Without further explanation, he left them and went to Durbin Judson's trailer.

"These lights going to be out all night?" Judson demanded angrily from within to Anthony's knock. The scientist came to the door and said, "It's you, Adams. What kind of business is this no lights?" He saw the crowd around Ransome's body.

"What's going on over there?"

Judson's clothes were dry. Anthony explained. "Ransome's dead."

"Dead?" Judson, who had taken his eyes from the crowd to look at Anthony, glanced back again toward the location of the fuse-box. Suspiciously, he asked, "What do you mean, dead?"

Judson's clothes were dry. Anthony explained.

"Dead?" Judson, who had taken his eyes from the crowd to look at Anthony, glanced back again toward the location of the fuse-box. Suspiciously, he asked, "What do you mean, dead?"

"The light touch of our murderer," Anthony said. "has been felt again."

On the way back, Anthony met Philip Rogers. The boy did not meet the test. His clothes were not exactly soaked, but his coat was definitely wet, and the rest of his apparel showed signs of dampness. "Were you out in the rain?" Anthony asked.

Philip answered as if defending himself. "Anthony said, 'has been felt again.'"

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Philip answered as if defending himself. "Anthony said, 'has been felt again.'"

Anthony went on, and found an Adele Werner who was shaken at the news, but who was dry. The color drained from her face when Anthony told her that Daniel Ransome had been murdered. She looked away, one hand went to her throat and she choked. She was so moved that she couldn't speak.

"It seems to upset you," Anthony observed.

Her mouth moved, but no words came from it. She took up a glass of water and drank from it. "But—but another murder!" she gasped. "I didn't think—I mean, I didn't think there would be another."

Anthony passed by.

Dr. Werner was waiting at the trailer when Anthony returned. "Doctor," he said unexpectedly, "how is it when the lights went out you didn't use the generating system in your trailer?"

Dr. Werner replied to Anthony's question quite naturally. "I had quite an experience trying to do so," he said. "I thought of it, of course, as soon as the bolt struck and put out the lights. I tried to start my generating system, but it wouldn't work. I had no light to investigate to find out what the matter was, and at first didn't dare strike a match over the filler opening of the tank. Finally I did this, when I ascertained that there was no odor coming from it, and saw that the tank was empty. I thought that there had been fuel in it, but was mistaken; I employed the system several times on the way down to Florida when I couldn't get an electric hook-up, and must have used more than I believed."

"Did you then try to fill the tank?"

"Yes, but I discovered that I had no supply of fuel in the can I carry to contain it. I was also mistaken about believing I had some there. I won't be remiss in that again."

"That was how you spent the time during the storm?"

"Except for the very last part, when I simply waited for it to be over."

Anthony pondered. He said no more of an investigatory nature about the physician's explanation, but offered. "If you want to start your generating system now, I believe we can let you have fuel. Thurber will give you a hand."

"I should be very thankful," Dr. Werner accepted.

Suddenly the 110-volt lights in the aeroyacht came up, dimming the smaller voltage lamps that its own generating system supplied. "I see you won't need it," Anthony said.

"I am appreciative just the same," the doctor replied. He rose. "Is that all you wanted to ask me?"

"I hope you don't mind," Anthony told him, "my turning over every possibility."

"Believe me, Mr. Adams," Dr. Werner replied. "I should mind much more if you did not."

The surgeon took his departure, and Anthony appeased Thurber's worried champing at the bit for him to get out of his wet clothing. As Anthony was dressing, Osey Manders arrived. The Cracker had already learned of what had happened to Daniel Ransome, for he stood in the aeroyacht twirling his broad-brimmed hat and said, "Pears like some else besides me was taken for a pie o' ice, Cap'n."

"You've come a bit late to-night," Anthony told him, "to be the chosen one."

"Thankin' you jest the same, Cap'n. He ain't so purty."

"You aren't afraid, Osey?"

"I'd be mighty riled iffen you was to think so, serious," Osey replied. "Fact is, I was some wishin' I was here to have hit tried on me again."

"Don't be too sure of yourself, Osey," Anthony warned. "You're dealing with something here that's a good deal more dangerous than your alligators or the gentlemen you round up in the back country."

Later the Sheriff came to Anthony's trailer.

He detailed everything that had happened. When he was finished he requested, "I want some routine, Ernest. You ought to be able to do it all to-night, from here. Get every-

ing you can on Ransome's business of operating the camp. Go through his office and his apartment. I want especially to know how he stands financially."

Chase got to work. Anthony sat absorbed in thought as the sheriff proceeded. He paid no attention to what was going on around him. He seemed oblivious to Chase's long conversation over the telephone with the president of the Seacrest Inn. He did not hear the reports of Chase's man as they came to the trailer to make them. He didn't even bother to talk with the Medical Examiner.

Anthony sat on when Chase left the trailer to visit Ransome's apartment and the office of the park. He took no notice of the bright flashes made by photographers outside. He wasn't interested when Ransome's body finally was taken away, but kept to a single position in his car, smoking one cigarette after another, not moving only to lift his arm to empty the contents of a glass frequently replenished by Thurber.

It was nearly midnight before the police activity came to an end, when Osey Mannen appeared in the doorway to report finally in his searching.

Chase was thoughtful. "Ransome was a lousy guy," he said, "about money. He was taking a go of the camp all right, but not in a regular business man would do it. He paid cash for everything and didn't want any liabilities standing against him. He paid up the whole thing here with only a thousand loan from the bank."

"When is the loan due?" asked Anthony. "Not for another six months. But Ransome wanted to get rid of it right away. He had to pay interest about as much as he didn't want to be indebted to anybody."

They seemed to meet deadlock here also.

The telephone rang and Chase answered telling Anthony then that Elsie's fingerprints had been found on the ice-pick. Then the Sheriff was finally ready to accompany Anthony to the Craigs' trailer, they followed on their way by the gaze of Philip Rogers. "He knows something's up," Chase whispered to Anthony. "Want to see him over?"

"No," said Anthony, "the lady and her daughter only, for this particular inquisition. Good morning, Mrs. Craig."

Mrs. Craig, having a late outdoors breakfast on a table set under the awning of her trailer, returned his greeting with an invitation. "Won't you have coffee with us?" She included the Sheriff in her offer. "I can do with another cup." Anthony accepted as they seated themselves.

Mrs. Craig poured it. "You, Sheriff," she said.

"No, thanks." Chase was frowning. He didn't approve of this sociability with murder suspects. Mrs. Craig smiled, as though understanding this and being graciously minded by it.

"It's really Elsie we've come to see," Anthony announced. "Is she here?" He said this in a loud enough tone to carry inside the trailer, for he had caught a glimpse of the girl's face behind one of the windows. There was no answer from inside.

"Elsie?" Mrs. Craig asked. She was alarmed. "Is there anything—?" Of course, she amended. She called her daughter's name.

The girl now answered. It was a little while, however, before Elsie came out. When she did she was clad in a bathing suit whose levity and close fit revealed every line of her young form. She was more mature, Anthony saw, than he had thought. As he

looked upon her now, he wondered if this exhibition of her physical charm was being made with an instinctive or ulterior plan of influencing himself and Chase. Watching the girl's face, open and frank beyond acting, he saw that she had no self-consciousness about her body.

"I was going swimming," Elsie said simply. "She turned to her mother. "Though maybe I shouldn't this morning—last night."

"It's all right, dear," her mother told her. "But before you go, Mr. Adams and Sheriff Chase want to see you."

Elsie turned to them with wide, wondering eyes. She made an effort to keep her gaze steady. She said nothing, but waited.

Anthony announced the subject of their mission directly.

"Miss Craig," Anthony said without wasting words, "your fingerprints were found on the handle of the ice-pick with which Mr. Ransome was killed. Can you give us some explanation of that?"

Mrs. Craig explained: "Our ice-pick disappeared yesterday. We kept it on a shelf over the sink in the trailer. We noticed it was gone when we wanted some ice for water at dinner-time. We couldn't imagine what had happened to it. We looked in a number of places but couldn't find it. That's all we can tell you about it, Sheriff."

"Who visited you yesterday?" Anthony wanted to know.

"Philip was the only one," said Mrs. Craig. "Tell us," Anthony asked, "the last you saw of your ice-pick."

"I used it," Elsie said immediately, "before lunch yesterday, to make some iced-tea. Silence and awkwardness followed, until Elsie went out, leaving Mrs. Craig nervous. She felt the embarrassment caused by this simple method of torture. Finally she said:

"I know what you are thinking. But it isn't true. Gentlelemen" she cried, "it isn't true, and I can show you that it isn't!"

After a moment she went on. "I must choose a curious way to make you believe that Phillip did not take our ice-pick. You may at first think I am condemning the boy rather than showing him to be innocent. But when I tell you why I am revealing this, I hope you will see it as I do. It is a question of faith. Do you understand faith, gentlemen? I will tell you at once. The night General Werner was killed I saw something as well as Elsie. It was about three o'clock Phillip was up. In his night clothes. He was doing something at the door of the trailer. He had something in his hand. I couldn't tell what, except that it was long, with a handle of some sort on it. He worked with this on the door for a few minutes."

"Mrs. Craig," Anthony asked, putting import into his tone, "at any time did you see him in the act of opening the door?"

"No. Only closing it."

Sheriff Chase spoke. "You took this up with Rogers?"

"No, Sheriff," Mrs. Craig replied. "We have not. That is the thing I want to impress on you. I spoke of faith in the boy before. That faith is a greater thing than I indicated then. The next morning Phillip assured us that he had had nothing to do with the death of General Werner. We took his word. We believed in him. We still believe in him. A girl's instinct about the boy she loves can be trusted. The instinct of the mother of that girl can be counted on even more."

Chase regarded her sceptically. "Huh," he said.

"You can do as you want with this information," Mrs. Craig told them, "but whatever the result, Elsie and I will always know that Phillip is innocent."

"I'll make a bargain with you, Mrs. Craig," Anthony proposed. "He won't be arrested on condition that you say nothing to him now of your commendable conduct."

"You can count on that," she said.

The two men left her. The Sheriff trudged a good deal on the way back to Anthony's trailer. But he paid no attention. Only when Chase deserted criticism of the tactics being employed, and said, "There goes your murderer in a locked trailer, Tony," did he answer. Then he arched his brows and said, "Possibly, just possibly."

"Possibly?" demanded Chase. "If I ever saw a sure thing, that's it."

"What do you think of the lady's motives for confession?" Anthony countered.

"Looks to me like she's trying to get out from under something herself. This mother and daughter instinct goes two ways. They could be working on their own hook to be getting the kid out of his jam with the General, and maybe the kid knows this and maybe he doesn't."

"And if that isn't it?"

Chase shook his head. "Then it's too much for me. All I know is that Rogers had the trailer door open that night, and Elsie Craig's fingerprints are on the ice-pick Ransome is stuck with."

"Neither will be neglected," Anthony assured him, "even if only in my own nutty way, as you so graphically describe it."

"All right," the Sheriff growled. As if to punish Anthony, he announced, "The inquest's to-morrow afternoon. You'll have to be at this one."

"I?" questioned Anthony. "At an inquest? That's unthinkable."

"I couldn't get you out of it if I wanted to. This guy died in your hands."

"Couldn't I make a deposition?"

"Not a chance, Tony. You're too close. You're right here. You'll get your notice to appear along with the rest of them."

Anthony resigned himself to the prospect.

The Sheriff returned to West Palm Beach, and shortly after he had gone Anthony entertained himself with another departure from the camp. Adele Werner emerged from her trailer and instructed Philip Rogers to have the car ready, saying she wanted to be driven to the town of Delray, several miles down the beach, for lunch.

Somosa appeared before Mrs. Werner could leave. Without knocking he entered her trailer. Anthony could hear them speaking, then arguing. Somosa wanted to go along with her. Their voices rose.

"I take you," the Cuban told her firmly.

"I tell you I can't stand any more!" Adele Werner cried. "I'm going alone today."

The Cuban tried to quiet her. "Not loud," he cautioned. "They hear you. I go with you."

"You're not! After last night I don't want to have anything more to do with you."

"Poo! To say like that! You know what I can do. It is not so good for you as me. It is worse for you."

For answer, Adele Werner strode out of the trailer.

In the absence of Adele Werner and Philip Rogers from the camp, Anthony turned to the trade of locksmithing.

An elderly man sat outside the Werner trailer door. He glanced up as Anthony approached, then nodded affably. Anthony began to introduce himself.

"I know, Mr. Adams," the man said before Anthony mentioned his name. "Can I do anything for you?"

MURDER GOES IN A TRAILER

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

"If you will," Anthony accepted. "Have you a screwdriver?"

"In my car." He left them and returned with the screwdriver.

Anthony took it. "Now," he requested, "will you go in your trailer and lock the door, with the handle, from the inside?"

Hardly before he finished speaking, he had the two screws out. Then, grasping the handle and the plate so that both turned at the same time, he gave a twist. There was a snap, Anthony pulled, and the door opened, exhibiting a gaping man within, who stood there rather foolishly, saying, "Well, I'll be diggered!"

"Not much of a lock, after all, is it?" Anthony asked.

That evening Anthony completed his research on the matter of the lock, exploring all its possibilities. He waited until shortly after midnight. Then, pocketing a screwdriver he had laid out previously, he stole out of the aerovans, and approached the entrance to the canvas enclosure beside the Werner trailer. Glancing in, he saw Phillip Rogers on his cot. The boy was fast asleep.

Silently Anthony entered the enclosure. Softly he went to the door. Here he stood on the step before it, and then, working quickly but carefully he repeated the locksmithing in which he had indulged once before.

Satisfied with that, Anthony replaced the screws. He shifted about on the step, and in doing so he slipped. The racket of his falling six inches was not loud. It did not awaken Mrs. Werner, but it had a decided effect on the sleeping Phillip. In an instant he was up out of his cot and on his feet. He stood there, in his pyjamas, rumpfled but very wide awake. In his hand was a small, cold-looking automatic.

"It's all right, Rogers."

Anthony did not explain what he was doing there. He merely asked, "Have you a permit to carry that?"

"No." The boy's voice was subdued.

"I hardly think your having it is altogether necessary, with a man so close by," Anthony told him. "An explanation won't be very convincing. You'd better let me take care of it."

The inquest, the next afternoon, was scheduled for one o'clock. With the utmost reluctance, Anthony prepared himself to attend the proceedings. In the courtroom a fat little Justice of the Peace, wearing old-fashioned spectacles, sat importantly on a bench watching the gathering of those he was to question. Some two dozen people from the camp had been called, including Osey Manders, three of the camp attendants, and those trailerites who were parked in the close vicinity of the fuse-box near which Daniel Ransome had met his end.

Anthony expected to be called among the first to offer his testimony, and then be given permission to leave. To his immense boredom, this procedure was not followed. One by one the other witnesses took the stand and made their offerings, the Justice of the Peace, with sober care, establishing that no one in the trailers had seen anything.

The Smokes, excited and keyed-up, tried their best to be agreeable, but could add nothing with their tale of how they had spent the time in their trailer during the storm. Dr. Werner described his activities. Somozza was bland and sure of himself except when Adele Werner, in turn, was questioned. Then he sat staring at her as if he would hypnotise her. She was worried; her eyes were dull, her shoulders sagging more than ever; even the smart clothes in

which she had dressed for the occasion could not hide her evident trouble. The Justice accepted her attitude for that of a recent widow and did not press his questions to her.

Philip Rogers told of how he had gone to the Craig's trailer during the storm. The Justice made a point of this, as if to prove that neither Mrs. Craig nor her daughter could have committed the murder. Mrs. Craig, composed, said that what Philip had related was true—she and her daughter had not left their trailer while Ransome was being killed. Interspersed with their testimony was that of Sheriff Chase, who introduced the ice-pick and its fingerprints. To this a frightened Elsie Craig repeated the story she had told before. Philip was then called to the stand again, to deny that he had appropriated the pick.

Osey Manders told his tale of searching the trailers without success for wet clothing. Durbin Judson was impatient with having to state that he had seen nothing from his trailer. The camp attendants, most importantly the one last with Ransome during the storm, the young man who had nearly run into Anthony, related their tales.

Finally, Anthony himself was called, and as a witness, Anthony was, if anything, more impatient than Judson had been. Briefly, tersely, dryly, without the slightest color, he described his actions.

He was thanked by the Justice. He prepared himself to step down, but the Justice held up a polite, restraining hand. "Mr. Adams," he asked, "can you tell us anything else?"

Anthony looked at him. He sensed how everybody in the room sat up a little with expectancy. He took a delight in pricking this balloon by replying, "Nothing."

The Justice of the Peace persisted. "You have been placed in an investigatory position by the Sheriff of this county in regard to the murders that have taken place at the Seacrest Trailer Park?"

Anthony admitted this.

"Then please tell us your findings to date."

Anthony took a positive joy in answering to this. "I have no findings." He saw Chase frowning at him. He winked back.

"Surely," the Justice said, "you have reached some conclusions?"

"None," said Anthony.

The Justice showed signs of irritation. "You are on your oath, Mr. Adams," he reminded.

"I recognise that fact," Anthony told him.

"Then you have produced no results in the solution of the death of Daniel Ransome?"

"None."

"And none in the investigation of the murder of General Franklin Werner?"

"It was my impression," said Anthony, "that this inquest concerned the death of Mr. Ransome, but I will include the demise of the General in my reply."

"You admit that, as the representative of the official police authorities, you have accomplished nothing?"

"Oh, yes."

"That will be all." The Justice, as Anthony left the witness chair, sounded extremely satisfied.

Anthony made his way to the side of Sheriff Chase, who bowed at him and hissed. "That was great, Tony, great! This guy is the leader of my opposition. What a sweet little vote-getter for him you turned out to be."

"The faint smell of politics reached my nostrils," Anthony said blandly. As the Justice of the Peace began to speak, Anthony said, right along with him, out of the side of his mouth, to the Sheriff, "... that

Daniel Ransome met his death, by being stabbed in the back with an ice-pick, at the hands of a person or persons unknown. This side-show is over, Ernest. I must go back and return to you your late lamented constituents."

Of Anthony's testimony at the inquest Thurber said, "It was my opinion that you were superb, sir."

"It's my opinion," Anthony told him, "that I made a public ass of myself, and I regret the circumstances that forced me to perform like a quadruped."

"I do not see how you could do otherwise, sir. You were placed in what I believe is vulgarly called a 'hot spot.' There was only one way out and if I may venture to say so, sir, you chose that way most wisely."

"The worst part of it," Anthony lamented, "was that my answers, technically, were all true. It would have been more pleasant if they had been made up of wholesome chicanery. I have, of course, accomplished nothing and produced no results." A playful gleam came to his eye. "But if the dignified Justice had asked me if I had any ideas on the matter under discussion, it might have been even more enjoyable to restrict myself to the only answer I had for him."

Thurber beamed. "I am glad to hear that, sir."

"Ideas," Anthony warned, "are not conclusions. The one is the most common commodity in the world; the other is the rarest. There must be a good deal of another element—reason—between the first and second to produce the latter. To achieve that did you note anything of the most significant part of the recent inquest's proceedings?"

"I did, indeed, sir. I assume that you refer to the expressions on the faces of certain people while you were being interrogated."

"And how would you describe those expressions?"

Thurber took on a learned attitude. "That of Doctor Werner was one of interest, intense interest. Mr. Philip Rogers can best be described as having the fidgets. He was worried, along with Mrs. Craig and the high-strung, nervous Miss Craig; all three of these appeared to expect the worst. Mr. Judson was hardly concerned, but seemed to have other matters on his mind. Mr. and Mrs. Smoke were quite surprising; they both sat up in their chairs and their expressions are only to be called breathless."

"They, too, evidently expected something that was to their relief, not forthcoming."

Mr. Werner and Mr. Somozza had quite opposite reactions, though evidently ones full of emotion. Mr. Somozza squirmed and the perspiration on his face was quite noticeable.

Mrs. Werner was the single one to look as if she might be glad for you to speak, and was distinctly disappointed when you did not speak."

"Well done!" Anthony applauded. "Well done, Thurber. But the meaning of these facial gymnastics? Their meaning?"

Thurber shook his head ponderously. "I am afraid, sir, that I cannot follow that through."

The newspapers, the next morning, were not eager to applaud Anthony's behavior at the inquest, and Thurber was indignant at the Press.

"And long may they think in that direction," said Anthony. "There is no deeper pitfall for a criminal than to be convinced that the hunter after him has just broken his legs, is soft in the head, and suffers from short-sightedness in its last stages."

Anthony, not only content, but decidedly pleased, with what the world thought of him, continued to live the trailer life in his

Aeroyacht. Walking about the camp and fraternizing with other trailerites, he observed more of the habits of the community. It was the consensus of opinion that the two greatest drawbacks to trailer life were the water and sink drainage problems. Most trailers had a water tank that periodically had to be filled by running a hose from a faucet to the top of the tank in the side of the trailer. This caused, in addition to the trouble involved, great inconvenience when the tank ran dry late at night or on a rainy day. The method of handling the drainage was even more of a nuisance. At some camps it was permissible to let the soapy dish water run right out on the ground, but at Seacrest this was not allowed, and the regulation that it be caught in a pail or a bucket was rigidly enforced. This meant two or three, and sometimes four, unwelcome trips a day with an unsavory bucket to the outdoors sink provided for the purpose of emptying it.

Nearly every trailerite complained of these two duties. The day when individual sewage for each trailer plot should be installed, and an individual tap by which a running water connection would be achieved, was looked forward to with zeal. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Smoke were among those who were not enthusiastic about any improvement in these problems of a new ecology. They expressed themselves at length upon it when they returned Anthony's hospitality and had him to dinner.

"Just the way trailer life is now," Mrs. Smoke said, "is good enough for us."

"We liked it before, and we like it now," Mr. Smoke said in support.

"Don't approve of all the fancy things they want to do, at all," said Mrs. Smoke.

"Better if they'd leave us alone," her husband asserted.

All through the meal Anthony sensed that something was on their minds of which they hesitated to speak. They were not reluctant about talking of the murders, but when Anthony volunteered no information, they didn't try to pump him.

During the next few days he waited. His rest that night was disturbed at a late hour. Deep in the night he stirred at the sound of a scratching noise outside the window of the Aeroyacht near his head. Alert, he listened. The noise came again, on the screen, not six inches from where his head lay. He lifted himself on one elbow, automatically looking at the illuminated dial of his wrist-watch as he did so. It was two-thirty.

Anthony drew back a little, around to one side of the window, as he asked, softly, "Who is it?"

The person breathed with relief. In a whisper, a voice came. "It's Adele Werner, Mr. Adams. Please let me in. I have something to tell you." Her voice caught with repressed excitement.

"Come to the door," Anthony told her.

"Wait," she said. "Don't turn on the lights."

Anthony rose, and fumbled in the darkness for his dressing-gown. He went to the door, eased it open, and Adele Werner slipped in. She was fully dressed, and wore a long, dark coat.

"I had to come this way," she said. "I couldn't do it any other way. He would have seen me." She spoke with a rush of words, taking it for granted that Anthony knew what she was talking about. He did.

Her voice began again. "I want to tell you everything. I don't care what happens now. Anything will be better than the way it's been lately. Even . . . Miguel Somosa and I killed my husband. I did it as much as he. I met Miguel Somosa as soon as we came to the park here. It made no

difference to him that I was married. I was annoyed at first, then amused. Franklin didn't notice. Somosa can be attractive, though when I look back on it now I don't see how I ever could have . . . When Franklin was worse than ever, Somosa was something to fall back on. At any rate, I became completely infatuated with him. I was ready for something to happen, and he was that something, only more than I thought."

"Who first proposed that you do away with your husband?"

"In his beautiful love-making. Somosa did. You know how Latins are. I suppose that there, I was to blame. I hated Franklin. I thought that I loved Somosa."

"You planned to kill your husband that night when Somosa went to Miami for you?"

"No. There was no definite plan. That is, as far as I know, though Somosa said he was going to do it. I tried to stop him. I was afraid. But he made love to me again and I—well, I went with him along the road to within about a block of the camp. It was late then and no one saw us. I waited there for him to come back. He was gone for—"

"Didn't he take something with him?"

"I believe he did. But—I'm not proud to say it—I wasn't in condition to notice what it was. He had something in his hand, yes."

"Did Somosa say how he meant to do away with General Werner?"

"Only that he had a special method. He boasted about that. He didn't say what it was. I didn't know then that it was Durbin Judson's gas."

"Has he told you since how he did it?"

"No. As you will see. He was gone for nearly an hour. We went back to the car by the beach. He took me back to Miami and then came back here himself."

"How do you account for his trying to get away?"

"I don't account for it. I couldn't believe it at first. Then I knew that he had lost his nerve at what he had done and had tried to desert me. I've despised him almost as much as myself ever since." Her words trailed unhappily away and soon she left.

Anthony emerged into the world the next morning after breakfast to sit, before his trailer, out in the sun. He glanced toward Adele Werner's trailer. Philip Rogers was working about it. Mrs. Werner was not in evidence. Anthony watched for some time, and was satisfied when he caught a glimpse of her moving behind one of the windows.

He looked up to see Dr. Werner approaching.

"I came over," Dr. Werner said, "to ask if I can borrow your hose with which to fill my water tank. As our two trailers are alike, the connections should fit."

Anthony looked at him. A thought seemed to strike him. "That's the second time you've been forgetful, Doctor," he chided. "I wouldn't have suspected that trait in you. Borrow away."

In turn Dr. Werner regarded Anthony. "You seem happy this morning," he observed.

"With reason," Anthony told him. "My case is shaping up."

Chase drove in next at a pace that, when he stopped, made his car skid. He jumped out, and strode over to Anthony. Plopping himself in a chair beside him he took off his hat and wiped his forehead. "Something's got to be done, Tony," he said. "I've got to make an arrest."

"Anybody in particular?"

"Listen, Tony, this comes from more than local politics. It's from the governor himself. Word came through this morning. The idea is that it's gotten too big to let lay."

You don't know the riding we're getting on it, Tony. You don't read the papers. If it was just a couple of regular murders," Chase complained. "It wouldn't be so bad. But happening in a trailer camp's made it hot news for every rag in the country."

"You've come to make this arrest right now?"

"Well, I'll call in a couple of men from Seacrest first. The Sheriff avoided Anthony's eyes. "I thought I ought to give you a chance before I did that."

"Well, now that you are here, I feel in duty bound to make a report on the latest score in our tournament."

"What's that?"

Anthony told him. "That settles it, Tony," Chase said grimly. "On the strength of that I'd have arrested Somosa and this woman to-day, anyway."

"I've outlined to you," said Anthony, "why that would be a sad mistake. Now I want to point out one more thing to you. What would happen to your career, Ernest, if you didn't appeal the importance powers by making an arrest to-day?"

"I'd probably try to get Thurber's job away from him."

"And what would happen if you made this arrest and then couldn't convict?"

"I guess Thurber would have to look out for himself just the same."

"Then, at least in my estimation, you can't win, Sheriff. You're ham-strung either if you do or you don't do. You have only one other chance and I hold it for you."

"I don't get you, Tony."

"Give me twenty-four hours, or at least until to-morrow morning, and I'll try to fix your arrest so that it will hold. I say, try, Sheriff, because it is pressing matters unreasonably."

Chase shook his head. "I can't do that, Tony."

"I assure you that Thurber has a sinecure, Ernest. I couldn't do without him. It would be like not having—"

"The word was to get somebody in gaol to-day," Chase stated. "I've got to do it."

"Even with the twenty-four hours," Anthony said. "I would promise nothing. But what might be dropped into our laps would be a great improvement on what you have now."

"What's it all about, Tony?" Chase was harassed.

"I have been trying," Anthony told him, "against my first premonition, to elevate this case from one of almost pure deduction to one of lousy material evidence. I assure you that I would, on my own accord, have closed it this morning, as your friends are asking you to do, except that definite proof is safer than risky theory. The latter appeals to me far beyond the former, but—though it may be a little difficult for you to accept—I take into consideration that this business is a deadly earnest one and not a new plaything for me."

"You mean to make the case stronger you can get evidence between now and to-morrow morning?"

"I can, as I said, try, Ernest."

"What if you don't do it?"

"We shall face that unappetising prospect if we come to it."

Ernest Chase thought. He struggled between two fires. From the evidences of his struggle there seemed to be little choice between the temperatures of the two. Finally he leaped into one. "It's yours, Tony," he decided with a desperate recklessness in his voice. "You've come through for me before. You know I can't forget that."

"Bravo," Anthony applauded.

"Only thing is," Chase said, "I'm going to stay here until we put the bracelets on them."

MURDER GOES IN A TRAILER

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

in the morning. If anybody calls me, I've got leprosy. What can I do to give you a hand, Tony?"

"You can sit here and gaze Sumoza's rum, of which, to show what a good fellow he is, he presented another bottle the other day," replied Anthony, "while I make a few social calls."

ANTHONY visited Adele Werner. He found her a tragic figure and if he had any feeling of sympathy for her, failed to show it. He merely told her, "I have for you what most people in your position would consider bad news. But I believe you will think it favorable. The case is coming to head to-morrow morning."

She said nothing.

"Mr. Sumoza," Anthony predicted, "will be paying you a visit shortly. If you value everything that you have told me, don't let him have the slightest intimation that you have spoken."

She nodded.

Next Anthony went to see Sumoza. Behind the Cuban's overly polite reception there could be seen suspicion mixed with fear. "It is like that?" the Cuban asked. "So soon? You know how it is now?" Conjuring up a courage he did not possess, he tried to pass it off lightly. "I like it to be finish," he said, baring white teeth. "Then I go to business I forget in Habana. Then it is beautiful scenario come with me for matrimonio."

"I knew you would welcome it," said Anthony. He began to take his departure, but Sumoza touched him on the sleeve.

"You can tell me who it is, senor? I will not say to others. You can tell me, yes?"

Anthony regarded him evenly. "I am afraid I shall have to disappoint you on that," he said, "until to-morrow morning."

Sumoza's face fell. "To-morrow morning," he repeated. His eyes suddenly became hard. For an instant, they blazed with hate, until his face broke into a wide, forced smile, and he thanked Anthony. "Muchos gracias for tell me, senor."

On the way back from Sumoza's trailer, Anthony stopped by to see Judson and the Smokes. Judson came to his door with a letter in his hand and said at once, "Look here, Adams, I've got to get to Washington."

"The Generals have taken a liking to your gas?" Anthony inquired. "They approve of the formula?"

"Formula be darned!" Judson exploded. "They haven't seen that yet. Nobody has. It's still here, and only here." He tapped his skull with the gesture he had used before. "But they've tried it and want to know more about it. And you're keeping me here with your darned shillyshallying about this business. Get it done, Adams. I can't have any more of my time wasted."

"You will be glad to know, then," Anthony revealed to him, "that it is done, or practically so."

Judson exhibited one of his rare moments of pleasure. Smiling, he asked, "Do you mean it?"

"To-morrow morning, after certain proceedings, will see it."

Judson began to make his plans at once. "I'll pack to-night. There's a train at noon to-morrow. That's the only civilised way to travel. I'll leave this darned contraption here, and my car, for sale."

"You may be retained here," Anthony warned, "as a witness. I'm not sure you will be allowed to leave the state."

"Washington will fix that," Judson said.

"So you've done something after all, Adams. I don't mind telling you that my estimation of you as a detective was a perfect vacuum."

"It's gratifying," said Anthony, "to know that you have changed your mind."

"When I'm wrong," Judson growled, "I admit I'm wrong. You can't deal with science all your life and not get like that."

Anthony turned and went back inside his trailer, where he could be heard opening drawers and unfastening the fastenings of a suitcase. Judson was so taken with the news that he forgot to ask who the murderer might be.

The Smokes tried to show pleasure, but exhibited only uneasiness, at the news. "Sure glad to know that, Mr. Adams," Mr. Smoke said, but in his worried eyes there was no gladness.

"Guess we can go on now," Mrs. Smoke proposed.

"Won't take me long to get ready," Mr. Smoke said.

"You hitch up," Mrs. Smoke said, "and I'll pack things away."

Anthony intercepted their plans for departure by telling them that they could not go.

"But if you got the murderer, what's the use of us staying?" Mrs. Smoke demanded.

"Don't make no difference if we go to-day or to-morrow, does it?" asked Mr. Smoke.

"Our friend in Clearwater is sicker than ever," Mrs. Smoke pointed out.

"Like to die," said her husband.

"Wants to see us mighty bad," Mrs. Smoke put in.

The anxiety of the old couple to get away made no inroads on Anthony's plans. "The Sheriff wouldn't allow it," he told them, "until the case is definitely settled."

The Smokes became insistent, the wife saying, "We ain't got anything to do with it."

"Not a thing," came from her husband in support.

"Don't you want to stay and see how it comes out?" Anthony inquired.

"We don't care," said Mrs. Smoke. "We can read about it in the papers."

Mr. Smoke said despondently.

"You have a right," Anthony informed them, "to be among the charmed circle present when the murderer is pointed out, and I fear you must take your right."

Mr. Smoke made one more attempt. "Our friend's sciatica is pretty bad, and—"

Anthony turned on them. "I thought it was arthritis he had."

The Smokes looked confused. They glanced at each other as though acknowledging that they were caught in a trap.

Mr. Smoke stuttered. "Lucie meant arthritis."

"That's what it is—arthritis."

Without pressing his point, Anthony left them. As he made his way toward Dr. Werner's trailer, Sumoza, at a determined stride, passed him, going toward the other Werner trailer. The Cuban did not seem to care if he was noticed or not, but made straight for Adele Werner's door, jerked it open, and entered.

Anthony kept his eye on the black trailer while he informed Dr. Werner, "Sooner than I expected, Doctor. To-morrow morning you will know who killed your brother and who killed Daniel Ransome."

To this the physician replied, "Good, Mr. Adams, good. May I ask why?"

"Sheriff Chase fell called upon to do something if I didn't," Anthony said frankly.

Dr. Werner lifted his brows. "Then he is forcing your hand before you are ready?"

Anthony admitted this.

"Are you sure you have the right person or persons, whichever it is?"

"It will be strange, indeed, if we have not."

"I see. I won't trouble to ask you the obvious question, no matter how much I should like to know." But at the same time, the elderly surgeon did ask, since pleasantly, with his eyes.

Anthony took the look out of them by saying, "That is wise, Doctor."

He kept his own eye on Adele Werner trailer when he visited the Craigs. With them, inevitably, was Philip Rogers. When he told them his news, Elsie's glance went like a shot to the boy. That of Mrs. Craig to Elsie, and that of Philip to both of the women.

Philip Rogers had never had much to say, and he said nothing on his own account now, though his body tensed a little in his chair.

Elsie blurted, "Who—who is it?"

Anthony shook his head.

"Mr. Adams can't tell us that," Mr. Craig told her daughter. "But what you do tell us," she said to Anthony, "is a great relief to us all. It means we can leave the place where these dreadful things have happened, and carry out our plans."

"What plans have you?" Anthony inquired.

"My husband," Mrs. Craig told him, "has been frantic about what has happened to us here will come down to drive us back north. He has arranged a position for Philip in a bank in Boston. Of course, Philip will drive Mrs. Wenz back if—well, that is . . ." Mrs. Craig let hang in the air her subtle invitation to Anthony to reveal himself on this score.

"The only thing I can answer to that," Anthony told them, "is that you had better let your plans go until to-morrow morning."

Mrs. Craig lost her social presence for a moment when she stammered, "Does that mean—she—? Or—you can't mean you think that we—?"

"You will have to make your own choice about that," Anthony said.

He left them, wanting to get back to his own trailer, where he could watch that Adele Werner more closely.

The Cuban must have had lunch with her, for he remained with her while Anthony and Chase had their own midday meal. As they sat down to it, the Sheriff inquired, "You been telling them the lid's going to be lifted to-morrow?"

"Our meal," Anthony hinted, "though simple, looks too appetizing to mix blood with it."

"You expect me to sit here and not tell about it," demanded Chase, "when I been called on the phone three times since you've been gone?"

"Then," sighed Anthony, "you tell me what I've been doing. I can see you have ideas about it."

"Sure I'll tell you," Chase asserted. "You've given the word to Sumoza bipolar he'll pull something else between now and to-morrow that'll give you this material evidence you talk about, and which we don't need to put him and her on a chair."

"I am lighting a candle," Anthony said, "for a little something more to happen you."

"I suppose," the Sheriff admitted, "if you could get him with the second test-tube of gas, it would be something. But what's he going to use it on? What's he going to do?"

"There still remains," Anthony said, "the thing to be done that still remained before."

"But what, Tony? What the heck?"

"As long as there is a chance," Anthony told him, "of it being done definitely, I am reluctant to mention it as a theory."

"Yeh, Hcn. Well," commented Chase. "But why tell them all about to-morrow? What's the idea of that?"

"Among the reasons for that," Anthony pointed out, "is I couldn't very well tell one and not the others. It would make our murderer certain that we had picked him. And that, assuredly, we don't want until the last moment."

"I can't see it," grumbled Chase. "And I can't see this business of tipping them all off about to-morrow on the reason you give for it. You've got something else behind it, Tony, and I'll bet I know what it is."

The tension in the camp that afternoon was acute. It was not only contained in the roped-off area holding the principals in the human drama that was soon to come to a head. Somehow word had leaked out that the murders were on the point of being solved, and this spread to the whole park.

Those in the trailers under the glare of this curiosity and observation proved to feel keenly about it. Elsie Craig emerged, clad in her revealing bathing suit. She looked about, saw a group of people standing only ten feet away who stared at her, and she cried out, "Mother!" Hastily she went back into her trailer, and as she disappeared she could be heard to say, "I can't go to the beach to-day."

Dr. Werner strode up and down before his trailer. He paid no attention to the people who stopped to gaze and comment, though it was obvious he was well aware of them. He sat in one of his canvas chairs and pulled on his pipe. He might have been a complacent figure sitting there if it had not been for the way he puffed his tobacco in great clouds. Finally he, too, was driven inside by the stares of the curious.

The Smokes went about getting ready for departure, following the custom of many trailerites in preparing the day beforehand. They took down their awning, and packed away, in both car and trailer, all their outdoor belongings. Mr. Smoke, struggling with the effort, removed the jacks supporting his trailer to make it steady and let it down on the tyres. He even went as far as backing his car up to his new hitch, getting the ball under the socket with some difficulty, and then making the attachment. Following this the Smokes, with side glances at the people watching them, went into their trailer. They were no longer the homely old folks who, a few weeks ago, were ready to talk with all and any about what they knew of the murder that had taken place so close to their rolling home.

Philip Rogers, as if for want of something better to do, pattered over the engine of Adele Werner's car. The boy's face was set and he tried to hide it under the hood of the automobile, and he could be seen wrenching at things savagely. From time to time he glanced at the people who came to stand for a moment by the ropes. When a particularly large group of them appeared, Philip crawled under the car and stayed there.

It was mid-afternoon before Adele Werner made an appearance. Somoza, still with her, followed her when she came out of her trailer.

He spoke to her and smiled, but she made no gesture towards him. He kept by her side as she started to walk towards the steps on the main road. She didn't see the people watching her until she had very nearly gone up to them. Then she started back. She might have been looking upon accusers. She turned and, followed by the Cuban, made hasty tracks back to the trailer.

Durbin Judson alone did not appear to be bothered by the curious.

Judson took the rabbits out of their crates and showed them, one by one, to the boys. The youngsters were taken with the animals, holding them in their arms and fondling them. Each of them wanted one, Judson talked with them. He began to distribute the rabbits, refusing to give them to just any boy, but awarding them to this and that youngster after questioning him carefully. To each he gave a head of lettuce with the admonition that the animal was to be kept well fed and cared for.

Anthony's telephone rang. He answered it and after listening for a moment said into the instrument, "No, I still can't tell you where he is." Hanging up, he said to Chase, "Your office would like you to call it. Sheriff. It seems that there's been another long-distance call for you."

The first result came at dinner time. Adele Werner came out of her trailer with Somoza. She was laughing and she clutched his arm. The Cuban, with a queer look on his face, half-supported her as he took her to his trailer. Soon after they entered there came the sound of his radio playing loudly. In silences between the music could be heard the sounds of a cocktail shaker in action.

"They're getting cock-eyed," said Chase. He looked at Anthony.

"Not what we want, Ernest," Anthony told him.

Shortly after dinner the second result came. Anthony and Chase came out of the aeroyacht to sit under the awning. The canvas sides of the enclosure had been rolled up, giving them an unobstructed view of the other trailers. In that of Somoza, the Cuban and Adele Werner were still making merry. Their music blared and occasionally they could be heard singing with it. Adele in a reckless, unrestrained voice, and Somoza in a flat tone trying to follow the words in his sparse English.

Then suddenly, in the midst of their quizzical merry-making, there came another sound of music. It came from Adele Werner's trailer and it clashed with the disturbance already being made. Coming through the night, and coming from where it did, it was doubly eerie.

General Werner's piano was being played. The keys were being banged, sometimes in discord, as accompaniment to a lusty song. A woman was singing, and as she went on, the voice could be recognised as that of Elsie Craig.

"Heavens, Tony," Chase exclaimed. "How'd she get in there? What's she doing?"

"While we were at dinner," Anthony answered to the first question. To the second he proposed, "She's probably singing one of the General's cheerful tunes. Wait," he said, as the Sheriff made a movement to go and investigate.

Mrs. Craig was approaching the General's trailer, and as soon as she went inside Anthony led Chase in a dash for it. They arrived at its side, by one of the open windows, as the music inside stopped with a crash.

"Sissie!" Mrs. Craig was heard to cry. "What are you doing?"

"I can't stand it!" the girl screamed. "I can't stand it! He's got to—"

"Stop it!" Philip Rogers' command cut into the girl's outburst. "Stop it, Elsie, do you hear?" Anthony and Chase, peering in, saw the boy take the girl by the shoulders and shake her.

"Come back to the trailer with us, dear," Mrs. Craig said. There was kindness, but determination, in her voice.

Before she and Philip led the girl out,

Anthony and Chase returned to the aeroyacht. Under the stares of other trailerites, Elsie Craig, with her mother on one side of her, and Philip on the other, each supporting her with an arm, was taken back to her trailer. As they made their way, Dr. Werner, who had come out of his trailer to investigate the noise, called to them, "Can I help, Mrs. Craig?"

Mrs. Craig called back over her shoulder, "Please, Doctor, yes."

Dr. Werner obtained his black medical case and followed after them into their trailer.

Somoza turned, and without a glance at Anthony's trailer, went to his own.

The look of bewilderment, when he didn't understand something, came to Sheriff Chase's face. "I never thought I'd see that," he said.

"I'll agree with you there, Chase," said Judson. "I've been working too intensely to see everything that's gone on here, but I thought she meant to get rid of him." He turned to Anthony. "I don't know what you're doing," he said, "but be sure you do it. I want to catch that train to-morrow." The scientist went away, and in his trailer, a little later, the lights went out.

"Is that it?" asked Chase. "I mean, Judson's coming over here like that?"

"No," said Anthony, "that isn't it."

The Sheriff received the same reply to the same inquiry when Dr. Werner returned from the Craig's, and didn't come over to Anthony's trailer. The physician went to his own door, and shortly after Judson's lights went out, he too, retired.

Waiting and watching, Chase and Anthony saw Philip Rogers emerge from the Craig's trailer. He was evidently going some place with a will, for he strode along, nearly running, heading in a direction that would carry him between the two Werner trailers. His way might have been taking him to the trailers of the Smokes, of Judson, or of Somoza. But when he saw Anthony and Chase he slowed down to a walk.

"Where do you think he was going?" asked Chase.

"To Somoza," Anthony answered. He spoke with a certainty that made the Sheriff start and look at him. "If I don't miss my guess, he's still going there."

Watching a little later they saw Philip Rogers appear from the opposite direction. It was just possible, from where they sat, to see the side of the Cuban's trailer, but the boy must have thought otherwise, for they saw him sneak up to the door, and then, without ceremony, jerk it open and go in.

Philip spent a long time with Somoza. Chase proposed to Anthony that they make a visit to listen in on what was taking place in the Cuban's trailer, but Anthony said, "Quite unnecessary, Ernest."

They had only to wait to see this result. First they heard loud words, the voice of Philip rising above that of Somoza. That there was a spirited argument going on inside the trailer became evident when the Cuban was seen to close the windows and the skylights. The sound of their voices after that were muffled. But they came still rising, falling, then rising again.

Through one of the windows the two men could be seen waving their arms. They might have been merely gesticulating angrily, but when the sound of a crash came it left little question but that they were fighting. The next moment the door of the trailer was flung open and Somoza was propelled backward out of it. He kept his feet, and was ready for Philip when he leaped upon him.

The Sheriff demanded of them, "What are you fighting about?"

Philip opened his mouth as if he would

MURDER GOES IN A TRAILER

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

speak. He glared at Somosa, who stood suddenly, with a fierce, warning look on his battered face.

"I—I—" began Philip, and then stopped, staring at Somosa with all his young hatred. "Nothing," he amended.

Somosa said quickly, "It is thing only between us. You call it—personal? It is nothing to do with what is happen here. Nothing."

"Is that right, Mr. Rogers?" Anthony asked.

The boy shot another of his looks at Somosa, and then, in a low voice, said, "Yes."

"Then you'd better get back where you belong," Anthony told him. "And you, Mr. Somosa, in your trailer."

They both obeyed.

Shortly after Anthony and Chase returned from stopping the fight between Somosa and Philip Rogers, at ten o'clock, Osey Manders arrived to begin his nightly watch. When he saw the Sheriff and Anthony sitting outside, he stopped to greet them.

"Your last night," Anthony told him.

"Bein' so, surely?" the little Cracker asked.

"Fact, 'theut doubtin' on hit,'" Anthony told him. Osey had never minded Anthony's frequent aping of the way he spoke, and he grinned at it now.

"I'll be some glad to be gittin' back to the 'gators," he said. "Somethin' doin' with them more'n sittin' in the dark."

"We'll be over to see you later," Anthony told him, "about sitting in the dark tonight."

"Be expectin' on you, Cap'n. An' Sheriff." Osey made his way over to the Werner trailer, and there took up his post.

The camp was a long time in quieting down that night. Though few of the curios approached the area of the trailers in the roped-off section, in every trailer on the grounds there was but one subject of discussion. This was that the murders were on the verge of being solved. Speculation, rumor, gossip, and opinion exuded in the air of the park like a heavy mist. Few games were played that evening, and the community hall was nearly deserted.

It was well after midnight when the trailerites, many of whom regularly retired at nine o'clock and seldom later than ten, went to bed. Even then a number of trailers were still lighted.

The young man who was running the park for Ransome's brother came to see Anthony. He seemed to be as filled with concern and speculation as were the rest, for he asked, "Shall I leave the public lights of the camp on to-night, Mr. Adams?"

"Why do you want to do that?" Anthony asked sharply.

"Well," he said, "I thought—as long as—I just wanted to ask."

"Turn them out," Anthony instructed, "as usual."

The young man stared, but said, "Yes, sir," and went away to carry out instructions.

Anthony and Chase sat in the darkness outside the aeroyacht. Anthony had had Thurber turn out the light usually placed under the awning, and now Chase wanted to know if they were going to keep watch through the night.

Anthony yawned. "Not while we have Osey. Our murderer has given us notice that he thinks we can take care of him. But he might not be urged if we also stayed on the scene. No, Sheriff, in a little while we shall make an ostentatious display of retiring."

They both saw the moving shape in the camp at the same time. It was a huge, dark shadow that ever so slowly, without

noise, began to get under way. Some yards in front of Anthony's trailer, it looked like a small house that had decided to move, and it made a ponderous way, slipping among the trees and other outbuildings in the camp.

"What's that, Tony?" Sheriff Chase sounded awed.

"Evidently some one who thinks we are already occupying our charte sheets," said Anthony.

Osey Manders' voice, calling low through the darkness, came, "They leavin', Cap'n. The Smokes."

Anthony answered the Cracker, saying they would take care of it. To the Sheriff, he said, "We'll go in my car."

They climbed in and Anthony started the motor. The shadow that was the Smokes' trailer had now disappeared. Anthony put his long roadster in the direction in which it had gone. They passed through one side of the camp, following the roadway there to the pavement of the street.

The Smokes were not in sight, in the piercing glare of Anthony's headlights, as they roared swiftly up to the main road. But as they stopped here to listen, the muffled noise of an engine, coming from the south, was to be heard. Anthony followed it, pushing his foot down on the gas.

The Smokes were in full flight became certain when, within a mile, they did not come into sight. Anthony increased his speed along the narrow seafront road and then, when another mile had been covered, far ahead, the back of the trailer, carrying on lights, could be seen.

"They're cracked," Chase said, "to think they can get away with this."

Anthony said nothing, but carried on the chase, shooting his car after the fugitives. He gained on them, until the back of the trailer was not more than fifty yards away. Then he came up to it. He honked for the Smokes to stop. They didn't stop, but went faster. Anthony kept on their tail. He was given no room to pass on the road.

He dropped back a little. It was simply a question of time when, coming to a wider road he would stop them. But suddenly the trailer ahead put on a burst of speed. It went around a bend. Anthony surged his car forward, but when he had gone around the curve in the road, there was no longer a trailer to be seen ahead.

There was, however, another bend, only a short distance away, which turned off the beach road to join the main highway. He couldn't believe that the Smokes had made this, but when he had gone around the curve in the road, there was

no longer a trailer to be seen ahead.

He turned off the road they were on and sped to the highway without seeing the trailer. A brilliantly-lighted petrol station stood here, and Anthony drove in to ask if a trailer had gone by a moment before.

The answer was in the negative.

Chase conjectured on what had happened as they drove back, but could arrive at no conclusion. Anthony said, "I think I know, now. It didn't strike me at first. Not until I remembered that our Mr. Smoke has driven a trailer for three years, and really knows how to handle one."

He slowed down where the Smokes had disappeared, turning the car at an angle in the road. In the headlights was to be seen an opening in the underbrush lining the roadway, two tracks leading off into the jungle. Anthony and Chase got out, and, examining the tracks in the sand, they could see the marks of both a car and a trailer. It had driven in and then backed out again.

Back in the car, Anthony headed for the direction of the camp. When they had reached it he didn't stop but sped on past it. It was only a short way, on this road to where it turned off, to cross the inter-coastal waterway and join the Dixie Highway. Here Anthony turned north. "There's no place for them to go south," he said, "except to beat Somosa to Cuba."

Now he really opened up the cream-colored roadster. The highway was deserted and there was nothing to impede their way. They shot through two small towns without sighting the trailer. They began to go through the next when, in the middle of it, brought to a stop at a small petrol-station, they saw the Smokes. Mr. Smoke was standing by the side of his car, calmly taking charge from an attendant.

He jumped when he saw Anthony and Sheriff Chase. He made a movement to get back in his car. Then, realising how hopeless it was, he desisted.

Both the Smokes were sheepish about their attempted escape.

"We didn't think it was wrong," Mrs. Smoke said, "seeing as how we ain't had anything to do with the murders."

"It's only," Mr. Smoke said, "just like we said. We want to get to our sick friend."

Anthony did not upbraid them, though the sheriff made a few remarks. Anthony only said, "You'd better come with me in my car, Mrs. Smoke. The sheriff will ride with your husband."

"Where we going?" Mr. Smoke wanted to know.

"Back to the camp." When the Smoke trailer was parked in the place it had so quietly left, Anthony requested of Mr. Smoke, "I will have you ask you for your automobile keys."

Without a word, Mr. Smoke handed them over.

They went to the Aeroyacht. Inside, Anthony turned on all the lights. "We're being watched, you know," he told Chase. "So we'll give the watcher a full view."

They went to bed. Anthony fell asleep at once. Chase, lying on his bed, thought that he couldn't sleep. He lay tossing for a long time, and listening. But when nothing happened, drowsiness came, and soon it was followed by long, regular breathing. Joining that of Anthony and Thurber in the rear of the trailer.

Outside, in the darkness, Osey on his chair kept a watch that made his eyes move and his head turn as if operated on a mechanical pivot of some kind. There was little to see except black shapes and forms, but Osey's little lynx eyes would catch anything moving against the background of these.

An hour passed, then another, and Osey kept up his endless routine. He was still at it when, some yards directly in front of him, a dark form appeared. It seemed to rise up out of the very ground. It all but blended with the night. No hands and no face were to be seen, merely the black figure, and Osey Manders was unaware of it.

Slowly it began to creep up on him. When Osey turned, to look over his shoulder, the form whipped instantly to the ground, leaving nothing to indicate its presence. When Osey turned back again it rose as swiftly, and began its stealthy march forward.

This time there was no crunch of sand as the assailant made his way toward the watcher of the night. In utter silence the dark form continued until it stood, half-crouched, within a few yards of the Cracker. Then, with one movement, it rose to 12 feet and brought forth a gleaming, long instrument as it lunged forward. The weapon was held high for an instant before

it was plunged into the little Cracker's back.

The first intimation Anthony had that anything was wrong was a slight scratching at the side of the Aeroyacht.

Anthony whispered to Chase, who grunted and could be heard getting up. Thurber also moved.

The two of them were behind Anthony when he opened the door and Osey Manders, with a little cry, fell in face downward on the floor, the handle of an ice-pick sticking out from his shoulders, and a widening spread of blood seeping out through his coat.

"Get out there where Osey was," Anthony told him sharply. "Hurry, Ernest! And watch yourself."

Chase grabbed his shoes from the floor, and, without waiting to put them on, went out.

Together Anthony and Thurber picked up the Cracker and laid him on one of the beds, face down. With a pair of scissors Thurber handed to him, Anthony cut Osey's clothes from his back. The way the handle of the ice-pick stuck out from the flesh of the Cracker was horrible to behold. But Anthony made a sound of relief when he saw that its blade had not pierced the vital parts of the body. It had hit the shoulder-blade, glanced off bone, and caused only an ugly cut in the flesh. Osey suffered from loss of blood more than anything else.

"Shall I get Doctor Werner, sir?" Thurber asked.

"No," Anthony told him. "Get our medicine kit. I can doctor this." Gently he drew the ice-pick from Osey's back. It was surprising how firm it clung to the flesh it had entered, and Anthony had to exert considerable strength to get it out. Blood gushed forth, and he daubed quickly with a powerful astringent from the medicine kit.

Soon the blood was only oozing slowly out of the wound. Anthony washed it, saturated a pad with antiseptic, applied it, and bound up the wound.

Osey had not stirred while the administration was being given to him. But when Anthony and Thurber carefully turned him on his side and threw back his head to wash his face with ice water, he mumbled. His eyes fluttered open and he looked about him.

The first and only feeling he had was one of shame. "Too good for me agin, Cap'n."

"Don't worry about that, Osey," Anthony told him. "I'm not blaming you for a thing. Not with what you were up against. Tell me what happened."

The Cracker recollected. "Failed to know thing 'til somethin' got in my back. Near knocked me out."

"You hit him?"

"Far as I kin recollect, but I wasn't feelin' too good to know so much. Only thing sure is when he saw I wasn't dead an' still fightin', he didn't stay. He went."

"Could you see who it was? Do you know?"

"No seein', Cap'n. It happenin' too quick, he bein' powerful fast. I ETACI bent down, folerin' like that, droppin' blood like I was, an' wonderin' iffen I could make hit to you. Somehow I failed to have voice to carry to call out."

"You came right here?"

"Not more'n a couple o' minutes."

"He didn't come back?"

"Guesin' he made up his mind it wasn't too good to stay on, an' failed to look back to see." Osey winced. "Don't know which is feelin' like a dog takin' on temper me or my back. I kep' lookin' good, Cap'n."

"Of course you did," Anthony consoled him. "You did your work in taking the risk. It was greater than you thought, greater than any of us thought."

Leaving him, Anthony went out to Chase. The Sheriff stood by the chair near the end of Adele Werner's trailer, staring steadily into the blackness of the night. "Osey will be all right," Anthony told him.

"And was that it?" Chase wanted to know.

"That," said Anthony, "was almost it. The difficulty is that it didn't go far enough. For that, Osey should have gone on into the Cracker heaven, first letting us know he was on the way, or he should have captured his visitor. This indecision between the two means that we have lost, Sheriff. You had better stay here for the rest of the night, but that will be mostly in the nature of a safe-guard, hardly another invitation that will be accepted."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Chase.

"I have failed, Sheriff, miserably, unfortunately, and dangerously, in obtaining that slight material evidence that would completely back up my prognosis. That, we shall have to do without. But at the same time it may prove even a greater failure for our murderer than myself."

"I still don't know what you're talking about."

"I hope," said Anthony, "that in the morning I shall."

FOLLOWING breakfast, Anthony made his preparations for the event that would close the case as if he were a conscientious stage-manager preparing a theatrical set for the opening night of a play. Looking about his canvas enclosure whose sides had been let down again, he murmured, "The sealing arrangement. That will be a most important thing."

"You going to do it here, Tony?" Chase asked.

"You'll have the whole camp on your neck."

"Not if you send for the redoubtable Chief of Police of Seacrest, and all the men he can bring," Anthony said. "You'd better get him at once. Then round up all our friends."

Chase went into the trailer and got busy with the telephone.

Anthony called Thurber out and said, "We could, of course, ask each culprit to bring his own chair. But that would hardly be hospitable. Borrow what extra ones we need, Thurber."

"Think you can make it to a chair outside to witness the joyful proceedings?"

"Wouldn't be amissin' thing like that, Cap'n," Osey said, "even iffen that there pick had got me lower."

Anthony assisted him out to one of the chairs already there, placing him well back against the side of the trailer. Thurber brought more chairs and went away to obtain still more.

The Seacrest Police Chief arrived with three men, and Chase, who had returned from issuing his invitations, directed him in the placing of the men at strategic points around the ropes enclosing the area. Trailers had already begun to gather on the other side of them, and the men were kept busy advising them not to approach. But they stood in growing groups some distance away, watching everything that took place. Hundreds, knowing what was to take place this morning, came to stand and to discuss. They were,

however, a quiet crowd, full merely of the deepest curiosity and suspense.

Anthony's first guests arrived in the shape of Mrs. Craig, Elsie, and Philip Rogers. Anthony, who placed himself at the opening of the enclosure as a one-man receiving line, greeted the Smokes, and seated them together on the right hand side.

Dr. Werner came over, and was seated near the Smokes. He arrived puffing strongly on his pipe, as if he needed this aid to support him against the force of the revelations to come, but he knocked it out before entering, and sat quietly, his eyes on Anthony.

Durbin Judson came in. He was completely dressed for travelling and was impatient with having to attend this meeting. As he took his chair at the extreme left of the group, with his back to the canvas at that side, he said to Anthony: "I've heard of the method you use in solving your cases, Adams. Hocus-pocus! Don't forget my train."

"I'll try," Anthony replied, "to be as brief as possible in covering the many points to be brought before the board of directors."

Somosa arrived, and was placed on the right. He came with his forehead bandaged, and when Osey saw this his eyes narrowed and glittered. He caught Anthony's glance and gave him a broad wink. Somosa was bland, but his attitude was so obviously a pose, and one put on with such difficulty, that he made a poor show of himself. He glanced about with his liquid eyes, and he, too, watched Anthony as if Anthony was a magician who was soon to perform terrifying tricks.

Adele Werner's appearance and manner were a surprise. She showed no effects of the spree in which she had indulged with Somosa on the evening before. She was not a happy woman, but she looked better than at any time since the day of her husband's murder.

All were now here. Thurber fastened the opening of the canvas enclosure so that curious eyes from without could see nothing that took place. Thurber then went to stand at the rear, near Osey Manders' chair. Sheriff Chase took up a position at the opening of the canvas, as if on guard.

Anthony faced his guests. All their eyes were on him as he studied them soberly for a moment. He might have been collecting his thoughts, or he might have been reading their expressions. There was silence except for the sound of quick breathing. There was no doubt that Anthony had their undivided attention as, finally, he began to speak.

"And so, he said, making the statement of introduction he always made when about to fit his conclusions together, 'we come to the end of our fantasy, when some of you will live happily ever after, and one, perhaps several, of you will live unhappily.'"

"I will tell you it once," Anthony continued, giving Thurber another glance of condemnation, "that the murderer among you is known, theoretically, without the slightest question."

Several people sucked in their breaths. A few sighed with relief.

Anthony added casually, "Mr. Somosa and Mrs. Werner planned to kill her husband some time before the night he was murdered. On the night he was actually killed Mr. Somosa called for Mrs. Werner in Miami and brought her back here to the

MURDER GOES IN A TRAILER

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

camp for the purpose of doing away with the General. This," Anthony announced, "has been confessed."

Somoza sprang to his feet. "Confess!" he cried. "It is not so! I have not confessed!"

"But," Anthony told him, "Mrs. Werner has."

There was a deadly silence. Somoza whirled to face Adele Werner. Rage was black on his face. "You tell!" he screamed. "After all, you tell! I do to you what I said! I kill you!"

He lunged towards Adele Werner, hands outstretched to seize her throat. She did not shrink back, but sat, seemingly without feeling, to receive his attack.

But before he could reach her, Chase strode forward and grasped his arms.

Somoza's first reaction to this treatment and the situation in which he found himself was to stare, with an amazed look on his face, at his manacled hands. Then he looked up to glare, malevolently, at Adele Werner. Following that, abject fear appeared in his face and he cried, in a desperate defence of himself, "It is not like she says! I tell you! I tell you all! I tell you what happens! I tell you—"

Anthony cut him off. "It's too late for that now," he said. "I will tell you. And everything, this time, Mr. Somoza. No," he said, as the Cuban began to speak again, "you had your chance and you didn't take it. It's my turn now. And you will listen."

"When you," Anthony said, addressing the Cuban, "left Mrs. Werner down the road and came to the camp to kill the General, you carried with you a screwdriver. You knew that you could open the door of his trailer with this, and you crept up to it without awakening Philip Rogers, who slept in his cot a few feet away. You opened the door. Just how you were going to kill the General I don't know, beyond the speculation that it was by no extraordinary means, probably by strangling him or stabbing him. You went into the trailer. You felt your way carefully to where the General lay in bed. You knew the trailer well. And when you reached the General you noted a peculiar thing. He was not breathing. You waited until your eyes became more accustomed to what light there was, and you saw something that nearly made you jump out of your shoes."

Somoza stared, fascinated and pop-eyed, as Anthony outlined this.

"You saw," Anthony continued, "that the General was already dead. Someone had been there before you. You didn't, of course, kill him, any more than you killed Daniel Ransome."

"What!" roared Chase.

There were stares of wonderment. Somoza sat as though stunned, as though he couldn't believe his ears. Adele Werner sat up on the edge of her chair, and gazed at Anthony in bewilderment, shock, disbelief quivering in her. Osby Manders looked querulously at Anthony. Thurber gazed, round-eyed.

As though his listeners had not heard him, Anthony said, "Somoza and Mrs. Werner are not our murderers."

"But what about his saying he did it?" demanded Chase. "He told her he killed his husband. Busted of it, you said!"

"There," said Anthony, "you have it. Mr. Somoza is a Cuban, a Spaniard, and, if he will forgive my saying so, the Latin races, emotionally, are synonymous with the word, 'boast.' He had set out to kill his rival. He had promised his lady he would do so. When he had found that it had already been done by someone else, it became easy to keep his word. To impress his lady, he told her that he had done it himself."

"Then why didn't he say so later on? Why

didn't he tell her? Why didn't he tell us?" Chase wanted to know.

"Partially," Anthony explained, "because he didn't want his lie to be known. But largely because he believed, and rightly, that his story would be difficult to believe."

Anthony turned to Adele Werner. "I admire the nerve it took to act out your part last night. Though it was the only way for you to successfully hide the fact that you had parted with what lay between you, it must have been difficult."

Adele Werner, speechless and staring straight in front of her, nodded dumbly. She had not yet entirely grasped the significance of what Anthony had brought out.

"I first began to suspect that Somoza was not the murderer," Anthony said, "when I considered his running away. From a further study of his character, it struck me forcibly that if he had actually committed the murder, he would not have decamped as he did. He would have stayed and tried to baffle it out. But finding the General already dead made him lose his nerve after he had taken Mrs. Werner back to Miami and he had returned to the park, making the trip, by the way, in exactly two hours, or from three o'clock in the morning until five. As for Ransome, neither Somoza nor Mrs. Werner could have had any conceivable reason for killing him, as I am working on the basis that the first followed from the second and was committed by the same person."

Somoza now sprang from his chair a second time, evading Chase. But he did not make for Adele Werner. He rushed to Anthony. Crying, "Heaven bless you!" he took Anthony's hand in his manacled ones and raised it to his lips, kissing it.

It took several minutes to revive Adele who had fainted. When consciousness returned, she was able to speak, she looked up wanly at Anthony and whispered, "I know what you meant, now, Mr. Adams, when you referred to the will to live and made the phrase, 'gone to-day and here to-morrow.' But I also know," she said brokenly, "what you meant when you said that more than one of us will live unhappily ever after."

Anthony now turned to Philip Rogers.

"When I told Mr. Somoza's story," Anthony said, "I neglected to relate one episode of it that concerns you vitally. When you stated that no one could have passed into the trailer without your knowing it, you did so a little too positively. As a matter of fact, what you said could not be done has been done upon two occasions. That surprises you?" he asked as Philip raised his head. "Don't let it. The second occasion was not that of a murderer, but was that of Mrs. Werner when she left the trailer to tell me that she had been an accessory in the murder of her husband."

"You were seen," Anthony said, "at three o'clock on the night of the murder, doing something to the open door of the trailer, following which you closed the door. We will now make our initial dealings with the time elements involved. Somoza, according to the statements of eye-witnesses, returned to the beach from the trailer at about three o'clock. It followed that your connection with that open door was directly tied up with Somoza's abortive attempt at homicide."

General Werner had therefore been killed before you had anything to do with the open door of the trailer."

"For Heaven's sake, Tony!" Chase protested.

Mrs. Craig, who had been sitting up on the edge of her chair, sank back thankfully. Elsie was as pleased as a child, and nearly clapped her hands with delight.

"Here is what occurred," Anthony went on. "Somoza came out of the trailer hastily. He wanted to get away from there. In his excitement he very probably tripped or slipped, and the noise he made awakened you. Naturally you challenged his presence there. He could do nothing but explain it frankly; a denial would have been the worst thing for him. Investigating you both went back into the trailer. You examined the body of General Werner, and from what you saw you knew that Somoza was telling the truth, that the General had been dead for some time.

"Somoza then convinced you that it would be better for you both to say nothing of it. Your position in the matter, considering your connections with the General, were as bad as his. You both were afraid that you would be accused. You agreed when Somoza told you to put back the screws he had taken out of the dog-handcuff plate. The screw heads became considerably chewed up during the process of removal and replacing, and several days later you renewed them, smearing the new heads with oil and dirt to make them appear old."

"From that point on you lived in deadly fear of being found out. My guess is that several times you tried to persuade Somoza to tell us the truth. He would not agree. You were afraid of what he might do to you if he held yours in his and you provided yourself with a revolver to protect yourself if necessary. The fight you had with him last night, which occasions the bandage he carries this morning, was based upon a ten-minute argument about clearing yourselves. When he said he would deny ever being at the trailer that night, you were even forced to keep silent."

Philip choked. "That's right, Mr. Adams. It was like that."

"So we still have," Anthony said, "as I had at the beginning, a murderer confined in a completely locked trailer. The fact that the door had been opened during the night had nothing to do with the actual murder, which had taken place before General Werner had been gassed to death by someone else before the door was opened."

"We now," said Anthony, "come to Mr. Craig and her daughter, Miss Elsie Craig."

The exonerated Philip Rogers looked startled. It was his turn now with interest, to stare at the Craigs. "But the didn't—!" he cried. "They couldn't—!"

"The ladies Craig," Anthony related, "were to be held in a rather peculiar light in regard to the murders. In playing fair to Philip they hardly played fair to themselves. And the story of their ice-pick, which killed Ransome and held the fingerprints of Miss Craig, being stolen, was barely credible. As was, however, true enough, as was the faith in Philip well based, even though Mrs. Craig was the one to have seen him at the open door of General Werner's trailer. In addition, they are hardly of the time for murder, especially Miss Craig, who is prone to indulge in hysterics, as she did last night, when, driven by worry over Philip's safety, she entered the Werner trailer and entertained us."

"Who is it?" growled Chase. "Get us Tony, before I go nuts."

"It is time now," Anthony said, "to consider Mr. and Mrs. Edward Smoke. I turned on them acerbically."

"We didn't do it," Mr. Smoke complained in a small voice.

"Wasn't us," Mrs. Smoke denied guiltily. "You stole," Anthony told them, "from Durbin Judson's trailer laboratory, a box

MURDER GOES IN A TRAILER

the full of the deadly poison gas he has invented."

"Some of Mrs. Smoke's spirit returned. 'Never mind,' she said. 'I'd do it again.'

"An 'active pacifist,' Anthony instructed them. 'You hated General Werner for being the means for developing a new poison gas to be used in warfare of which you disapprove enough to go to jail. You hated him even more than you did Mr. Judson.'

"If you ask me," Mrs. Smoke said, "he got what he deserved, being killed with that gas."

"But we didn't do it," protested Mr. Smoke.

"No," Anthony acknowledged, "you didn't do it."

"Heavens above!" Chase exploded. "What are you pulling off here, Tony? They stole the gas but they didn't do it. I can't put that together and make it spell anything. What are you getting at?"

"Simply this," said Anthony. "Mr. and Mrs. Smoke entered Mr. Judson's trailer and appropriated one of the reported two missing test-tubes of gas. They did this in their zeal as pacifists, with the naive and mistaken notion that they could destroy the gas. They took the amount in their possession to a remote spot and broke the test-tube on the ground. That is how the particles of glass came to be in the trouser-cuff of Mr. Smoke, flying there when the test-tube was dashed to pieces. Their desire to depart from the camp to go to a sick friend has been authentic, though slightly hurried; and it was this, mixed with their fear of being connected with the crimes, that made them adopt the expedient of leaving so precipitately last night."

"You got two left," said Chase. "Doctor Werner and Judson. Supposing you skip the one who didn't do it and give us the one who did."

"I won't do exactly that, Ernest," Anthony replied, "but I will get on at once. If it will please you any, to the fact that Mr. Judson did not use his gas to kill General Werner. Since you are so impatient, I will waste no more time on him than to say that in our suspicions of him, based upon the hypothesis that he would be the natural one to use his gas to kill the man he hated, have no foundation in fact because his gas was not used at all in the murder of General Franklin Werner."

Judson snorted. But his interest now, at this revelation about his gas, was divided between looking at his watch and what was being said.

"It was by another means that the murder was committed," Anthony announced, "and this comes out when we take up the last person on our list—Dr. Jackson Werner."

The eyes that went to Dr. Werner stayed there. There was no comment made by any one present, though everybody leaned forward a little, quickened with interest now that at last Anthony showed every sign of getting to the point.

Dr. Werner himself recollects. His fine face looked as though it had been smartly slapped. He appeared to be outraged. "Mr. Adams!" he exclaimed. "You think that I—I . . ." He didn't finish his protest, the words dying out on his lips as he stared about at the accusing faces.

"Surely, Doctor," Anthony told him, "you have heard of fratricide. Here is the case, contained in that hardly charming category that can be made out against you."

The fact that, on the morning after the murder, you insisted, when you believed the police had accepted it as a natural death, that it was anything but that, meant nothing, as you well knew an

autopsy would show the truth. The clue to your motive was to be found in your possession of an expensive aeroyacht-trailer. The reasons you gave for purchasing this were hardly sufficient, though I had to make you believe at the time you gave them that they were. In them there was the ring of something else of an added reason. This was to be found in a study of the relations between you and your brother. Always you were subjected to his superior position, this being true throughout your varied army careers. General Werner lorded it over Captain Werner, not only in your positions, but in your everyday life. You were opposites, and at his personal behaviour you found an additional reason to object to him and the spectacle he made of himself.

"When you purchased your aeroyacht it was with a final effort to overcome your feeling toward him, of having something for the first time, better than he had. But you were infuriated when this made no impression on him and he laughed at your effort. And when he came to the same camp here in Florida where you were located in quiet seclusion, it became too much. You decided to do away with him."

"But," interjected the physician, "but I assure you—"

"The method," Anthony went on implacably, "was also to be found in the aeroyacht. That is, the murder of your brother. I will describe first how you killed him, and then how you managed to effect the same result, though by another method and for another motive, on the person of Daniel Ransome."

"It became clear to me early in the game that Mr. Judson's poison gas was not used to kill the General because of the fact that the gas, heavier than air, would have still been contained in the trailer when it was broken into that morning. Its presence would not only have been noted, but would have asphyxiated those who entered. It was not, and did not. Therefore, another means, and a means which would test to the same result—poisoning by carbon monoxide—was brought into play.

"No gasoline motor producing carbon monoxide, beyond that of Mr. Somoza leaving camp at five o'clock, was heard that night. But a motor had been run, and its fumes had killed General Werner. This motor was contained in the only trailer in the vicinity equipped with an electric generating system of its own, that in your aeroyacht, Doctor Werner. And this is how you managed it: Some days previously during the night, you buried the hose used to fill your water tank in the soft sand between your trailer and that of your brother. Then you waited for a time when he would be sleeping alone in the trailer.

"The night your sister-in-law was in Miami, all you had to do when you returned from the community house where you played cards until midnight, was to connect the hose with the exhaust of your generating plant. The other end you connected with the drain-pipe of the sink of your brother's trailer. Returning to your own trailer, you closed the door and in the darkness started the motor of your generating plant. The noise this made was slight, and would not be noted. The fumes it sent through the hose and up the pipe leading into the sink of your brother's trailer killed him as he slept."

"You didn't try to retrieve your hose at once," Anthony stated, "for digging it up and covering the traces of where it had

been buried was more of a job than simply making the connections, but waited until later in the night. You were working at this under your brother's trailer when Somoza appeared and disturbed you. You didn't understand what he was doing there, but it frightened you out of completing your work. You had disconnected that end of the hose from the drain-pipe, and you then buried it so that it wouldn't be discovered. Back at your own trailer, you managed also to bury the other end, planning to dig up the whole hose on some following night."

Dr. Werner showed no sign of admitting what Anthony was outlining. He sat, with a sad look on his face, shaking his head slowly from side to side.

"You did not know then," Anthony resumed, "that someone had seen you. It was not, probably, until a few days later that Daniel Ransome came to you and asked a price for his silence. As a careful, thrifty man, that infuriated you as much as you feared the danger of Ransome always being there to know that you were the one. You managed to put him off, on some excuse, about paying what he wanted at once. Meanwhile you planned to do away with him and obtained your opportunity during the storm. You saw him, revealed by the lightning, working at the fuse-box. You went out into the rain and your chance came when Ransome's assistant left his side. Previously you had provided yourself with an ice-pick, probably to use on Osey Manders, by entering the Craig's trailer and appropriating their ice-pick. You handled it with gloves and it so happened that only Miss Elsie Craig's fingerprints were on the handle. You used it on Ransome. You then had the good luck to get back into your trailer without anyone seeing you, and removed your wet clothes, which you secreted outside, under your trailer, where they were not found."

"The matter of the two attempts made on the life of Osey Manders is as simple as it is deadly evidence against you, Doctor Werner. I had placed Osey there, because, at that stage of the game, there was some confusion as to what, in addition, might happen. There had seemed to be preparations made for two murders, and though I could not understand why they had not both been perpetrated the night General Werner was killed, it appeared to me that, if not a murder, then there remained something else to be done."

"The presence of Osey, of course, prevented you from retrieving the hose that you must get back. You had to eliminate him. But you failed the first time. And you failed again last night when, after I had made known that the murderer would be pointed out this morning, you took your last chance to get back that all-incriminating hose. Your continual reluctance to suspect anyone, naturally, was because you wanted no one to pay for your crimes; in using the Craig's ice-pick you figured that it would be virtually impossible to prove a case against them, and you were getting hard up for ice-picks; last night I presume you used your own, with fingerprints carefully removed."

Osey Manders stared at Dr. Werner almost as steadily as the physician was staring at Anthony.

"I said at the beginning," Anthony continued, "that the murderer was known, but that there was a lack of definite, material evidence to prove his guilt. I could have investigated the matter of the hose still being buried—and of which I had not entirely convinced myself until you requested the loan of my own—but I wanted, if I

MURDER GOES IN A TRAILER

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

could draw you into it, to catch you in the act of removing Osey.

"We shall see if my case will stand up or fall down," Anthony concluded. "Will you," he asked Sheriff Chase, "have a little excavating done between the trailer of Dr. Werner and that of his brother?"

There was a stir. Chase went out, and at Anthony's instruction, Thurber pulled back the front flaps of the canvas enclosure a little way so that they could have a view of the proceedings.

The only one to speak to Dr. Werner was Durbin Judson. The scientist gazed at him and said, in some surprise, "You Jackson?"

Dr. Werner addressed Anthony. "You are making a mistake, Mr. Adams, a great mistake. There is no need to do what you are doing. You will find nothing of the kind you are looking for."

Anthony did not reply. He joined the rest in watching the digging that had begun.

Chase, with the Seacrest police chief and one of his men, had produced several spades, and they were using them to throw up the sand between the two Werner trailers.

It began to appear that Anthony's case was to prove groundless. The earth was thrown up from a dozen shallow ditches between the two trailers, but no hose had appeared. Then Chase handed his spade to the third man, who dug in a new spot. He had shoved the spade no more than half a dozen times into the sand when he struck something. It might have been gold from the way everyone then held his breath to watch.

The man, to whom Chase and the police chief had gone, knelt and dug with his hands. He was seen to grasp something, and the next instant he had pulled up a length of black hose. He yanked on it, but it took the combined efforts of the three of them to pull the hose entirely from the ground. One end of it snaked out from beneath General Werner's trailer and the other reluctantly gave itself up from under Dr. Werner's Aerocraft.

Chase, dragging the hose with him, returned. He hung it down and demanded of Dr. Werner: "Yours, isn't it? We'll prove it is, even if you won't admit it."

The physician gazed at the hose. The bewilderment of a man first realizing he is caught, and being off guard, was in his voice and expression when he said: "Yes, that is my hose." He seemed to know, then, what he was saying, for he jerked his head up and asserted, "But I did not—"

"Spare us your denials, Doctor," Anthony told him brusquely. "They will be far more useful to you in front of a jury."

"But—! But—!" Dr. Werner exclaimed. Then, as if he saw it was useless, he sank back in his chair, staring dully about him.

The Sheriff was about to place the manacles on the physician's wrists when Anthony said, "Wait."

Chase looked up wrathfully. "Holy Heaven, Tony!" he exploded. "You're not going back on this one, are you?"

"That privilege," Anthony replied, "I will give to someone else. A case has been built up against one man and that man can, as may be seen plainly, be convicted with it. Now I want to illustrate, as I believe will be done, how fallacious this can be."

Anthony turned to Durbin Judson and said, "Mr. Judson, Doctor Werner will be electrocuted for the murders of his brother and Daniel Ransome. Is that satisfactory to you?"

Judson, who had been sitting in his place at the rear watching and listening with a cynical smile on his long face, now twisted his features into a grimace of hate. It was some time before he spoke,

but when he did he blazed vindictively at Anthony. "You know, darn well it isn't Adams!"

"Tell us why," said Anthony quietly.

Judson opened his mouth as if to revile Anthony. But suddenly the fire in his yellow eyes behind his spectacles died out, and a sardonic gleam came into them. "All right," he muttered, "you win. I didn't give you credit for knowing me well enough to see I won't let an innocent man die for what I did." Bitterly, he went on. "I didn't think you could build up a case like that against any of them. Especially not against Jackson. You were clever in picking him, Adams. I might have let some of these other Jackals go, but you knew I couldn't do it to a decent man."

It was now the turn of Dr. Werner to say, "You, Durbin?"

Durbin Judson did not reply.

To his astonished listeners, Anthony explained. "Early in the investigation it occurred to me that it would be refreshing to have a murderer whose motive was so sure and whose manner immediately after the murder so much indicated his guilt that he might not be as strongly suspected as others.

"Mr. Judson did not use his gas with which to kill General Werner, which, if you recall, was all I stated about him; but he did kill the General and Ransome, following the same actions I pointed out for Doctor Werner."

Except, of course, that he appropriated Doctor Werner's hose to do so, and that he entered the doctor's trailer between eleven o'clock, when General Werner retired, and midnight, when the doctor returned, to operate the generating system. It was obvious that General Werner had been killed in the early part of the time the medical examiner ascribed for his death. For, when Somosa and young Roger entered the trailer at three o'clock there was no carbon monoxide present, or they would have been affected by it as anyone would have been affected by Mr. Judson's gas had it at any time been present. It took some time for the carbon monoxide, lighter than air, to dissipate itself.

"I must apologise to you, Doctor," Anthony said to the physician, "for putting you through such a harrowing experience. But I could not let you know beforehand both because I may have been wrong and because you may not have been able to act your part. There was no other way in which to bring the guilt home to Mr. Judson except by getting him to admit to it. For his was a perfect crime, and could not be proved except by his own admission."

"I felt that I could count on his so doing because, from an extensive study of his character, I saw that his long training as a scientist gave him a sense of fairness, or a conscience, whichever you want to call it, that is as straight as a chemical formula. Life to Mr. Judson is just that, a chemical formula, and anything unsound in its ingredients, such as letting an innocent man he liked, in this case Doctor Werner, pay for crimes he had committed, is impossible to him. This is reflected in his kindness toward minor matters, such as the comfort and health of rabbits with which he experiments. Yet in other matters, where he himself only is concerned, he is ruthless."

Anthony continued to speak, leaning a little toward his audience to get their un-

divided attention. "Things began to narrow down to Mr. Judson when, one by one, the others were to be eliminated as I have outlined. This was supposed when Doctor Werner discovered that the fuel tank of his generating system was empty when he believed there was gasoline still in it, and when he found that his hose was missing; he would hardly have asked me for the loan of my hose if he had used his own to commit a murder. Sheriff Chase was prone to think that Mr. Judson alone of the suspects could not have been blackmailed by Ransome, for Mr. Judson gave no evidence of possessing the amount of money that was apparently requested. But the Sheriff forgot to consider that Mr. Judson was about to come into possession of a considerable sum through the sale of his poison gas.

"Mr. Judson ransacked his own trailer before coming to dine with me so that it would look as if someone else, the assumption being, the murderer, had done it. He also stated that two test-tubes of his gas had been stolen when only one had been taken, hoping to confuse the issue. Ironically enough, it was this that made me, due to the fact that I could not understand why the second had not been used the night General Werner was murdered, to place a guard on the trailer every night. He was most clever in not using his own gas, but in using one that simulated its effect and letting us know this, though the coincidence was to be remarked. As for his gas, life, scientifically, means nothing to Durbin Judson; he has taken it often in his work and stands ready to take it on such a mass scale that . . ."

Anthony stopped. "But I see that I have talked long enough."

He had held the attention of his listeners so closely that they had paid no attention to the man about whom he spoke. But now, as he looked at where Judson sat at the rear of the enclosure, the others followed his gaze.

Durbin Judson's face was contorted into a horrible mask of acute physical pain. Through it he looked first at Anthony, and to him, with a tremendous effort, he raised a hand in a mock salute of thanks. Then he glared at the others and from his mouth at which a white froth was appearing, he spat jaggedly. "You'll all live—to regret—I'm taking—my—gas with me!"

Then he slid down in his chair, his body slipping to the ground and landing in a grotesque heap. His hat, falling off, revealed a length of adhesive tape, showing that he was the one Osey Manders had struck.

In the confusion and cries which followed Chase accused Anthony angrily, "You kept talking so we wouldn't see him kill himself. You sat him over there in the first place so he could do it! That's a fine way to bring about justice, Tony!"

Anthony looked at the Sheriff for a long moment before he replied. "Ernest, who among us would be content with justice? More died with Judson than simply a man." The lines of Anthony Adams' face bit deeper, to make him look older than he was. "Thousands, hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of people, may die because this man's blood no longer courses through his brain."

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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